The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. X.—NO. 51. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1882. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

WASHINGTON.

Injuries that Would be Done to Massachusetts Industries

By the Adoption of the Tariff Commissioners' Report.

Work of the Past Week in the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—Representative Morse says that great dissatisfaction seems to be felt among New England people with the bill reported by the tariff commission. He has received hundreds of letters from citizens of Massachusetts complaining of the treatment their industries have received at the hands of the commission. These letters are not alone from cotton and woollen manufacturers, but from people engaged in the manufacture of chemicals, dye-stuffs and in almost every branch of industry.

Reconstructing the Navy.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—At the last session of Congress the advocates of the reconstruction of the navy were greatly encouraged by the passage in the naval appropriation bill of one item of $400,000 for launching the iron-clad monitors Puritan, Amphitrite, Terror and Monadnoc, and also of the item authorizing the construction of two new steel cruisers. An appropriation of $1,750,000 was made in the naval bill for the preservation and completion of vessels on the stocks, the purchase of material, stores, etc., for the year, the remainder that might be left after defraying these expenses to be applied to the construction of these cruisers. The bill contained a section directing that one of the two new ships of war which the government proposed to construct should be of not less than 5000 tons nor more than 6000 tons burden, and that the others should be of not less than 4300 tons nor more than 4700 tons burden.

The secretary of the navy asked for $2,080,000 for the completion of the steel cruisers and $2,000,000 for completing the four double turreted monitors above mentioned. He also asked the appropriation of $1,800,000 for placing the machinery in the proposed cruisers and $1,165,000 for the completion of the machinery for the monitors.

The committee on naval affairs of the House will not recommend any appropriation for the construction of the cruisers, as recommended by Secretary Chandler; and it is very doubtful if it will recommend an appropriation for further work upon the monitors.

It is asserted that but few plans have been presented to the advisory board, and that these plans are not at all satisfactory.

It is understood that instead of constructing one vessel between 5000 and 6000 tons burden, the largest vessel that will be built will not exceed in dimensions the smallest cruiser authorized to be built by the act of last session.

Consternation Among the Clerks.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—An official in the Treasury Department has called attention to a provision of law in regard to business hours in the executive departments, which, if strictly carried into effect, will cause much consternation in the ranks of the government clerks. The law in question was enacted July 4, 1836, and is found in section 162 of the Revised Statutes. It reads as follows: "From the 1st day of October until the 1st day of April in each year, all the bureaus and offices in the state, war, treasury, navy and post office departments and in the general land office shall be open for the transaction of the public business at least eight hours in each day, and, from the 1st day of April until the 1st day of October in each year, at least ten hours in each day, except Sundays and days declared public holidays by law." The present custom in all of the departments is exactly the reverse of the provisions of the statute first quoted, in that now the short hours are in the summer months, instead of in the winter months, as there provided, and the clerks work but seven hours a day at the longest. Secretary Folger said he would look into the matter. When approached on the subject yesterday, he was decidedly non-committal as to his conclusions.

Hawaiian Sugar Treaty.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—A gentleman connected with one of the large commercial bodies of the Pacific coast, in discussing the proposition to abrogate the Hawaiian sugar treaty, said tonight that, although through the operation of the treaty all the sugar consumed in the State of California was imported free of duty, it cost the California consumer an average rate of twelve and one-half cents per pound more than the New York market rate. The reason of this was, he said, that Spreckles, the man who controls the sugar production of the Sandwich Islands, was able, by means of an arrangement with the railway companies, to keep out Eastern competition and fix the price of the article to suit himself. The railways gave him the benefit of a rate, which practically secures to him control of the market, and enables him to fix his own price on the product of his plantations. This gentleman thought the abrogation of the treaty would have but little effect either way on the price of sugar delivered in the California market, as Spreckles could fixed the price for that market as long as he can control the railroad rates in his favor and shut out Eastern competitors.

Dr. Bliss and His Creditors.

WASHINGTON, December 16.—Dr. D. W. Bliss says, in relation to the statement said to have been made by Dr. Hamilton, to the effect that he had dosed President Garfield to death with morphine, in direct opposition to the consultation of physicians—"This story is the blankest kind of blank rot. I do not believe that Dr. Hamilton said anything of the kind; and if he did, it is a blank lie. I wish the people of this country would let up on this Garfield business. For myself I am sick and tired of the whole affair, and now I wish I never had anything to do with the case."

Dr. Bliss is credited with having played a neat game on his creditors in relation to the sum awarded him. He gave out to the press that he would not accept the award of the Board of Audit, and quietly slipped over to the treasury and drew his money before any one was aware of his intentions. It is said that one of his creditors went to the comptroller to file a claim of $1000 against Dr. Bliss, but was informed that he was about two hours too late, as the money had been paid.

The Work of the House for the Week.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—The Indian, agricultural, military, academy and consular and diplomatic appropriation bills have already passed the House, and the post office bill will probably be finished tomorrow. Mr. Kasson will then renew his effort to get up his civil service bill, but this will be antagonized by the army appropriation bill, which the committee expects to report tomorrow. This bill appropriates a sum slightly below that of last session. Members of the committee today deny the report that the proposed clause for the increase of the army to 30,000 men has been agreed on. The probability is that Kasson will have to wait until this bill is disposed of before getting a chance for civil service reform. It is generally believed that the House will take a recess from December 22 to January 3.

The Dakota Bond Problem.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—One of the most important matters before the Senate committee is that concerning the Yankton county, Dakota, bonds, with which the committee on territories is laboring. A prominent Dakotan states tonight that the only object of the visiting delegation from Dakota is not so much to secure admission as a State as to arrange for the passage of a bill whereby the Territory of Dakota or the government will assume the indebtedness, amounting to $350,000. These bonds, it is said, have been purchased for an almost nominal figure by private individuals. It is thought that when this becomes known to the committee the Dakota bond problem will be at once rejected and the whole affair reopened by an investigation.

Relieving the Distillers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 17.—The finance committee of the Senate has practically agreed to a bill to be offered as a substitute for the bill indefinitely extending the distilled spirits bond period, which will give the distillers and dealers the desired temporary relief. The new bill will provide for a two years' extension of the bonded period as to all distilled spirits now on hand. Distilled spirits hereafter made will have the benefit of the present law, which gives bonds three years of life. The finance committee has sent a draft of the bill to the internal revenue office, to be put into satisfactory shape before Monday morning. It is considered probable that both houses will pass the substitute.

Land Frauds of the Northwest.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—The extent of fraudulent land entries throughout the West now amounts to over 1,000,000 acres, and new frauds are being brought to light daily, the most recent being in Colorado. By the agent's report it is shown that three entire townships of 23,000 acres have been entered in a novel manner. A gambler was employed by a reputable citizen to enter these lands, and by employing "heelers and runners-in" he took possession of these three townships, which the citizen has now sold. A high official in the general land office expresses the opinion that not one-twentieth of the timber culture entries made are bona fide, and that their continuation can only be prevented by a repeal of the preemption law.

The Chippewa Indians.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—The Chippewa Indian delegation had a final hearing before Secretary Teller yesterday, and they start for the West, Monday. An agreement satisfactory to the Indians was arrived at, by which the government binds itself, in an executive proclamation to be soon issued, to set aside a reservation in Rolette county, Dak., at the foot of Turtle mountain, extending from the Canadian border on the north in a line thirty miles and then east twenty-four miles, embracing over 1,000,000 acres. Their former reservation, now open for settlement, embraced 9,000,000 acres. The Indians agree to build schools and educate their children. Their visit here has cost the government upward of $1000.

A Too Officious Secretary.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—Before Secretary Chandler recommended the transfer of the life-saving service, revenue marine, coast survey and lighthouse service from the Treasury to the Navy Department, he directed four naval officers to make an examination of these four bureaus of the treasury and to report to him concerning the advisability of a transfer.

These gentlemen are now preparing reports on the subject. The action of the secretary of the navy in directing naval officers to go to another executive department and examine four of its bureaus attracted considerable attention, and Senator Logan has introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for the orders under which these naval officers did their work.

Examining the Iron Schedule.

WASHINGTON, December 18.—Henry Oliver of Pittsburg, a member of the tariff commission, was before the committee on ways and means this morning to define certain terms and phraseology used by the commission in the report now under consideration. The committee began on the report with the schedule of cast iron pipes, and passed down over all descriptions of castings, nails, railway bars, malleable irons, wrought irons, blacksmiths' tools, boiler and mill goods, saws, chains and forgings, to steel ingots, where the committee took a recess until 2 o'clock this afternoon, when the consideration of the report will be resumed.

The schedule of files and rasps and that class of goods has been left open for further consideration. No amendments were made today, but the committee turned back to a paragraph passed upon last week, and restored the term "iron or steel T rails."

Mr. Oliver will remain until the committee has considered all the metal schedules.

In the Opinion of Ex-Senator Randolph.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 17.—Ex-Senator Randolph of New Jersey, now in the city, said to a Star reporter: "I don't claim to be a prophet, but there are things which I think I can foresee, and let me tell you that Joe McDonald of Indiana is going to be our next president. There is such an uprising in his favor among the Democrats, East as well as West, that, unless something occurs to very much change the aspect of affairs, he will get the nomination, and the man who gets the Democratic nomination will be president.

The Crew of the Cumberland.

WASHINGTON, December 14.—The counsel for the heirs of the crew of the man-of-war Cumberland, which engaged the rebel iron-clad Merrimac in aid of the Monitor in Hampton Roads, Va., in May, 1882, was before a sub-committee of the House naval committee this morning, and argued in support of the proposition to embody in the bill granting the crew of the Cumberland $200,000 prize money. The proposition will be considered by the full committee.

The Duty on Coal.

WASHINGTON, December 14.—In the bill of the tariff commission it is proposed to reduce the duty on bituminous coal from seventy-five cents to fifty cents per ton. Representative Randall will oppose this reduction for the reason that the general public is not benefited by it. Bituminous coal is not commonly used for domestic purposes, the principal consumers being the large foundry men, gas works and steamship and railroad companies.

The House Death Roll.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—By the death of Representative Orth of Indiana the Forty-seventh Congress loses the fifth member who has died within the year. The others were Messrs. Allen of Missouri, Lowe of Alabama, Houk of Illinois, and Updegraff of Ohio. Mr. O'Connor, also elected to this Congress, died before he could take his seat. The flag will be at half-mast over the House tomorrow, and both houses will no doubt adjourn early out of respect to Mr. Orth's memory.

Cape Elizabeth Light.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—Senator Hale and Representative Reed of Maine have asked the lighthouse board to reconsider the action in regard to the lights on Cape Elizabeth, Me. The matter will be taken up at the next meeting of the board. A proposition, which will probably be acted upon favorably at that meeting, is to substitute for the present lights at Cape Elizabeth a first order light of 400-candle power, with a 10-second flash.

Work of the Week by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—The Senate devoted the past week to the consideration of the Pendleton civil service bill. It was hoped by the Republican senators that the bill might have been passed Saturday, but the opposition to its further consideration late in the day, led by Mr. Cockerell of Missouri, defeated this hope. Now the Republicans will strive to complete the bill tomorrow, or by Tuesday at the latest.

Aping the Garfield Funeralists.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—A Georgia undertaker has presented a bill to the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate for $3800 expenses for the funeral of the late Senator Hill. He charged $800 for the casket, $500 for carriages and the remaining $1800 for a variety of expenses, such as personal attendance, etc. He was evidently inclined to follow the extravagant example of the Garfield funeral.

National Aid for Schools.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—Senator Blair and other friends of the proposition to extend national aid to education in the States and Territories will make a determined effort to have the matter taken up in the Senate this week if the civil service reform bill is disposed of within a day or two. It is understood that they will endeavor to secure a special recommendation of the project from the President.

SUCCESSFUL BANK ROBBERY.

A Raid Upon a Kansas Bank Yields the Cracksmen $12,000.

The Kansas City Times' Topeka special says the following account of the bank robbery at Kinsley, Kan., is obtained from M. J. C. Ellis, who came up from Kinsley. On Saturday evening L. G. Boice, cashier of the bank, locked the safe and vault and went to his supper. J. W. Crawford, county treasurer, has an office in the rear of the room occupied by the bank, and he left the building with the cashier. They returned together about an hour later, and it was then discovered some one had been in the room. A number of coins were scattered about the floor. The cashier unlocked the vault and safe, and then discovered that $12,000 had been stolen. The burglars evidently entered the building from the rear, and passed through the treasurer's office into the bank room, a panel of the door between the rooms having been broken. Treasurer Crawford was acquainted with the combination to the vault, being in the habit of keeping his books there; but no one else knew it except Cashier Boice. There were no indications that powder had been used; hence the door must have been unlocked.

Intelligence has been received that the robbery has been traced to County Treasurer J. W. Crawford of Edwards county, by means of a bunch of keys and a glove dropped at the door of the vault; that Crawford has acknowledged himself guilty, and agreed to surrender the stolen money, which he hid away somewhere outside of Kinsley. This rumor is supplemented by many others. It is accepted as conclusive, however, that Crawford is in some way implicated in the bery.

A Gang of Brutes.

PHILADELPHIA, December 17.—A few nights ago Mrs. Catherine Harrison, a young and handsome woman, who recently separated from her husband through occurrences involving public scandal, while walking through Germantown, was seized by four men, carried to an outhouse and brutally outraged by two of the gang, the others meanwhile stealing her watch, chains and bracelets and tearing her ear-rings from her ears. On being released, and while crossing a field to procure assistance she was overtaken by another of the ruffians knocked down and again outraged. Last night two of her assailants, Thomas Whiteman and Thomas Sellers, were captured and committed. Warrants are out for John Orth, her husband's brother, who is believed to have instigated the outrage. He has absconded.

A Colorado Cyclone.

LEADVILLE, Col., December 17.—A destructive cyclone has visited northern Colorado. A freight train was blown from the track in Boulder canyon, and along the line of the Denver & Rio Grande road trees and large rocks were blown upon the railroad, obstructing traffic. A house at Sugar Loaf was carried by the wind several hundred feet, killing the occupants, two men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Gladstone's Election.

An Australian Mine Flooded and Many Lives Lost.

Cause of the Charge of Treason Against Fuad Pasha.

LONDON, December 13.—Mr. Gladstone today celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his election as a member of the House of Commons. He has been the recipient of numerous congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the world, including many from his most bitter political opponents.

An Australian Mine Flooded and Many Lives Lost.

LONDON, December 15.—A despatch from Victoria says that a large volume of water suddenly burst into the Australian mine at Creswick, County Talbat, Victoria, while a large number of miners were at work in the bottom of the mine, flooding the lower surface to the depth of several feet, and entailing great loss of life. The news spread rapidly to the surrounding settlements, and parties of volunteers for the relief of the imprisoned and submerged miners were soon actively at work. The anxiety of the wives and other relatives of the sufferers congregated about the mouth of the pit was most painful to witness, as body after body was brought up and recognized. At the time of closing the despatch, twenty-two bodies had been brought to the surface, and the search was being actively prosecuted, as it is known a large number of others are still in the mine.

Cause of the Charge of Treason Against Fuad Pasha.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 17.—The circumstances connected with the late charge of treason and conspiracy against Fuad Pasha have just come to light. November 22, Fuad Pasha gave a large dinner party, several officers of high rank being among his guests. After dinner, in the course of conversation, he observed that something should be done to save the Ottoman empire from the fate towards which it is drifting. He said the misery of the people was terrible, and disorder reigned everywhere. Turkey was on the brink of ruin, and the Sultan was surrounded by incompetent advisers. Would it not be possible to suggest to the Sultan that he should enter upon a new path? Fuad Pasha proposed that the company present should go as a deputation to the palace and enlighten the Sultan on the true state of affairs, urging him to dismiss his entourage and to restore the constitution. The idea was approved of, but one of those present immediately denounced the whole plan to Osman Pasha, minister of war, who is known to be Fuad's bitter enemy. The latter was at once arrested and charged with conspiracy. On his first examination Fuad, Pasha declared he would willingly sacrifice his life if his views could find their way to the palace and be the means of saving the Sultan and the country. The trial resulted in Fuad's acquittal, and he has since been specially honored by the Sultan.

Intense Excitement Created in Dublin.

DUBLIN, December 17.—Intense excitement prevailed in this city last night in consequence of the arbitrary action of the police, who made a simultaneous raid upon several of the well-known public houses which were suspected of being the resorts of members of secret societies. All the inmates were temporarily taken into custody and thorough search made for suspected parties, whom it was believed were concealed on the premises, but no arrests were made. No resistance was offered, but the owners of the houses protested against the outrage. A strong force of marines guarded the streets in the immediate vicinity of the houses raided during the search. Forty rounds of ammunition were served to the troops when they were detailed for this duty. It is supposed that the raid was planned by the castle authorities upon information furnished by informers.

The Student Troubles in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 16.—The disturbances caused by the riotous conduct of the students, which led to the closing of the universities, still continue. Tumultuous meetings of the students have occurred at Kieff, Kharkoff, Kazau and St. Petersburg, and even at the Lyceum for law students at Jarosloff. Although these meetings were broken up by the military and police the students in each instance reassembled in the streets and engaged in conflicts with the troops and other guardians of the peace, and many persons have been killed or injured in these affrays. Although the number of students participating in the disorder has diminished, the military and civil authorities have taken energetic measures to prevent any serious outbreak, and it is now thought that the worst is over.

Indignation of a French Admiral.

PARIS, December 16.—It is said that at the sitting of the council of members on Saturday, Admiral Jaureguiberry submitted a draft of a vote of credit for 11,000,000f. for the expedition to Tonquin. President Grevy and several of the ministers opposed the expedition project. The other ministers present supported it. Admiral Jaureguiberry, indignant at the opposition to his bill, flung the document in the fire and tendered his resignation. So the matter stands for the present.

A Defiant Socialist in the Reichstag.

BERLIN, December 14.—In the discussion on the Socialist laws in the Reichstag yesterday, Herr Vollmar, Socialist, moved that the reasons for prolonging the minor state of siege were insufficient. He expressed sympathy for the Nihilists. He stated that 13,000 publications were circulated in Berlin weekly by the Socialist press, or as many as the police boasted to have confiscated in three months.

The English Cabinet Completed.

LONDON, December 16.—A despatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Windsor says the changes in the cabinet are now completed, the following-named ministers having taken the oath before the Queen in council today: Lord Derby, as secretary of state for the colonies; Lord Kimberley, as secretary of state for India; Lord Hartington, as secretary of state for war; Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers, chancellor of the exchequer.

Withdrawal of Marshal Serrano.

LONDON, December 13.—A despatch from Madrid to the Times says: The debate on the resolution declaring against any modification of the constitution having shown disastrous differences among Marshal Serrano's followers, and, seeing that he could not count on more than sixteen votes, he decided to withdraw.

An Enthusiastic Reception Given Mr. Parnell.

DUBLIN, December 17.—Mr. Parnell was given an enthusiastic reception at Cork by the National League. At the banquet in his honor this evening a man, supposed to be a foreigner, created a disturbance and drew a revolver, but was arrested before he could harm any one.

Davitt, Healy and Quinn.

LONDON, December 13.—The Times' Dublin correspondent telegraphs that, as the case against Messrs. Davitt, Healy and Quinn has been postponed, owing to the absence of the judges from the assizes, it would not occasion surprise if the proceedings against them were allowed to drop.

Equivalent to a Confession.

DUBLIN, December 13.—The Moamtrasna murderers whose sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, are preparing a joint affidavit alleging that one of the condemned men was not present at the murder.

The Chinese Defeated.

PARIS, December 17.—It is reported that 10,000 Chinese, who were advancing against M. Riviere, the French commandant in Tonquin, were surprised in a mountain pass and their rear-guard cut to pieces. The defeated troops retired to the province of Kuansi.

Affairs in Zululand.

LONDON, December 17.—Despatches from Cape Town report continued fighting in Zululand. The ex-king, Cetewayo, will proceed next week, accompanied by several British officers and a military escort, to resume the sovereignity of that country.

Dynamite Under a Post Office.

VIENNA, December 17.—A mine of dynamite, connected with two wire conductors, was discovered yesterday under the post office at Temesvar. Several arrests have been made, and it is thought the perpetrators will be traced.

Chili, Peru and Bolivia.

LIMA, December 5.—The prospects of peace between Peru and Chili seem as distant as ever, one apparently asking too much while the other seems willing to concede too little. In the meantime Bolivia seems to be tired of these tedious delays and the unsatisfactory condition of affairs, for her Congress has distinctly authorized the executive to proceed toward establishing a truce with Chili, independent of any action that may be taken by Peru, and with the armistice once decreed it would be easy to perfect a peace with Chili on terms certainly advantageous for Bolivia but at the cost of Peru.

It is reported that General Lynch, through the intervention of the foreign diplomatists, has released Piura from the payment of the tax of 100,000 soles imposed on that city.

Mr. Parnell in Behalf of Ireland.

LONDON, December 18.—Mr. Parnell, in his speech at the banquet given in his honor at Cork yesterday, said that he would always oppose any attempt of the government to land immigrants in a helpless and penniless condition on the shores of the Eastern States of America. If, he said, England desired to promote the emigration of Irishmen, let them be placed on land in America provided with houses and means to raise a crop the first year of their residence. He advocated relief for congested districts by purchasing for the people vast tracts of grazing land in Ireland which were peopled before the famine. There was no reason, he said, why they should not be peopled again.

Peasants Starving in Ireland.

DUBLIN, December 18.—The destitution among the people of Carrick, County Donegal, is said to exceed anything heretofore known. Oatmeal forms the principal article of subsistence. Almost 2800 people are threatened with starvation unless immediate succor is extended them.

Twenty-four Lives Lost.

LONDON, December 16.—Intelligence has been received here of the wreck of the bark L. Briggs, off the coast of Ireland. Twenty-four of her crew were drowned, and two saved.

Persistency of the Bonapartists.

PARIS, December 17.—The Bonapartists held a banquet at Beauvais today, the object of the meeting being to proclaim Prince Victor Napoleon president of the republic.

Heavy Gales Off the Scottish Coast.

LONDON, December 18.—A heavy gale is reported off the east coast of Scotland. One vessel is said to have foundered with her entire crew.

Cable Notes.

A London despatch says Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, D. D., Bishop of Llandaff, is dead.

The British government has offered a further reward for any information concerning the Phœnix Park murder.

It is expected that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Berlin to attend the silver wedding of the Crown Prince.

At a meeting of the French Geographical Society yesterday Count de Lesseps promises that the Panama canal shall be completed in 1888.

William Redmond of Dublin is going to Australia as a delegate from the central organization of the National League, to establish branches there.

Lord Dufferin has presented a proposal to the Khedive for the appointment of European judges in the Egyptian tribunal as a part of the scheme of reform.

A PIOUS POISONER.

Trial and Execution of the Hungarian Peasantess Who Aided Wives to Kill Their Husbands.

[London Standard.]

On the 1st inst. there was hanged at Stainamanger, in Hungary, a peasant woman from Szerdahely, named Lyukas Kathi, for a series of crimes which had excited universal horror. The criminal was 52 years of age, short in stature and of a placid aspect. She procured a large quantity of arsenic upon the pretence that her house was overrun with rats, and mixed the poison in little cakes, which she disposed of at a high price to persons who desired to get rid of their relatives. Her customers were chiefly wives who had got tired of their husbands, lovers who thought the removal of a rival would facilitate their own purposes, and even some children purchased the cakes that by offering them to elderly relatives they might the more rapidly come into the possession of their property. Lyukas killed two husbands of her own, and she was accused of twenty-six other murders, six of which she confessed she had committed. At her trial this arch poisoner assumed an air of great piety, and stood the whole day with a rosary in her hand; she being a member of a rosary club founded by the Dominicans. The result of the trial was that she was was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude; but the crown appealed against this, and the Court of Appeal sentenced her to death. During her imprisonment Lyukas spent all her time praying, or receiving spiritual consolation from the priests, to whom she confessed. Upon the scaffold she blessed the bystanders with an air of great fervency. The convict's only daughter attempted to be present at the execution, but she was prevented entering the yard, and as she turned away she barely escaped being lynched by the mob assembled outside.

HUNDREDS EXPOSED

In a Minneapolis Theatre to the Contagion of Small-Pox.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., December 17.—A sensation was created yesterday in the Theatre Comique by the discovery of the fact that Joseph Crawford, one of the company, was ill in the building with small-pox. He was removed to the pest house last night, after which the building will be smoked and aired. He has been sick since Monday. There are several other performers who room on the same floor (the second), who have been exposed. They will be kept in quarantine, and all portions of the house above the ground floor will be closed. Mr. Brown, proprietor of the theatre, informed the officers that he would do all in his power to prevent the disease from spreading, and himself nailed up all the entrances. Besides, a policeman is on guard to prevent any one from leaving the building in case an attempt should be made. In the meantime the erection of the addition to the pest-house is being hurried forward. Patrick Jordan, an inmate, died last night. Every effort is being made to prevent the disease taking the epidemic form. The careless visits to the city of Pest House Superintendent Parker have been stopped. The disease is on the eve of becoming an epidemic in Isanti county, but the health officers have gone to the scene and are taking measures to restrain it.

POSITIVE PROOF AT LAST.

A Fac-Simile of the Letter Written by Garfield to Hubbell.

NEW YORK, December 16.—The Sun publishes a fac-simile of the letter, the text of which has heretofore been published, written by James A. Garfield to J. A. Hubbell, dated Mentor, O., August 23, 1880, which reads as follows:

My Dear Hubbell:

Yours of the 19th inst. received and contents noted. Please say to Brady that I hope he will give us all the assistance he can. I think he can help us effectively. Please tell me how the departments generally are doing.

As ever, yours, J. A. GARFIELD.

The Sun says this letter was given to Brady that he might show the Star route contractors that he was acting by the highest authority in endeavoring to secure the $50,000 assessment on the big Star route contractors for political purposes.

Frozen to Death While Fishing.

COCHITUATE, December 18.—A party of young men went fishing on Lake Cochituate yesterday, among whom was Lewis Herrick, aged about 38 years. After being on the ice a short time it was noticed that Herrick had been sitting motionless for some time. Some of the party went to him and found him in a comatose state. He was at once taken to his home, where he died shortly after. A post mortem examination will probably be held to ascertain the cause of his death.

Serious Railroad Accident.

CINCINNATI, December 18.—A collision occurred on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis railroad at King's Station this morning. The engineer of the train and one postal clerk were killed. The "Eighty Days Around the World" troupe was on the train, and several members were wounded. An elephant belonging to the troupe was killed. A train with surgeons has gone to the assistance of the sufferers.

A Woman Frozen to Death in a Snow Storm.

MILTON, N. H., December 16.—Mrs. Moses W. Foss walked about two miles to this place to do some trading Wednesday afternoon in a snow storm. She attempted to return in the deep and blinding storm, and had nearly reached there, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down and perished. She leaves three small children. Her husband was out of town.

A Steal of $250,508 55.

BROOKLYN, December 17.—The experts who have for several months been investigating the embezzlements of George W. Stuart while secretary of the Brooklyn Board of Education have completed their report, and it will be presented to the board at its meeting tomorrow. The exact size of the steal is $250,508 55.

Every Bone in His Body Broken.

NEW YORK, December 16.—Jacob Tolader, a Swedish sailor on the steamship Germania, fell from the masthead this morning. His skull was crushed and every bone in his body broken.

WRECKED ON A REEF.

Loss of the Rebecca Neilly in a Terrible Storm.

Superhuman Efforts of the Men to Gain the Shore.

Death of One Sailor and Brave Struggle of His Successor.

HALIFAX, N. S., December 18.—Reports of shipwreck are just beginning to come in. The worst, so far, is the loss of the brig Rebecca Neilly, on the western shore, twelve miles outside of Halifax harbor.

The scene of the wreck cannot be approached by water in bad weather, and the roads are completely blocked.

Word reached the city by telegraph from Camperdown signal station, but fishermen who had got that far had no particulars. A couple of newspaper men, failing to get through the drifts with a team, pushed through on snow shoes.

The Rebecca Neilly was dismasted while on the voyage from Hayti to New York in November, 1881, and towed into Guantanamo by a Spanish man-of-war. The underwriters made temporary repairs, and the vessel was taken to New York, where she had remained since last April. Repairs being completed, a crew was shipped, and the vessel, under command of Thomas Stephenson, started for Halifax in ballast. Last night, while

The Snow Storm was at Its Height,

and the lookout could not see a dozen yards away, the sound of breakers was suddenly heard right ahead. Before the course could be altered a violent shock told all that the vessel was on the reef. The foremast fell at once, and the sea broke over the ship. Seeing that the craft could not live the crew attempted to get out a boat, but it was swamped almost immediately. The men lashed themselves to the wreck to prevent being washed off, hoping the vessel would hold together till help from the shore could be obtained.

They found they were perishing from cold, and if an effort was not made all would be dead before daylight. One of the crew, Thomas Wallace of Cork, Ireland, during a temporary cessation of the snow storm, discovered land a few hundred feet away, where the surf was beating against the base of a high cliff. He took the end of a line and jumping overboard started to swim ashore with it. He had not got many yards away when he was seized by a huge wave, raised high in air on its crest, and a moment later dashed against the jagged reef on which the vessel struck.

A Shapeless, Bleeding Corpse.

Horrified at the fate of their comrade, others hesitated, but soon after, as it was certain death to remain by the ship much longer, another man tied a line under his arms, and, plunging in, essayed the daring swim. Snow had come again, and in a few minutes the swimmer was hidden from view. After twenty minutes' awful suspense all had resigned themselves to their fate, feeling that their comrade had met with the same fate as Wallace, when the tightening of the line told them he had reached land. He was fortunate enough to get within his depth, and, by crawling through shallow water, clinging to snags of rock to prevent being washed away, succeeded in getting to land. Though half perished with cold, which was now intense, he struggled up the cliff, and, with the line he had brought ashore, pulled up a stronger rope, which he fastened to a tree, and by it the rest of the crew got to land.

After wandering in the woods two hours they found a road and got to Bear Cove, a fishing village.

Two of the men are very low from frost and exposure.

A WOMAN'S WOES.

Story of the Imprisonment and Release of the Wife of a Wealthy Man.

BUFFALO, N. Y., December 18.—Wednesday morning, Mrs. Martha J. Collins, who, since October 19, has been confined in the State asylum in this city, was brought before Judge Smith.

Mrs. Collins is the wife of N. R. Collins of Bradford, Penn., a wealthy oil man, and until a few years ago their domestic relations were most happy. Finally, however, the demon of jealousy entered the family circle, and, October 14, Mrs. Collins came to this city to secure a divorce, when she was seized and transferred to the insane asylum.

Wednesday morning a motion for her immediate discharge from the insane asylum was made by her counsel, upon the ground that the judge by whom she was committed exceeded his authority, in that she was a resident of a foreign State, and that, by our statutes, he can only commit an alleged lunatic if he or she resides within the county or district in which the asylum is located. Contrary to expectations the asylum authorities submitted that Mrs. Collins had recovered sufficiently from her insanity to warrant her return to her friends, and that, about the time the writ was served, they had concluded to release her. Upon this statement Judge Smith immediately discharged the lady. The action of the asylum authorities has led to much talk, which it is needless to say does not reflect creditably on the institution.

ONLY $300,000,000.

The Heirs of Jacob Baker Trying to Get the Immense Estate He Left.

At Pittsburg, Penn., a suit involving the disposal of an immense estate estimated to exceed in value $300,000,000 is about to be instituted in the United States Circuit Court.

About twelve years ago, Jacob Baker, a wealthy resident of Philadelphia, died without leaving children legitimate or illegitimate. At the time of his death his heirs were unknown. The estate consisted of fifteen acres of land in the heart of Philadelphia, on which were erected a number of valuable dwellings belonging to deceased but leased to other parties. There were also large sums on deposit to his credit in various banks. Since Baker's death the real estate is supposed to have increased in value about one-third and the deposits to have doubled themselves.

The deceased had a number of cousins in this country, and these, with their children, now numbering probably forty in all, have decided to bring proceedings for the possession of the immense property. There are relatives in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, Salem, O., West Virginia and New York. This brings the matter within the jurisdiction of the federal courts.

A TERRIBLE SUFFERER.

A Woman in Pennsylvania Who Swallowed a Pin Nearly a Quarter of a Century Ago.

Mrs. Thomas Heckman of Lebanon, Penn., has been a sufferer for nearly a quarter of a century. Over twenty years ago, while engaged in sewing and while having several pins in her mouth, she was seized with a coughing spell. One of the pins flew down her throat and lodged in the thorax, where it has remained ever since. She has been in the most terrible pain all these years. A number of physicians have given her case their attention, but without bringing her any relief. The pin is just far enough down the woman's throat to be away from the reach of all instruments that have yet been used, and is supposed to be imbedded crosswise. At times Mrs. Heckman is unable to eat anything for days, when she suffers the most terrible pain, and her death is now daily expected.

EIGHT PERSONS KILLED.

Terrible Work of Exploding Boilers at Canton, Ill.

CHICAGO, December 17.—At Canton, Ill., yesterday, two boilers in Parlin & Orendorff's extensive agricultural implement works exploded, demolishing the engine-house and half of the main building and shattering the adjacent buildings. A fire broke out immediately after, but was soon extinguished. The following persons were killed: William McCamey, engineer; Louis Hannicut fireman; W. C. Henderson, Joshua Oldham, A. Nickerson, Robert C. McGrath, William Miller and Hiram Palmer, all American employes. Two others were seriously injured, but will probably recover. Two hundred and fifty workmen are thrown out of employment. The flags in the city are at half-mast.

A Fatal Boiler Explosion.

SCRANTON, Penn., December 17.—A terrible boiler explosion occurred at the head of No. 9 plane on the Pennsylvania coal company's gravity road Saturday afternoon. There was a nest of six boilers, each forty-six feet long, used to generate steam for an engine of 250 horse power. The fireman, Lewis Marsh, was instantly killed. The shock was felt for miles. One boiler was blown a distance of 1500 feet. The cable which runs the cars on the gravity road was cut in two, and travel will be suspended until Thursday.

Poet Whittier's Seventy-fifth Birthday.

The poet Whittier received calls Sunday from ex-Governor Claflin, Dr. H. Barnard, Rev. William Mountford, Dr. Bartol, Hon. Samuel Sewall and Miss Elizabeth Peabody. A young ladies' school in Brookline forwarded a large laurel wreath, and Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin presented a handsome bouquet of roses, daisies and variegated flowers. Smaller bouquets were sent in profusion from all parts of the State.

THE GREAT! THE GREAT!

ADAMSON'S

BOTANIC BALSAM.

The Greatest Victory of Medical Science.

NEW TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS. REGULAR SIZE, 35 AND 75 CTS.

It is pleasant to take, and cures as if by magic Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, leading to

CONSUMPTION.

TELLING REFERENCES:

Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Washington, D. C.; Chaplain C. C. M'Cabe, Chicago; Rev. A. S. Weed, Boston; Rev. Dr. Torsey, Kent's Hill, Me.; Hon. Nelson Dingley, Washington, D. C.; Hon. J. W. Bradbury, Augusta, Me.; Rev. J. R. Bowler, Baptist State Maine Missionary (Camp-meeting); Rev. John Allen, Hon. P. O. Vickery, Mayor, Joseph H. Manly, Esq., Postmaster, of Augusta, Me.; J. H. Raymond, Custom House, Bath, Me.; Samuel Rideout, Custom House, Calais, Me.; R. M. Pulsifer, Boston Herald; W. W. Clapp, Boston Journal, also publisher Boston Pilot.

EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

From George W. Martin, M. D., graduate "University of New York," "Aylett's Surgical and Medical Institute," "Bellevue Hospital," and "New York Ophthalmic Hospital," late Surgeon in the Army, etc.; and I. H. Stearns, M. D., formerly Surgeon National Military Asylum, Togus, Me.:

Having examined the formula from which Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared, we recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of coughs, colds, whooping cough, asthma, etc., etc.

26 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

Messrs. F. W. Kinsman & Co.—Gents: I have sold your Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam over my counter for nine years; and I must say that during an experience of twenty-six years in the retail drug business I have never sold any thing for coughs, colds, etc., that has given such universal satisfaction as your Adamson's Botanic Balsam. I recommend it above all others. Yours truly, S. CHICHESTER, 357 Myrtle ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

From Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., New England Patent Medicine Warehouse, 36 and 38 Hanover st.

BOSTON, April 18, 1882.

F. W. Kinsman & Co.—Gents: The last lot of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is nearly gone, and you had better make us another shipment of 25 gross. We have never sold any cough preparation that gives such *universal* satisfaction as Adamson's, and the demand is constantly increasing.

It is prepared from highly concentrated Vegetable Extracts, and Barks, Gums and Roots of Wonderful Healing Properties, and this BALSAM is highly recommended by Clergymen, eminent Physicians and scientific men everywhere, testimonials from whom we can furnish without number.

CONVINCING REFERENCES.

Wm. R. Smith, Cashier Savings Bank, Augusta; C. C. Nutter, Esq., Boston; Wm. H. Taylor, Beacon street, Boston; Rev. Wm. Bray, East Greenwich, R.I.; W. F. Bowen, Pharmacist, 310 Cranston street, Providence, R. I.; H. C. Richmond, Westerly, R. I.; John E. Potter, Pharmacist, Providence, R. I., and 28 Druggists in Providence, and Chas. E. Capwell, 136 Dorrance street, Providence, R. I.; J. J. Sullivan, G. M. Paine, Henry Frazier, Pawtucket, R. I.; and hundreds of others.

SECOND TO NO OTHER.

From Rev. H. P. Torsey, D.D., LL.D., President Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, Kent's Hill, Me.

Dr. F. W. Kinsman—Dear Sir: For five years the students under my care have used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and have, I think, found it second to no other remedy for throat and lung troubles.

FOUR PHYSICIANS FAILED.

From Lieut. Jno. Osborn, firm of Evans, Webster & Co., Boston:

Two bottles of Adamson's Botanic Balsam effected a cure in my family that four skilful physicians failed to do.

CURED ASTHMA WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED.

I was troubled with Asthma for 12 years. Employed skilful physician of Boston without effect for good. I have felt nothing of this trouble since taking Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. B. FRANK SWAN, Boston.

FROM WILLIAM Y. BARTLETT, POSTMASTER FOR 25 YEARS AT BELGRADE, ME.

I have been troubled with a severe cough for nearly one year; have been treated by two of the best physicians I could find; my case was considered past cure. The physicians did all they could to cure me, and considered my case a hopeless one. Finally, as a last resort, I was advised to try Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, to which I owe my present health, which is as good as ever. WILLIAM Y. BARTLETT, Postmaster, Belgrade, Me.

I HAVE HAD A TROUBLESOME COUGH FOR MORE THAN FIVE YEARS, and have had advice of three of the most skilled physicians, but I found nothing to relieve and cure me till I used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Mrs. GEO. A. ROBBINS, Riverside, Me.

TRASH FLOODS THE MARKET.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is fast taking the lead of the many bottles of trash that now flood the market. SMITH, DOOLITTLE & SMITH, Wholesale Druggists, Boston.

☞BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! See that the name of F. W. KINSMAN, Druggist, Augusta, Me., is blown in the glass of each bottle.

Sold by all Respectable Druggists and Dealers.

FIRE RECORD.

Disastrous Fire at Kingston, Jamaica—Unchecked Sweep of the Flames—The Loss Estimated at Some $15,000,000.

NEW YORK, December 18.—A despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, states that on Monday a fire started in Kingston, near the water front. The sea breeze that prevails during the evening fanned the flame inland. The fire extended about one and a quarter miles along the water front from the wharf of the Royal Mail Steamship Company to the Atlas line's wharf. Nearly all the buildings were one and two stories high, and were made of wood. There was no fire department, and the negro natives who compose the great part of the population were probably too much frightened or too lazy to combat the flames. The loss is estimated at about $30,000,000. Mr. George P. Forward, agent of the Atlas line of steamers, showed the following despatch from McDowell & Rankey, agents of the Atlas line in Kingston: "Half the city is burned. McDowell's office is destroyed, but our wharves are saved."

Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, has a population of about 35,000. The houses did not possess much architectural beauty, but the streets are broad and well laid out. The principal buildings were churches, chapels, synagogues, a hospital and other charitable institutions, the workhouse, penitentiary, a collegiate and a university school, a Baptist college, a theatre, an athenæum, a society of arts and banks. It also had five or six daily papers in 1880. The principal articles of exportation are rum, sugar, tobacco and dyewood, which yielded an income of over six and a quarter millions in 1869-70.

Later despatches state that the fire which broke out in the business quarter of that city last Monday evening was not extinguished until Wednesday. The loss, which was at first put at £6,000,000, is now estimated at £3,000,000. The fire, which was of incendiary origin, began in a quantity of shingles in a lumber yard, and as a high wind prevailed, immediately gained great proportions. All the warehouses, wharves and stores were consumed. Four hundred stores in all were destroyed. Buildings regarded as fire-proof did not escape destruction, as nearly every one of that class which the fire attacked succumbed to the flames. Five persons are known to have been burned to death. A new law will be passed prohibiting the use of shingles here hereafter.

A Large Amount of Property Destroyed at Toledo.

TOLEDO, December 15.—At 2.30 o'clock this morning the Hall block, situated at the corner of St. Clair and Jefferson streets, one of the finest business blocks in the city, was destroyed by fire. The loss is very heavy and falls principally on a few wholesale houses. The building was occupied on the first floor by numerous jobbing houses and on the upper floors by law and insurance offices. the offices of the Wabash and Ohio Central railroad companies, art galleries, etc. The block was erected in 1874 by the estate of the late James C. Hallett, at a cost of nearly $250,000, and was subsequently transferred to the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, by whom it was owned when destroyed. The loss will probably exceed $500,000, with a fair proportion of insurance.

Eight Houses Burned at Winn, Me.

BANGOR, Me., December 15.—A fire which started in the dwelling of Henry M. Weymouth at Winn, early this morning, spread rapidly and destroyed eight buildings before it was extinguished. The following buildings were burned: The old Stratton store, owned by Frank C. Estes and occupied by Ambrose Dennis, furniture, tinware, etc., and by Jere E. Estes; the house, barn and store of Love E. Gordon, with fifty barrels of flour; the house of Martin Kelly and the shops owned by Poor & Son and occupied by George Gould, shoemaker, and Charles L. Stevens, wheelwright. Several other buildings were on fire at times. The total loss is about $20,000 and the insurance amounts to between $9000 and $10,000.

Hampton Court Palace Badly Damaged by Fire.

LONDON, December 14.—A fire broke out in Hampton Court Palace this morning. It was first discovered in one of the private apartments.

Several of the superb collection of paintings by Vandyke and Holbein were completely destroyed, and others badly injured. Much of the rich furniture and tapestry of the palace was damaged by water.

One woman, unable to escape from her apartment by reason of the dense smoke, was suffocated.

The fire was subdued at 2 o'clock, after destroying a large amount of valuable property.

Hampton Court Palace, one of the most famous of the historic palaces of England, is at Hampton, twelve miles southwest of London, on the north bank of the Thames, was once a favorite residence of the Tudors and the Stuarts. Within its walls King Edward VI. was born, and here also his mother, Queen Jane Seymour, died. The palace was for a time the prison of the unfortunate King Charles I. It is situated in a park of forty-four acres, which was laid out in its present form by King William III. The grounds have been during many years past a popular holiday resort for Londoners, and the palace has been occupied in part by persons of rank in reduced circumstances. A fine collection of pictures, including the famous cartoons of Raphael, which was contained in the palace, has been opened to the public, free of charge, for a long period. The palace consists of three quadrangles, two of which were erected by Cardinal Wolsey, and presented when finished to Henry VIII. The great eastern and southern facades were erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The grand staircase was painted by Verrio. Among the artists represented in the galleries are Sir Peter Lely, whose celebrated portraits of the most beautiful ladies of Charles II.'s court are here, and Raphael, who is represented by seven cartoons on Scriptural subjects. Velasquez, Vandyck, Dosso Dosoi, Titian, Tintoretto, Caracci, Murillo, Corregio, Salvator Rosa, Giorgione, Paul Verronese, Guido and a large number of other artists are also represented.

A Loss of $100,000 at Hickman, Ky.

CINCINNATI, December 15.—A special despatch from Hickman, Ky., says a fire there Thursday morning destroyed three blocks in the business part of the town. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $40,000. The principal losers were Powell & Brothers, J. R. Brown, the Central Hotel, Wilson's Hotel, L. Knoerr, W. L. McCutchen, F. E. Case & Co., William Wilburn, C. A. Holcombe, Plant Brothers & Co., N. P. Harness, Douglass & Kirby, Alexander & Maxwell, Young & Co. and E. T. Gardner. The fire originated in Wilson's Hotel.

At Youngstown, O.—Loss, $50,000.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., December 15.—The Grasshopper mills, owned by Arms, Bell & Co., were burned last night; loss, $50,000.

Destructive Fire in Dublin.

DUBLIN, December 14.—Several of the most extensive co-operative stores in this city were destroyed by fire this morning, and a number of adjoining establishments were badly gutted.

"IT'S MOST OFF,"

Remarked Cyrus Barber, Religion-Crazed, While Hacking His Leg with an Axe.

At Westerly, R. I., recently, Cyrus Barber, between 25 and 30 years of age, leaped through the window of his bed-room during the night, and running in his night-clothes to the wood pile, seized the axe and cut one of his legs nearly off. The young man, who had shown signs of lunacy for a month or more past, and had been watched closely, and was even under guard the moment he took his leap, performed his crazy act in the very brief interval elapsing between the passage of the housekeeper from his room and the entrance of his father; as soon as the parent saw that the son had escaped, he started toward the back door, hoping to overtake him and bring him back; on reaching the wood pile, whither he was led by the sound of an axe, with which he supposed the son was chopping wood, he heard him say, over and over, "It's most off," as if pleased that his object was nearly accomplished, and very soon heard him fall in the inky darkness, but was utterly ignorant of what the deluded boy had done, only on carrying him into the house (with the aid of William Steadman, a neighbor), discovering that he had nearly cut off one leg about six inches above the ankle, the hacked and nearly severed limb being held together by a fragment of flesh, the young man having probably failed, from losing his balance, to make a clean sweep of that end of the member. The leg was bound up as soon as possible by the two men, and a surgeon was sent for, who dressed the limb. At daylight the man had partially recovered from his shock, and was talking about his act. He seemed satisfied that he had done right, and quoted such Scriptures as "All things work together for good to them that love God," and called for a reading from the book of Revelation.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BURGLARS.

The Gang Held in $2000 Each for Trial—The Police Hard at Work on the Case.

CLAREMONT, N. H., December 17.—The burglars whose arrest was mentioned in THE GLOBE Friday evening, were taken into court Saturday morning and held in $2000 for the January term of the Superior Court. Not being able to furnish bail, they were taken to the county jail at Newport. A detective from Boston is here at work on the case. An ingeniously-made gag has been found. Letters are constantly arriving from Dover and other towns inquiring after missing property. The gang is entirely broken up. One of them is an old offender from the Illinois State prison.

The Mysterious Death of Miss Almatia Beal.

CAMDEN, Me., December 17.—There is considerable excitement in Lincolnville because Coroner M.C.Clintock of Belfast and jury could give nothing further as to the mysterious death of Miss Almatia N. Beal, which occurred over a month ago. The body was taken up a week after burial and the stomach sent to Brunswick Medical College. The report of this analysis had not reached the jury yesterday, and the jury adjourned to the first Monday in May, mostly on account of the hope that the mother of the girl, who was taken insane a few days after the death of Miss Beal and sent to the insane asylum, might recover and give testimony. The opinion seems to be gaining ground that the parents brutally treated the girl and possibly caused her death. As soon as the mother was taken crazy she said she poisoned her daughter, holding a cup to her lips. The cup referred to may have contained chamomile tea, which the mother said she gave because the girl was sick from drinking too much hard cider. The case is more in mystery than ever.

Canadian Immigration Statistics.

OTTAWA, Ont., December 18.—The following, procured from an official source, shows the immigration to Canada for eleven months of this year: Immigration from January 1 to October 31, 153,055; during November, 9212; total, 162,267 arrivals to November 30. Of these the following went to the United States: From January 1 to October 31, 70,573; during November, 2949; total, 73,522, showing that 88,745 of the immigrants remained in the Dominion, and 73,522 went to the United States.

AROUND THE FARM.

[BY OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

CLUB OR GRANGE MEETING.

Questions for Farmers' Clubs.

As the season is again at hand when the farmers are discussing farm topics at their club or grange meetings, perhaps the following list of subjects may not come amiss to the officers or members of such organizations as have not already made up their programme for the winter.

The apple orchard; have we too many trees?

Can the bearing year of fruit trees be changed or controlled?

What insect enemies has the farmer to contend with, and how can they best be overcome?

The culture of pears for home use and market.

Peaches and plums; cultivation and varieties; treatment of their diseases.

Seeding land to grass; best time and method.

The small grain crops; is their cultivation advisable in New England?

Rotation of crops; what crops, if any, should not follow certain other crops?

Our weed pests; how shall we overcome them?

Care and culture of house plants.

Flower gardens; selection of varieties.

The cultivation of out-door grapes.

The manurial value of cattle foods.

Commercial fertilizers; under what conditions may they be used with profit?

Borrowing and lending tools and farm implements.

Cultivation of the strawberry for home use and markets; what varieties best adapted for marketing.

The small-fruit garden; what shall we plant in it and how shall we cultivate it?

Selecting and preserving field and garden seeds; how long will the different varieties be suitable for planting?

The game laws; are they what the farmer needs?

Agricultural experiment stations; are they needed by the public?

Water supply for farms and villages.

Farmers' institutes; are they useful? and, if so, how should they be conducted and supported?

Should we produce our own sugar in New England; and, if so, from what sources.

Root crops.

The use of oxen on farms; Should oxen be superseded by horse teams?

How shall we entertain visitors at our homes?

Mechanical helps for housekeepers; What are they, and are they sufficient?

The selection and preparation of food.

Swine breeding and feeding.

The management of children.

Indian corn; How to produce it economically in New England.

Lawns and walks; making and keeping in order.

Public and farm roads; How should they be made and repaired?

Poultry on the farm as a source of income; what breeds to keep.

Butter making; What systems are best?

Ploughing and ploughs.

Our buildings; best methods for warming and ventilating them.

A farmer's or mechanic's life; Which offers the more inviting prospects?

What books shall we read, and how shall we read them?

Planting shade and shelter trees; What varieties are most desirable, soils best adapted to varieties?

Potatoes; their cultivation; cost of production; best varieties.

How can we make farm life attractive to the young?

Manures; making, saving, preserving and applying.

Improvement of dairy stock.

Horses for the farm; What breeds are best, and how shall they be procured?

Pruning fruit trees; best season and method.

The kitchen garden; what to grow in it and how to grow it.

Feeding and care of stock in winter.

Farm fencing; How can the cost be lessened?

Improvement of pastures.

THE DAIRY.

Concerning Creameries.

The first consideration in starting a creamery is a good, cool spring of water. A well will answer, but it is not so convenient, and it costs something to pump the water; besides, it only runs when power is applied, while the spring is continuous night and day. Refrigeration is at the base of all creamery operations. Milk must be cooled, but the amount of refrigeration need not be as great as is often employed, though the lower the cooling the sooner the cream rises; it does not require an ice-cold temperature to separate cream successfully. The water from a cold spring of 40° to 50° is all that is required to cream milk while it continues sweet, and to do it perfectly. The water, which would pass through an inch pipe ten rods long, with two feet fall, would do for 500 cows. More would be desirable, but even less would answer. Two courses are pursued in creameries: One consists in making both butter and cheese, and the other in making butter only. The former is the creamery proper, and the latter is more properly a butter factory, but both establishments are almost indifferently called creameries. The plan of the building and the cost of outfit will be varied, according to the work to be done. In the West, particularly in Iowa, most of the creameries make only butter. In the East both butter and cheese are generally made. The latter, as a rule, is the more profitable course. Since the adoption of the system of cold setting, the milk when skimmed is perfectly sweet and sound, and in a fine condition for cheese making, or any other use. Skim cheese has shared in the recent improvements in cheese manufacture, and an article greatly superior to what was formerly supposed possible, can now be made. A cheese in every respect better than the average whole-milk cheese, made in factories ten years ago, can now be made with cream half out. A wholesome and fairly palatable and marketable cheese can be made out of average milk, from which three pounds of butter to the 100 pounds of milk have been taken, and

More Money Realized from the Milk

than when full skimming is practiced or full-milk cheese is made. It requires more skill to make skim cheese than it does to make full-cream cheese, and if the maker has the skill, and can make first-class butter also, he will be in a position to make a success of the creamery. Where but three pounds of butter are taken from a hundred pounds of milk, a fancy article of butter can be made that will generally bring as much as all that would be made from full skimming, as the last part of the cream that comes up is inferior and depreciates the butter. The profit of running a creamery, as in most other kinds of business, lies in making only first-class goods of its kind. The cost of buildings will vary according to the material used in their construction, and the locality, and the finish upon them. In most parts of our Eastern States, buildings for the accommodating of 500 cows ought, if made of wood, to be put up for $1000. They may be made to easily cost more, and possibly might be made for less. A room must be provided for setting the milk, the temperature which can be controlled in all seasons, with a floor elevated at least three feet above the manufacturing rooms, so that the milk can be spouted to the vats for making cheese; an apartment for the cheese vats and presses; and a third for making butter, all of which must be on the first floor. A second story will afford room for curing cheese, and a cellar below for storing butter, but butter can be kept on the first floor if proper refrigeration is provided. If there is plenty of cold water ice will not be necessary, but if not an ice-house will be required. Ice is generally needed. The expense for apparatus will vary with the mode of operation adopted. The best plan will call for an outlay about equal to the cost of a building, and will include a steamer and power for churning. If cheese is not to be made the cost of both building and apparatus will be about one-fourth less. The best mode of raising cream is not necessarily the quickest one.

Cream Need Not Necessarily be Sour

to make the best butter, but it must have some age and airing. If raised in twelve hours and churned at once, it will have neither the finest flavor nor the best keeping quality, but if the cooling is no lower than is required to bring the cream up in thirty-six hours, it may be churned when first skimmed, while sweet, and the fanciest butter, with the best keeping quality, will result. If any souring is to be done, nothing more than acidity enough to be faintly perceptible would be allowed. The best plan for raising cream, and the one most perfectly according with the science and philosophy of butter-making, is the following: The milk is set in tin vats twenty inches deep, but no more than sixteen inches wide, with the length variable as may be convenient. The upper half of each vat is surrounded by an envelope of water, ten inches perpendicularly, and two or three horizontally. The water is run into an envelope at one end of the vat and passing equally along both sides runs out at the other end. The lower half of the vat is only surrounded with air, and it is all the better if the air is not very cool. This does the cooling at the top of the milk, where it should always be done. The law discovered and published by me several years ago, that cream rises best when the temperature is falling, is now recognized and adopted by all carefully observing butter makers. When milk has reached a low temperature and it ceases to vary, the cream ceases to rise. The temperature of the milk must, therefore, be kept changing. These vats are perfectly adapted to this law. If the milk becomes reduced to the temperature of the water flowing round it, the vats are arranged to warm the milk a little at the bottom, either by steam or water, sending the warmed part up to the top to be again cooled and precipitated, leaving the cream at the surface. The changing temperature can thus be kept up indefinitely without the necessity of extreme refrigeration, which is unfavorable to the production of the best keeping and finest delicacy of flavor. Refrigeration is all important in butter-making, but we may have too much of a good thing. Aeration is essential to cream while spread out on the milk, but airing does little or no good if the temperature is very low.

The Churning, too, Must be Philosophically Done.

The cream must all be acted on at once and alike, as when it falls from end to end in a barrel revolving endwise, and the butter must be freed from buttermilk by washing it in a granular form, instead of working it out. These are points which must not be missed, if the best results are to be reached. No others pay. If the manager is posted in respect to the latest improvements in both butter and cheese making, the erection of a creamery in any good dairy district is a good and safe enterprise, but if second-rate butter and white oak cheese are to be the products, a creamery is a good thing to be let alone. One other thing not generally customary in New York is important. This is in respect to delivering the milk. It makes patrons a great deal of trouble, generally, to deliver their milk, each one making a journey twice a day. Those having small dairies cannot afford to do it, and those having large ones are often so situated that they cannot conveniently attend to it, and if they are to begin with, changes are liable to occur, and the creamery lose its best patrons. A creamery or a cheese factory is always in jeopardy from the difficulty of patrons in getting their milk to it. To avoid this the manager of the creamery should haul the milk and be allowed a reasonable sum for doing it. These are the outlines, or salient points, to be kept in mind in the construction of a creamery. To enable one to give details the location, extent and kind of goods decided upon must be known. As a word of caution it may be remarked that the location and arrangement of the building should be made with special reference to convenience and cleanliness and pure air. Every needless step taken and every moment of time lost swell the cost of manufacture and militate against the success of the enterprise; hence, how to accomplish the most with the least labor and time, should ever be kept before the mind's eye of the designer. It is just as important to build well as to work well, and to do either successfully one must be familiar with the entire business, so that he can see in advance just what is wanted. If he has not knowledge from experience the next best thing is to visit establishments of the kind he proposes to erect, and study general structures and details. Among the things to be avoided are the pail and pool system and the large pan system, as being too laborious and unsatisfactory; also all nooks and corners in which filth can lodge to swell the labor of cleaning or render the air of the building impure; and lastly, a site so level that a ready drainage is either impossible or difficult. It would be better to pump water from a well in a well-drained, dry and airy location, than to have the best spring imaginable with the creamery in a low, sunken and wet hole, always increasing in impurities and defiling everything with its contaminating emanations. Let the site by all means be on an inclined surface.—[Prof. L. B. Arnold.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Fattening Poultry.

Poultry, to be in the best condition for the table, should be at least moderately fat; the flesh of any lean animal is not in a choice condition, for without a mingling of fat with the lean, the meat is not juicy and full-flavored. The more rapidly new flesh is made on an old fowl the tenderer it is. In making this remark I do not wish to be understood to mean that it is good to keep fowls in poor condition until wanted to fatten; on the contrary, it is better to have all fowls so well fed that they require but little more fattening at any time, and birds so kept are preferred by some persons to those fattened in confinement. Some varieties of poultry take on fat readily when confined, while others will pine and lose flesh. Such is often the case with turkeys, in which event liberty, with liberal feeding, is best. Ducks fatten when first confined, but soon lose flesh again, if not killed or released. Fowls fatten readily if confined under favorable conditions, such as a warm place kept very clean, nourishing food and the birds in a strong, healthy state. Some breeds fatten much more easily than others. All the Asiatics are inclined to fatten, sometimes too much so, when all the corn they can eat is given them, even when they have their liberty, but this is in the case of adult birds. Plymouth rocks are somewhat so inclined; but it is a very uncommon thing for other breeds to get too fat while at liberty. I know the question has been ofted asked, how a bird can be too fat. Well, every fancier who has had much experience with breeding Asiatics knows enough to shun hens with much fat behind, as they are often sterile. To commence the business of fattening fowls in confinement, have the coops just high enough for the birds to stand in so as not to jump up and worry, and let them hold a dozen fowls each, at most, comfortably, without crowding. Let them be covered at top, sides and back, and have slat fronts. The bottom should be of slats, so that the dung can drop down. There should be a sliding bottom, instead of the coop being open all round, as the birds must be kept from drafts; or the coops may have a floor bottom covered by any light substance, such as sand or sawdust, to be cleaned out every day or two. The coops should be whitewashed before admitting the fowls; and birds which are brought up together will agree best in a coop. Any

Quarrelsome Ones Should be Removed.

When settled in the coop they should not be fed for a few hours till they are quite hungry. As to food, there is much conflict of opinions; some prefer buckwheat flour; others, oatmeal, barley meal, etc. As most of these suggestions come from a foreign source, where Indian corn is not as available as other grain, it is well to experiment and trust to our observation in this matter, using all the principal species of grain. I have found more fattening properties in Indian corn than in any other grain. I have no doubt it is the same with the Indian meal, and certainly all kinds of poultry prefer it. Indian meal scalded or boiled, mixed sometimes with wheat middlings, barley meal, oat meal, or buckwheat flour for a change, is the best food. Skimmed milk is the best for drink, and it is also mixed in the food; but care must be taken that it does not sour in the food or pans. After the first feeding, it is best to have a curtain of some kind hung loosely in front of the coop to darken it and keep the fowls quiet during the process of fattening. As soon as the birds are fat they should be killed, or they lose flesh. This is easily accounted for, as their systems after a certain time become surfeited, and the fowls naturally require a change, which is denied them in confinement. The food should be of the consistency of stiff dough, fed from a board or trough twice or thrice a day. Let them have all they will eat, but never leave any about the coops. Whatever hours may be adopted for feeding at first should be continued all the way through with exact punctuality, for the birds know when feeding time comes as well as fricassee-loving bipeds, and are restless if neglected. All things going well the fowls will fatten in from ten to twenty days, the length of time depending upon the age, the breed of fowls, the degree of temperature, the amount of attention, etc. If it is required to fatten them quicker, and one can give needed time and attention, cramming can be practiced to hasten fattening. This is done by several methods. In England the birds are carefully taken out of the coop one at a time, and the paste is made into pellets; the bird's mouth is opened and the food pressed down its throat with the finger, while in France a machine is used to press soft food into the bird's crop, almost in a liquid state. This business was attempted on a large scale near New York, but it has been abandoned. Before killing the fowls should fast for twelve or fifteen hours.—[Rural New Yorker.

WINTER CARE OF LIVE STOCK.

A Few General Rules for the Care of Live Stock in Winter.

First—They should lie dry, whether bedded or not. A dry floor is far better than wet bedding. Spar or slat floors, through which urine will quickly pass, and which give the animals a level standing place, are especially to be advised. A good degree of comfort may be had on such floors, but a full supply of dry litter—straw, leaves, swamp hay, etc., certainly makes all kinds of stock more comfortable.

Second—Shelter saves fodder, wherever lumber can be easily obtained, to a degree which few practical men are aware of. The warmer the stables are the better, except, perhaps, for sheep. But with close, warm stables, it is essential that the manure heap should be where it will not contaminate the air, and that there should be perfect ventilation, so arranged as not to cause drafts of air.

Third—As to feed. This should be given with the utmost regularity and uniformity—never more than will be all eaten up long before the next feeding time. Then the animals have an appetite for their food, so that coarse fodder may be first given, to be followed with better, and by grain in some form, if this be a part of the daily ration. This is no doubt the most economical system, securing the least waste and best digestion of all kinds of fodder used in the ordinary way.

Fourth—Grooming and care of the animals are a most valuable means of keeping them in health as well as of saving feed. The skin of an animal existing in a state of nature is washed by every shower, brushed and carded by every bush, licked by its mates, rubbed by the ground in rolling, and in various ways kept free from accumulation of its own exfoliations, from the stoppage of its pores by sweat, and from its own inherent dirt. A healthy skin means warmth, health, life and vigor, other things being about right, and we can secure this in horses and cattle only by grooming. A straw brush, made by twisting up a thick rope of straw until it becomes very hard and inclined to kink, then doubling it and twisting it into a stiff mass a foot to 18 inches long perhaps, with the ends tucked and fastened, will do a deal of rubbing before it goes to pieces, and is for purposes of friction, rubbing off mud, etc., better than any other brush. Clean skins are just as important for cows as for horses, and the use of the brush is recommended in the cattle stalls.

Fifth—Sunshine. Fresh air and sunshine are health-giving and invigorating principles, and not one of our living dependents should be without them. In the thorough ventilation recommended good air has been provided for; nevertheless, all well-fed animals enjoy and are the better for air breathed out of doors even on our coldest days, and a sun-bath of an hour or two is of the highest value. Stables should be constructed with reference to sunlight, and long, narrow wings for stables, both for horses and cattle, have in this particular a great advantage over basement stables under the whole barn, as the former may have windows for the admission of sunlight and air throughout their entire length.

Sixth—Give all animals free access to salt. With plenty of feed horses and sheep will stand any degree of dry cold incident to the climate of the United States and Canada. Neat cattle need more protection, and it is really cruel to expose them unprotected to winter weather. Swine need thoroughly warm dry quarters in winter, and will hardly survive exposure such as other domestic animals will bear perfectly well. So with poultry; while turkeys will bear the severest storms and cold roosting in the most exposed positions, fowls seek shelters either of thick evergreens or houses, and ducks and geese the protection of the manure pile or the haystack. In sheltering all animals and poultry, which we do from motives of economy, it is well to bear in mind their natural instincts, that those which need it most are best protected.—[Agriculturist.

TOBACCO.

An Assorting and Packing House.

I am building a small tobacco packing and assorting house, a description of which may be of use to some who are in need of a comfortable and convenient place in which to store and manipulate leaf tobacco. My building is 16 by 24 feet and two stories high, the lower room being partially below the surface. The house being on level ground, I dug down only two feet below the surface for fear of invasion of surface water. The foundation consists of three feet of substantial stone wall, which forms the lower part of the basement room, which is to be used in assorting tobacco. The posts are 12 feet long and 5 by 8 inches in size; the size of the plates and sills is 4x6 inches. The frame is made of three bents and six posts, the bents being connected by strong girts 3x5 inches in size. These are placed 4 feet from the sills and support the joists, which are 2½x16 inches, and run crosswise of the building. This arrangement makes the assorting room about 7¼ feet high in the clear, the upper room about the same. The upper story is designed for packing and storing the tobacco, after assorting, and for ranking it before it is assorted, and after it has been stripped from the stalks. An abundance of light is provided for the assorting room by two windows, each 2½x4 feet in size, on either side of the room, thus

Giving Light for Assorting Tables

extending along each side. The upper room has four single windows, containing each six lights of glass 10x12 inches in size. The covering consists of boards twelve inches wide, surfaced and nailed on up and down, and the cracks carefully battened. The inside of the building is ceiled with narrow pine ceiling, which makes the rooms tight and warm. On the south end of the assorting room is a door four feet wide. A similar door opens from the upper room to a platform, from which the tobacco is easily loaded on a wagon. A passageway from the assorting room to the packing room has a flight of stairs. A trap door is made through the flooring of the upper room 3x4 feet in size, through which a case of tobacco may be conveniently hoisted from the assorting room, by means of a windlass and grappling-hooks. As a certain amount of dampness is a benefit to an assorting room, no floor is needed, a thin layer of sawdust or spent tan-bark being preferable, as it allows the dampness from the ground to affect the air in the room. In a dry soil, where there is no danger from surface or other water overflow, and where stone is plenty, it is advisable to make the entire lower story of mason-work, and to dig at least three feet below the surface. Such a building on a farm may be used for many other purposes besides tobacco, and farmers who make tobacco-growing a branch of their business will find such a house a valuable requisite to the usual list of farm out-buildings.—[Country Gentleman.

CURING MEAT.

A Good Smoke-House is Necessary to Properly Cure Meat.

In curing meat on the farm the two great agents employed are salt and smoke. Salt absorbs the juices of the meat, and, acting upon the same principle, retards putrefaction by absorbing the fluids of the meat. This will form a brine that will effectually ward off the attacking oxygen wherever it covers the meat. This is why we cover hams and bacon with strong brine. Salt possesses no active principle to stay putrefaction; it is only a negative factor. By absorbing the fluids necessary to chemical changes, and shutting off the eager oxygen from the meat, it preserves it. But it dissolves some of the salts and other valuable elements and consequently renders the meat less nutritious and wholesome. Smoke, like salt, absorbs the moisture of the meat and thereby aids in the stopping of putrefaction. But as a preservative of meat it derives its chief value from the creosote it contains. It is creosote that gives smoke its characteristic odor and renders it so irritating to the eyes. It is an active agent in the preservation of meat, differing from salt, which acts only negatively. All kinds of meat may be kept for a considerable time by using dry salt alone. If the meat if packed away in a barrel or box salt should be layered in between the pieces. When curing with dry salt alone care should be taken to rub it in thoroughly where the meat is cut across the grain, and more particularly about the ends of the bones. In cold weather dry salt is all that is needed to keep meat pure and sweet for several weeks. As heat hastens putrefaction, the meat should be kept in a cool place; but if covered with brine not in a freezing cold place.

A Cellar is the Best Place to Keep it in Summer.

If a little ice can be procured to cool it with it is better, but not necessary. In winter leave the meat where it will become thoroughly cooled—not only the outside, but the whole mass cooled. Then pack it away in the cellar. Most families will eat a mutton so quickly that to prevent putrefaction nothing will be necessary except dry salt, even in the warmest weather. Mutton is very easily tainted, and must be quickly butchered, quickly cooled, and kept in a cool place. If the family keeps the whole beef, unless the beef is very small or the family unusually large, they will have to pickle part of it. It is a better plan for four or five farmers to club together, and where one kills a beef the others share it with him. In this way the beef will hardly require any salting. Pork is the staple meat of most farmers' families, and curing that is to them of more importance than the preservation of any other flesh. Farmers do not eat pork exclusively by any means. But it is the supply that does not fail and that is chiefly depended upon; beef and mutton and poultry are but exceptions, though large and frequent ones, to the general tenor of the meat supply. Moreover, pork is most often cured. And when we consider what a great evil tainted meat is, and how heavy falls the loss when allowed to spoil, we will not wonder that this subject is coupled with such deep solicitude on the part of the farmer. We butcher the hogs intended for the home supply about the 1st of December. As soon as the meat is cut and cooled we

Take it to the Cellar and Spread it Out

on boards. The next day we pack it away in a large hogshead that we keep for that purpose. We pack the pieces as close as possible and salt them lightly. Three days later we fill the hogshead with brine till it covers the meat. This brine should be strong enough to bear an egg. A portion of the egg as large as a silver dime should appear above the surface. The brine can be made too strong. We leave this brine over the pork for six weeks. If the hams are very large we allow them to remain in the brine a week longer. After the meat is taken from the brine it is rinsed off and hung up in the smokehouse, where it is smoked for three or four weeks. For smoking use nothing but hickorywood. After the meat is smoked it may hang all summer if the smokehouse is perfectly dark. But if there is enough light to give flies a chance the meat must be taken down and packed away. A box or barrel will do for this purpose. We have known people to pack it in ashes, but, while this kept the meat well, it made it dirty and spoiled the outside. If people are reasonably careful they will never be called upon to eat or throw away wormy meat. As they are the larva of the blue-bottle fly, all that is necessary to keep meat free from them is to keep it in the dark, where flies will not work. A good smoke-house is necessary to properly cure meat. Cleanliness is another thing to be observed in curing meat. Fresh meat is easily tainted, and everything brought into contact with it should be made scrupulously clean. This is more important than is generally supposed. Pure and sweet meat cannot be had amid filth.

THE HOG.

Pickled Meats and Home-Cured Bacon.

A matter which is entitled to more thought than it receives is that of utilizing the hog product at home. When it is taken into consideration that the drover, the transportation company, the packer, and the party who sells the cured product, must each have to pay for the services for landing a comparatively cheap and bulky article, it is strange that more local joint stock companies have not been formed for the purpose of cutting and curing the pork and putting it on the market at home, thus saving to the producers a large per cent. of the profits that find a lodgment in the pockets of others. Or, as the case has been stated, "the hog is sold at five cents; his ham is cured and sold to the consumer at fifteen to sixteen cents; his side meat, in the form of breakfast bacon (a dainty dish on the most fashionable tables), is now retailing at eighteen cents. The hogs are shipped to the cities, refuse and all costing alike in freight, the product worked up and shipped back hundreds of miles and sold at round prices in the very localities where the hogs were raised." To enable those who wish to compare the profits resulting from selling pork on foot, or in barrel, box or canvas, the following approximate figures are given: A 250 pound hog loses in killing and dressing 20 per cent. of his own weight, or weighs, when dressed, 200 pounds. The actual cost of killing is estimated at 16 to 18 cents, varying according to the price of labor. The cost of curing and bulking each 100 pounds is usually about as follows: Bulking, $2 25; curing, $1; rendering lard, 75 cents; packing rump (including barrel), $3 50; smoking meats, $2 25; each overhauling, $1. Cooperage and insurance are supplied at cost, and storage is free. The cut meats of a 250 pound hog will usually average about as follows:

	Per ct.	Pounds.
Clear rib sides	42 to 43 or	84 to 86
Shoulders	15 to 16 or	30 to 32
Hams	14 to 15 or	28 to 30
Lard	12 to 15 or	24 to 39
Total	83 to 89 or	166 to 178

The missing 11 to 17 per cent., or 22 to 34 pounds, partly goes into feet, head, trimmings, bones, tenderloins, etc., and part is lost by shrinkage. There is an increasing demand for country-cured breakfast bacon by those who have ample means to pay high prices for choice farm products. The best methods of curing it are, therefore, of especial interest at this season of the year. The best quality of bacon is made from pigs not over six months of age, the object being to kill them when the weight ranges from 130 to 160, or at most 175 pounds. The pigs should not be extra fat, and the sparerib lean should be left on the ribs; the bone must be cut out, and the sides cut square and smooth. The weather, at the time the pigs are slaughtered, should be sufficiently cool to form ice from half an inch to an inch in thickness. When the carcass has become cool and firm, which is usually the case in a few hours, it is ready for boning or cutting up. After taking out the ribs and taking off the hams and shoulders, then divide the side lengthwise about half-way up. Salt down the upper half, reserving the lower half for bacon. This being thin and streaked alternately with fat and lean,

It is Just the Kind That is Wanted

for choice bacon. When the bacon is to be sugar-cured procure some fine salt, crush the lumps, and rub each of the pieces well, using salt freely. Bulk the pieces, and in three or four days the salt will strike through if the meat is not allowed to become frozen. The pieces should then be taken and rubbed thoroughly, both on the flesh and skin side, with the following mixture: One quarter of a pound of pulverized saltpetre, one pound of dark brown sugar (or one quart of molasses), adding sufficient salt to form a paste. This quantity is sufficient for seventy pounds of meat. Pack the pieces as snugly as possible in half-barrels or barrels. Weight down and pour over the same strong brine, previously clarified by boiling and skimming it. Let this remain on the meat for three weeks; then take out the pieces and wipe them dry with cloths, and hang them not lower than six feet above a slow fire. This should be made of green hickory, sugar maple or sassafras chips or corn on the ear, and be kept well covered with ashes, so that the materials used will slowly smoulder away, the object being to dry and flavor the meat as well as to smoke it. Continue the smoking, not for a month, until the meat is much darker than it should be, but until it is slightly browned and the meat becomes delicately flavored by the curing process. It is a bad practice to leave the meat hanging in the smoke-house to be treated with a heavy dose of smoke once a week for the purpose of keeping away the flies. As soon as cured encase each piece separately in heavy paper and pack away in clean, dry, wood ashes. When wanted take out one piece at a time only. Cut thin, not half as thick as it is ordinarily cut, and if the "gude housewife" broils it nicely you will need no prompting from her to induce you to double the allowance for table use next season.—[Farm and Fireside.

Fattening Hogs in Large Numbers.

The attempt to fatten hogs in large numbers under one management is not so frequently made now as formerly. The general belief seems to be that they cannot be made to thrive when many are kept and fed together. Wholesome food, and that in variety, with good air and cleanliness, are well known to be prime essentials to success in the handling of hogs. How to secure these with large herds, and at a cost which will leave a fair margin of profit, is a matter of interest to every one concerned in supplying the ever ready demand for fat hogs and pork products. At present prices, the temptation to engage extensively in rearing and feeding hogs would with most farmers be irresistible could they but feel ensured against the heavy losses from disease and death which almost invariably occur in large herds. The practical experience of Messrs. Day Brothers of Sangamon county, Ill., on this subject, may be worth relating. During the past summer and early fall they brought up hundreds of hogs and shotes from within a circuit of twenty miles or less of their farm near Springfield. The most of their purchases were very thin in flesh; in fact, many were what are usually termed mere shadows. Since the latter part of August they have been putting the feed into these hogs with a view to fattening them for the Chicago market. They have made a number of shipments to the present time, and now have on hand about 875 head, ranging in weight from 180 to 300 pounds each. They are allowed to run together in a lot of about four acres, once covered with timber, but now mostly cut off, leaving out trees enough for shade, etc., and yet sufficiently open to admit sunshine and a free circulation of air.

They are Fed on the Ground with Ear Corn,

sometimes oil, that is, of last year, and sometimes new, jerked from the field with half the husks still on. Many of these husks are afterwards collected by the hogs at different places, usually under the trees, and used by them for bedding. To prevent these beds becoming foul a one-horse rake is driven through the ground every day, to collect the cobs and husks, and these are then burned on the bedding places with the husks gathered there by the hogs. The smoke and ashes, as well as the charred cobs made by these burnings, are believed to be conducive to the health of the lusty porkers. They certainly tend to prevent the accumulation of vermin and to promote cleanliness. Beside the corn fed to the hogs, they have access at all times to well-supplied swill troughs. The lines of goers and comers to and from these are kept up almost constantly. Even during the night they are visited by many that are too shy to come by day. The swill is made of rye meal chiefly. To about 1500 weight of rye meal is added 100 weight of oil meal, and the whole made into swill, in large tanks, with cold water, and allowed to become slightly sour before being fed. Arrangements are now in progress for using hot water and steaming the meal. This, it is thought, will be an improvement as cold weather comes on. The troughs from which the swill is fed are arranged with slats on each side, the lower ends being nailed to the upper edge of the trough, and the upper ends to a long strip running the length of the trough, about fourteen inches above and directly over the middle. These slats are not placed opposite to each other, but are made to alternate. In this way

No Two Hogs Can Face Each Other

when feeding from opposite sides. This arrangement of the slats seems completely to prevent the hogs from getting into the troughs with their feet, and also to afford each a fair chance to feed without being crowded by his neighbor. In addition to the corn and swill given them these hogs are turned into a meadow of about 100 acres early every morning, where they are allowed to remain until about 10 a. m. Here they get another change of feed and such exercise as seems needful for them. A more healthy and well-doing lot of hogs than these one seldom sees. They are picked over from time to time and such taken out for shipment as are deemed at their best. They usually average when shipped about 235 pounds each in carload lots. As ripe hogs are taken out others are being put in. When new ones are bought they are kept in a separate enclosure for about two weeks before being turned in with the large herd. This is done as a precaution against the introduction of disease from outside herds. Most of the hogs here are black, or nearly so. The proprietors are very decided in their preference for Berkshires and their crosses. They find them to fatten and round up more evenly than any others. Essex, they say, are too small, and Poland Chinas are too coarse. White hogs they disparage altogether, although a few, perhaps 2 per cent., may be found among those being fed. The management here described seems to supply all the needed conditions to success. It is practicable, and apparently as economical as any that could be devised. The remarkably fine weather for the past two months has rendered needless all expense for shelter. Besides the saving in this respect the excellent health and thrift of the hogs has, no doubt, been largely due to their freedom from the restraints and evils almost unavoidable when they are housed in bad weather.

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

Hints About the Farm.

Where wood is used for fuel in lieu of coal the person who makes the fires in the morning frequently experiences difficulty in getting it started readily, for want of a few kindlings and a handful of shavings. This is particularly the case when one does not have access to sound and dry wood. A great many families burn nothing but green or half-seasoned wood. When one has nothing but green wood let a few pieces be split into slabs, say half an inch thick and three or four inches wide, kiln dry them in the oven, then with a plane cut them into thick shavings. Let a few billets of wood be split also into small pieces no larger than one's little finger, and bake them all in the oven. By spending a few minutes as directed one can prepare kindling material sufficient to enable him to make a glowing fire in ten minutes. We have known young boys go in our own house to be trained in the art of making fires, so that they would start a fire and their mothers would cook breakfast, bake potatoes, make coffee, and have a meal for the family on the table in twenty minutes by the clock. Without the shavings and kindlings the meal could not be prepared under an hour. In the cities and villages where kindling wood is scarce, many families have old boxes and barrels which cannot be sold for as much as they are really worth for fuel, if they were sawed and split into small pieces. The staves and hoops of an old water-soaked barrel, if sawed about six inches long, split small, the pieces tied in small bundles and placed on a shelf in the kitchen, would render satisfactory aid in starting coal fires when it is desirable to "heat up" as quickly as may be practicable. A generous supply of dry kindling wood will often be found an excellent preventive of perplexity, vexation, fretting, scolding and disagreeable altercations, aside from the comfort in cold and stormy weather. Men and boys frequently fritter away time enough every week to saw and split all the old boxes and barrels on the premises. The true way is to do it now and not wait until some far-away future.

Growing stock should not be kept in a fat condition, for the demand of the system is chiefly for muscle-producing matter. There is no concentrated material on the farm that supplies the desideratum in full, and, though nature has furnished farmers with splendid agents for this purpose in the shape of pease and beans, the opportunity is not improved. For early pasture or soiling after rye a piece of land broadcasted to tall-growing pease, mixed with oats, is invaluable. The writer of this once kept a cow up to a flow of milk until late in the season by a succession of such crops, and that, too, on a piece of white sand land. It is not known by some that if these vines are cut and nicely cured when just about to bloom they will furnish a good crop of nutritious hay; but, if not cut at flowering time, the leaves will crumble away. Ground pease or beans are economical for feeding, owing to the great saving they effect. Farmers are tempted to part with them at $2 10 a bushel when they often bring more than that sum; but if we stop and reflect that this meal, mixed half and half with cornmeal, will enable us to dispense with one-third the quantity of hay, a great saving is made through the winter. For young calves nothing can equal it. If the farmer has no conveniences for grinding them, the pease and beans can be cooked into a mash in the ordinary way, and if thus given liberally to the stock, especially the younger portion, will push them rapidly forward. Pigs will grow faster on it than anything else. Young heifers become matured several months sooner. By the use of pea or bean meal wheat straw can be used in place of hay, and, taken as a whole, it has become almost a necessity on well-regulated farms. Bear in mind, as stated above, pease and beans will not fatten stock as rapidly as corn, nor will corn make the stock grow as quickly as the legumes. Hence, in winter we should feed these articles together in order to get the best results.

When there is good solid ice six inches thick the work of filling the ice-house should not be delayed. There are so many risks to run in waiting for thicker ice that it is much better to gather the crop at the very first opportunity. If snow comes while the ice is being formed it should be removed while it is fresh; this may be done with a snow-push or a short and a heavy stable broom, and on a large scale with a snow-plough and scrape. Icemen who harvest many thousand tons have a complete outfit of labor-saving tools for their work. The farmer with only a small house, holding twenty-five to thirty tons, needs a common cross-cut saw with one handle removed. A splitting bar may be made of a large chisel with a long handle. A pike for handling the ice-cakes while they are in the water is very convenient, and can be made by any blacksmith at a trifling expense. Ice tongs are not essential; but are so handy and cheap, that it usually pays to be provided with them. The ice to be cut is first lined by using a hatchet or axe along a straight-edge board; after sawing, the strips are cut into squares by first making a deep groove, and afterwards using the splitting chisel. Ice is heavy and difficult to handle, and advantage should be taken of the ease with which it slides over smooth surfaces. Loading the sled or wagon from the pond or river is usually the hardest labor of the ice harvest. This can be made comparatively easy in many places by drawing the ice blocks up an inclined shute made of planks with narrow edges of boards. A number of blocks of ice being placed in a line at the submerged end of the shute, a spike is forced into the rear one, and with the team attached to the spike, the whole row is slid up into the box of the sled or wagon.

Mr. S. W. Dungan advises to select sheep of good, vigorous condition, and to breed as early as ewes come in heat; an early lamb is worth one and a half times as much as a late one. Ewes carry lambs from 147 to 153 days. He keeps a register of ewes when served, and has his ewes all earmarked. One or two days before lambing the udder becomes red and looks inflamed. He watches them very closely till the lamb sucks. Every good shepherd should attend closely to his flock every day. Mr. Dungan is always on hand at shearing time and stays with his flock. He always looks at every hoof, and, if turned under and crooked, pares it off nice and smooth, and never allows the sheep to pass after they become lame. He would always dip lambs ten or fourteen days after shearing; he shears tolerably early and shelters if there come cold rains. He weans his lambs and gives them good fresh pasture; always teaches them to eat before weaning; feeds ground oats, corn and bran, one-third each. Oilmeal would be excellent also. He would urge that no wool grower go out of the business because wool is low. A man can keep his wool and the prices will be better by and by. It will not shrink in weight if properly baled and tied.

Suitable alike for the amateur, the market grower, or the gentleman's gardener, for early forcing or for mid-season consumption, is the black Hamburg, and the best variety of this Hamburg is that known as the Frankenthal. The true Frankenthal variety may be easily detected by the hammered appearance of the berries when they are ripe. This variety also produces longer tapering bunches than the others, with only moderate shoulders. Mill Hill is the next most distinct Hamburg. It produces short bunches with heavy shoulders, and the berries are usually very large, but as a rule it does not color so well as the Frankenthal. Black Prince is a distinct grape that is rather miffy in its behavior; but, if variety is wanted, it may be planted with the black Hamburg, but it is quite distinct from it, and may be at once detected by its long, tapering bunches, which usually color well, as its name indicates.

Much complaint comes from the injury to cattle from the barbs, from the occasional loosening of the wires, from the staples sometimes drawing out and from rust, unless well galvanized, and more than all from the posts rotting away, which is the chief trouble with ordinary post and rail fence. In a recent run through western New York the writer noticed that one sensible fellow had planted a line of osage oranges alongside of his barbed fence. Thus, if, the posts rot away, the lines of wire will still be in the hedge and will never need new posts; while the lines of wire running through, as long as the hedge lasts, will make the most perfect security against all hogs and all sorts of trespassers getting through. Indeed, it seems to us that the combination of barbed fence and living plants is the perfection of protective fencing, and certainly far superior to the best methods of plashing ever invented.

Henry Stewart has seen plain log barns in which the cattle fared really better, were warmer and more comfortable, than in grand and sumptuous buildings of the rich farmer. Wealth is by no means synonymous with happiness, and a fancy barn, gaudy with paint and varnish, and conspicuous by its tall cupola and gilded vane, may afford very cold comfort to the cows and horses. Snug, tight, neat, comfortable, handy buildings should be the aim of every farmer, in which he may do his work the most easily and comfortably for himself, and the best and most economically for his stock. And if he can arrange them so that he can go in at one end, through a clean doorway outside of the yards and nearest the house, and pass through the whole of them without going out of doors, and feed and water and care for his cattle in stormy weather without exposure, he will find it to be a most desirable arrangement, and one that is easily possible as well.

The census office gives the specific gravity, weight per cubic foot, and the full value of the well-known woods of the United States. The woods of the South are of greater specific gravity than are those of the North, and consequently rank higher in burning value, but there is more difficulty attending their preparation as fuel than with the Northern growths. The iron wood of Florida gives the greatest specific gravity of all woods tested; next comes the logwood of west Texas, then the mangrove of the gulf coast, and following this the lignum vitæ, generally considered the heaviest of our woods. In a table giving the approximate relative fuel value ironwood comes first, hickory pig-nut second, hickory shellbark third, persimmon fourth, white oak next, then locust, rock elm and black oak. For building purposes woods of light gravity, as white pine and white wood, are much employed, these woods having a low fuel value.

Every gardener who has a good supply of moss will find it adapted to several valuable purposes. Broken up fine, and in a slightly damp condition, nothing is equal to it for packing winter vegetables. Place cabbages in large boxes and fill the spaces with moss, and they will keep with freshness all winter. Celery may be packed in the same way, handling it with care to prevent bruising. Turnips and beets are finely preserved in the same way. All these, it will be observed, are readily accessible at any time in winter in the cellar where they are placed. The cellar should be cool, and if a slight freeze occurs the moss protects them from harm. The brown swamp moss used by nurserymen answers well; but, where this cannot be had, the green moss found on logs in damp and dense woods is quite as useful when thoroughly broken up. A load or two, easily procured from such woods, will be valuable to have on hand.

The past season was a very prosperous one for the growth of sugar cane, and the consequence is a large yield per acre. The long continued warm weather induced a size of plant seldom attained in Louisiana, while the dry weather caused a greater maturity to top joints than usual. The Sugar Bowl mentions among the large cane yield the crop of Mr. R. H. Yale of New Orleans, who on his coast plantation is obtaining forty tons of cane to the acre, and the crop of Mr. Amedee Bringier, who is harvesting at the rate of forty-nine tons to the acre. Other planters are many of them getting from twenty-five to thirty-five tons, and their sugar yield is estimated at from 2000 to 3300 pounds per acre. The usual average is about twenty tons of cane per acre, hence the present is considered an exceedingly good cane year. The journal quoted from also notices a specimen of unusually large cane, fully ten feet high and very heavy, that was grown on poor pine woods land in St. Tammany parish. The size of this cane, it is believed, is due to the application of fertilizers.

Experiment appears to have proven that more butter is obtained by mixing milk of different cows and the cream from separate lots requires more churning. The smaller globules in the poorer milk gather with difficulty, but in the mixed milk the larger globules aid in forming proper milk for the gathering process. Adding the milk of the Jersey cow to that of the common cow or other breeds is advantageous, because the milk globules of the Jerseys are considerably larger than those in the milk of other breeds. When set in shallow pans the best temperature is about 60°, and churns are usually started at 60°. When milk is set in deep pails a lower temperature is observed, say 45 to 50°.

Whatever may be the chemical analysis of ensilage or the theoretical opinion of scientists as to its feeding value, the practical farmers who have constructed silos and fed ensilage to their stock are unanimous in its praise. So long as by its means they can keep double the stock on the same land, they are perfectly content that secretaries of agriculture and professors of agricultural science may remain happy in the consciousness of having demonstrated on purely scientific principles that ensilage is worthless. Perhaps the practical farmers may yet teach the professors a thing or two about feeding ensilage.

Bloody milk is caused by defective secretion and congestion of the glands, which, being gorged with blood, secrete blood instead of milk. It may be constitutional, and when it occurs with a first calf it is apt to be continuous and difficult to cure. The only effective treatment is to reduce the feed, giving only a bran mash and no corn meal, and with it two ounces of epsom salts and four drachms of saltpetre daily for several days. Bathe the udder with cold water after milking. Keep the cow quiet and take care that no weeds or coarse herbage are eaten.

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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Something on the Subject of Superfluous Women.

Various Gossip, Toiletwise and Otherwise.

Suggestions About the Care of the Hair and the Complexion.

While we usually heartily agree with our brilliant contemporary, the department Le Beau Monde of the Evening Traveller, and commend and admire its utterances, yet to one of its recent articles we must take exception, for it seems to us to be founded upon a principle more than half wrong, to be too sweeping in its generalizations and too severe in its judgments. It is in answer to a correspondent who wants to know something about the West, whether or not it is advisable for surplus women who want work to go there. To this the Beau Monde replied in part as follows, prefacing its remarks with the statement that it did not so much aspire to a full solution of the problem as to "the more modest task of modifying certain views implied by the young woman who wants work." Our contemporary then goes on: "*Imprimis*, then, the rhetoric of the day over 'surplus women' is all nonsense. A woman exists as an individual just as a man does. If there are surplus women there are surplus men, and the fault is an individual lack of capacity and by no means to be sheltered under some numerical data. If a woman feels that she is a 'surplus' addition to the world, it is, without any doubt, her own fault. There is not the slightest need of it, unless she is a chronic invalid, or is not quite *compos mentis*. The outlook lies in her not confining herself to a limited choice of pursuits—not to see her horizon bounded by teaching or sewing, or standing behind a counter, but to undertake whatever she feels an aptitude, a vocation for, just as a man does. The age in which women were limited to a narrow round of life is, happily, only a tradition to the girls of today."

It would not be just to the Beau Monde to omit to say that it gives some good practical advice to its correspondent on the subject of going West, but it is to the quotation above that we take exception. There may be surplus women just as there are surplus men. Not in the absolute sense of that word, but relatively. There may be surplus women, industrially considered, in a city, a State or a community, or there may be surplus women in any occupation whenever more women attempt to enter that occupation than there is call for the services they can render. In such a case their individual capacity will not in the least affect the result. They may all be gifted by nature with adaptation for that particular pursuit and well fitted by training to engage in it, but whenever, for any reason, a large number of women enter that occupation and there results an over supply of what they offer to the community, then their wages come down to less, relatively, than their services are worth, the sharp competition makes their struggle harder than it would be in other occupations or other communities, and there is emphatically a surplus of women in that particular occupation or place. When women enter industrial occupations of any sort they become merely units of labor, and are subject to the same laws that govern their working brethren. Various causes may conspire to produce an "over-supply of labor," that is, a surplus of laborers, in any occupation, and women are subject to these same laws of supply and demand that govern the labor market. When any portion of it becomes too much crowded all suffer, and only those who have the greatest natural ability and the most thorough training can survive.

It seems to us a mistake to hold up final success as such a surely inevitable result of capacity and application. The woman who has an average amount of each may be able sometimes to be successful and prosperous, but when there is an increased influx of workers to her occupation she will find the struggle a great deal harder, and at other times be compelled, with her utmost exertions, to go to the wall. Much stress, of course, needs to be laid upon the necessity of natural ability, thorough training and close application. The world needs better workers, better trained, both men and women. But with all needful insistance upon these, sight must not be lost of the necessity of considering the laws governing the labor market, of keeping an eye upon the fluctuations of trade, and of so governing plans and movements as to be able to escape the reverses which those fluctuations will almost inevitably bring about. A woman who carries on a disheartening struggle in Boston or New York or some other city, where, because of the large number of women who are engaged in the same occupation, she finds mere living a constant tax of her powers to their very utmost, might find in some other portion of the country—the West, the South or the Northwest—that equal exertion would bring her competence and prosperity. And again, it has frequently happened that a woman has succeeded better in the East than she could in the West. It depends entirely upon what she can do and what are the products of her labor. There are numerous occupations in the East in which women engage that do not flourish extensively in the West. Some of the occupations that are similar in both portions of the country offer much better inducements to women in the West than in the East. And there are still others scarcely known in the East in which Western young women engage largely and successfully. So that we cannot agree entirely with the Beau Monde in its conclusion that "whether the West or the East is better, is more a matter of individual than a class question." Individual considerations must be brought to the solution of the problem, but equally, if not even more important, are the other questions of the labor market there and here, of the kinds of service most wanted there, and of the classes of women workers who can meet those demands.

The Hair and the Complexion—No. 3.

The appearance of the hair will depend a great deal on the style of wearing it. Pale-colored hair, whether of a yellowish or a brownish tint, need not be dyed in order to make it add to the beauty of the wearer. Nine times out of ten any attempt to change the natural tint thus violently will result disastrously. Judicious care and a diet and mode of life that will increase the amount of iron in the system will frequently darken somewhat the color that nature gave in the first place, though the result will come about rather slowly. Hair that the possessor thinks is too pale in color should be worn in crimps and waves as fluffy as they can be made, and the play of light and shade will render the effect more beautiful than would any attempt at coloring. Moreover, when any attempt is made to bleach or otherwise change the color of the hair that does not work through the system, it will be found that the process must be gone over again month after month as the hair grows and as the effects of the process wear off, until she who has once made the trial grows thoroughly weary and would gladly have her tresses back in their original condition, if such a thing were possible. But having once begun, it must be kept up. Red-haired people who attempt to darken the color of their hair or make it less fiery by generous applications of oil commit a great mistake. Whatever they gain, or think they gain, by thus darkening its tint they lose in the disgusting appearance the oil gives. It is a great deal better to keep it soft and glossy by proper care. Sandy locks can frequently be made to take on a rich golden tinge by keeping the scalp well cared for and vigorously brushing the hair.

Long, drooping lashes are greatly desired by most ladies. Their growth will be stimulated by carefully trimming the ends every other day—a proceeding that should be carefully performed with tiny scissors, barely clipping but a hair's breadth from the ends. But the eyebrows must not be trimmed, as it makes them shaggy and uneven. There are numerous ointments that are said to possess the virtue of making the eyelashes grow, but their beneficial properties are very doubtful. And, moreover, some of them are actually injurious to the eyes. If it is desired to prevent the tendency of the eyebrows to meet the contact may be avoided by pulling out the hairs every morning regularly when the toilet is made. If they spread irregularly, pinch the hairs together where thickest. If the eyebrows are thin, the growth of the hairs may be made thicker by brushing and rubbing the brows every day with a fine brush.

The first requisite for a clear, pleasing complexion is good health, though there may be good health without a fine complexion. But given this and a proper care of the face, and every woman may banish from her toilet table every sort of cosmetic. And sometimes, even when the general health is not of the best, the only unpleasing effect upon the complexion is that it will lack that healthful tone which forms one of the chief elements of its beauty. However, there are few women who cannot possess, with the exercise of a little care and trouble, a complexion more beautiful and pleasing than any they can get out of a box, and which will have the inestimable advantage of being always ready for use. But this article already grows too long, and further discussion of the subject must be deferred until next week.

Gossip About Various Things.

Portieres are often made of two or three different materials—for example, in panels or with a border more or less deep of one material and the remainder of something different. The upper panel may be in satin and the lower in plush, with satin bands.

The tab finish to basques of cloth, velvet, or cashmere is commended as inexpensive, requiring merely neat work upon it, and regularity of shape.

The fancy for tucking, that extends even to satin dresses, is welcomed by neat needlewomen who have more leisure than money.

Handsome tidies are made by stitching cretonne figures of bright tints upon dark-colored plush with gold thread or narrow gold braid. Cord of mixed color is sewn around the edge and a heavy tassel depends from each corner.

A novel decoration for the unsightly transom-windows which disfigure so many rooms in city houses is made by filling in the space with deep-colored damask paper, upon which handsome raised paper figures are laid. The figures, which are of every variety, can be bought singly for twenty-five cents at any of the leading wall-paper and decorators' establishments.

The fancy remains for black silk stockings, with low black slippers, for all evening toilets; yet those of rose or pink, like the dress, with slippers to match, are also used. White silk stockings and white slippers are, however, worn by brides and bridesmaids.

Æsthetic hat stands are the thing now in small houses. A common iron umbrella stand is fitted in a corner of the hall, and above it a framework of common wood is nailed against the wall and ebonized. Upon each side of this frame brass hooks for the hats are arranged, and in the centre a bevelled looking-glass is fitted, while from the umbrella stand itself a little curtain is hung in easy folds from a small brass rod fastened upon brackets on either side.

Draperies for halls and vestibules are handsomely made of deep-colored plush. They are usually only sufficiently wide to fall in graceful folds and never longer than just to touch the floor. It is no longer fashionable to have long or full draperies.

It is very usual to have half-draperies—that is to say, something in the style of very deep valances in doorways. Such an arrangement breaks the monotony of the opening, and yet leaves the view into another apartment unobstructed.

Trimmed woollen Jersey basques are also much worn by ladies who object to the bare plainness of the real Jersey. For these a woollen Jersey is bought, and opened in front. If a dark red Jersey is chosen, a narrow velvet vest is inserted, and buttoned by small gilt buttons. The Byron collar of red velvet has four or five rows of gilt braid on the edge, and there are similar cuffs. Two tabs of velvet are placed below the waist in the back, and there may be little square pockets of velvet on the hips. The hem of the Jersey has leaden weights to hold it down, and a sash is not needed. This is worn with red, black, green or brown skirts. Of course, with its gilt trimmings, it should be confined to house toilets, as indeed most Jerseys are.

A PECULIAR CASE.

Pardon Implored by a Man Who Has Not Yet Been Sentenced.

The New Hampshire Governor and Council at Concord recently gave a hearing upon a petition bearing a large number of signatures of leading men of Farmington for the pardon of H. G. Cloutman of that place. In December, 1879, Henrietta Sherburne of Farmington received notice that she had drawn a prize of $1000 in the Kentucky lottery. Having doubts about the truth of the notice, she sent Cloutman, with whom she had been connected in the lottery-ticket buying business to New York, where the general office is located, to ascertain about it and to collect the money if she had drawn it. Cloutman went to New York, got the money, and on returning stopped in Boston and went on a "spree." He sent $100 of his own money to his wife and telegraphed Henrietta that he had her money all right. He also wrote her a letter which she could not decipher. While in Boston he conceived the idea of going to Kentucky to shake hands with the managers and offer his services as a general ticket agent to the company. He accordingly left for that State, and after his return he could not give a coherent account of himself. He returned home bruised, battered, broke and in the habiliments of a tramp. He was not received with public rejoicing, but found a complaint for embezzlement, upon which he was indicted, tried and found guilty. Sentence, however, was not passed upon him, and the petition is for his pardon from the sentence yet to be imposed. Attorney-General Tappan stated that he did not believe Cloutman guilty, and thought that he ought to be pardoned. The case is peculiar and novel from the fact that pardon is asked for a man not yet sentenced, which is something without precedent in that State. Authorities for such action were cited, however.

CATCHING LIVE RATTLESNAKES.

Cills, the Naturalist, Describes His First Snake-Hunting Experience.

"I shall have to go snake hunting again soon," said Mr. Cills; "there are any number of rattles in Pike and Monroe counties, W. Va., not to mention copperheads and black snakes. I shall never forget the first snake I caught alive. Light a cigar and I'll tell you about it. I was quite a lad at the time. My parents used to live near the Bushkill creek. That part of the country is not very thickly settled, and there are big structures of wild country in every direction, with excellent sport in the way of fishing, gunning and snake catching. Old Mart Smith, a man with a high reputation as a hunter of every kind of animal for showmen, lived near my father's house, and he and I soon became great friends, and he frequently took me out gunning with him.

"One morning father and I were weeding the garden, when the hunter passed and asked father if the boy (that was me) could go fishing with him. Father did not object, and off I went, in high glee, with Mart. After we had proceeded some distance he said to me: 'Hide your fishing pole among the elder bushes; I am going to teach you to catch a curious kind of fish today. I have an order for a couple of rattlesnakes for a doctor who is staying at the Water Gap. He wants to make experiments with their poison.'

"We soon arrived at Flags Barren, a wide piece of ground covered with huckleberry brush and a natural snake haunt; but, although we scoured the barren, not a snake could we find; so we started for Nation's Barren, a similar locality, a mile or so further on. The only reptile we could find there was a pilot or copperhead snake. He showed fight, and in his rage fanged himself before Mart could cover him with his crotch stick, so we killed it and made our way to Miller's meadows, near my home. I was feeling very disappointed at the results of the day's hunt, when just as we were crossing a hollow called Devil's Hole I heard the rattling of a snake. I cried out to Mart, and at the same time perceived a snake at my side making ready to spring at me. Mart quickly crotched the brute, and coolly picked it up by the neck, and, holding its head from him so as to prevent its biting or escaping, allowed it to coil the remainder of its body about his wrist. It was a large female snake with twelve rattles, denoting its age to be twelve years. 'Now,' says Mart, 'your chance is near, Dick. Whenever you come across a female snake you can bet your pile the male is not far off.'

"Sure enough, we had not walked more than a few hundred yards when Mart spotted the trail of the male snake. We followed it up, and about fifty feet from the spot where the first one was caught we found the second. 'Quick,' says Mart, 'take the crotch and pin him when he springs at me.' I did as I was directed, but I got the crotch a little too far down on the snake's back. Mart quickly pulled out a pocket crotch and placed it over the reptile's neck. All this time he was holding the female snake in his right hand. 'Now,' says he to me, 'run your first finger down between the pocket crotch and the snake's head.' I did so. 'Bring the end of your thumb alongside of your finger and hold tight.' I did. 'That's it,' continued Mart, a grim smile across his face; 'now I shouldn't advise you to let go, or he will fang you before you can move. Pick it up and come on.' The snake was soon coiled round my wrist like Mart's, and we started for Shawnee, a distance of four miles, where the doctor was awaiting our prizes at Mart's home. I shall never forget my feeling on that walk as long as I live. The death-like thrills which the contact of the horrible reptile gave me as I trudged on by Mart's side were something frightful, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I retained my hold. It was only the continual assurance I received from my companion that it was sure death to let go which prevented my loosening my fingers. Every now and again the animal uncoiled itself, and its body swung, whip-fashion, about my neck and face, while the rattles, of which there were fourteen, were going all the time. It was a fearful ordeal, and when at last we reached our destination and Mart dexterously relieved me of my disgusting burden, I was as pale as a ghost. 'See here,' said he, patting me on the back, 'I do not recommend rum to anybody—let it alone, boys—but I don't think a wineglassful will hurt you.' He poured out a good stiff dose from a pocket flask and I swallowed it, and soon recovered my composure. That day's hunt cured me of nearly all my feelings of repugnance of snakes, and I soon became almost as adept in rattle-catching as Mart himself."

An Impatient Bridegroom.

[Utica Observer.]

In the application of Jane Giles of Michigan, formerly of Brookfield, Madison county, who claims to be the legal widow of Rev. John E. Giles, the miser, who was found dead with $20,000 on his person, before Surrogate Kennedy at Morrisville, the following curious marriage certificate of the father of Giles was introduced in evidence:

This certified that I married Samuel H. Giles to Sarah Elphip on the 4th of August, 1829; and that the said Giles was at the time dressed in military uniform, and that he interrupted me while passing through the ceremony by embracing his bride in his arms and kissing her most affectionately and after pausing a while and requesting him to desist I was able to complete the ceremony.

SOLON STOCKING,
Minister of the Gospel.

Binghamton, Broome county, New York, August 8, 1863.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Neighbors are Willing.

[Providence Telegram.]

A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor on Broadway, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon; "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

MOTHER SWAN'S worm syrup, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. Tasteless. 25c.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

The Banting Trial—Omission—Heroism—The Travellers' Club, Etc, Etc.

The Banting trial may next be introduced as the company is divided into sides. For this test a glass of water and a common cracker of the large variety known as Boston crackers are required. All are invited to judge whether it will take a longer time to eat the cracker, or to sip the contents of the tumbler with a teaspoon. All who believe that the eating will require less time than the drinking are invited to form in line on the left side of the room, and those who have the contrary opinion take their position on the right side. Each select the most competent person to represent their interests, and encourage their efforts with applause. The two contestants then struggle to vie with each other in first completing the task before them. However much the cracker-eater may try to exceed the spoon-wielder, he will almost always find that the water has been exhausted, one spoonful at a time, long before he has succeeded in disposing of his cracker. The contest will be found very amusing by the rows of spectators, as victory seems very uncertain until the close of the trial. After the players have become acquainted with each other and the stiffness has been worn off by these simple and humorous games, they will be ready to try some which, although much quieter, will exercise their power of thought, and they can seat themselves at a large table in the middle of the room to try the new game of

Omission.

Any number of players can join in this excellent game, which, besides being very amusing, will be found very useful to young writers. The only materials which it requires are large sheets of paper, pencils and india rubber. Each one writes a short story, letter, or criticism of any book or event, or a biographical sketch of some one of the persons present. The latter should be as personal as possible, without giving offence, and all should, if possible, allude to events known to all the players, and should, as far as consistent, introduce persons who are present, or who may be in some way connected with them. In some cases these sketches are prepared beforehand and sent in anonymously, but it is very much better to have them produced in an impromptu manner, for when all write at the same time the interest is greater. As the authorship is kept secret no one need feel modest about his own performance, and, as the articles are all written in a spirit of kindness, no one need feel sensitive about any little home-thrust. The writing of these papers may occupy an hour, or less, according to the judgment of the director, who takes his place at the end of the table. When the time is within five minutes of its expiration he must call out: "All papers must be handed in in five minutes," and they are accordingly brought to an abrupt end, which in many cases adds to their merit. After being folded the articles are handed to the director, who, without looking at them, distributes them at random, giving one to each of the players. He then directs each one to rub out carefully every adjective from the paper which he holds, and when this has been done he again collects the papers. Opening the first one he calls out:

"Please Give Me an Adjective,"

and the player at his right hand mentions an adjective which the director writes in the place where the first was erased. The next player then gives another adjective, which he also puts down, and thus the director goes on until the paper is complete. Each one of the papers is then treated in same manner until all are filled with very different adjectives from those selected by the original authors. These revised manuscripts are then again dealt around, until each person has one, and they are all read in turn. The change of adjectives, of course, completely alters the sense of each paper, which can hardly be recognized by its author in its new dress. The greatest fun is produced by the application of new and absurd adjectives to the persons present, who often receive unexpected compliments and unmerited abuse. These attacks they cannot return, as they are, of course, wholly accidental, and good-natured players will laugh as much at their own expense as at that of their neighbors. Each player must provide himself with as many adjectives as possible, so as to respond the moment he is called upon to furnish one, and so to save any delay in the preparation of the papers. After the papers have been read others can be written, from which all the nouns are rubbed out and supplied in the same manner; and, if the time is short, the very same papers can be used again in this way. The most absurd and personal adjectives that can be found are introduced into this game, and for this purpose dictionaries and other books of reference are allowed. It is much better, however, to prepare beforehand a list of peculiar adjectives, that one may be ready the instant it is called for by the director, as unnecessary delay spoils all games, for no amusement is worth trying in which all the players do not join with spirit and interest. The best nouns used in this game are the names of persons present, of noted characters and of events which are exciting the attention of the public. By a little practice at this very popular game, young writers will learn to avoid the very common fault of using more adjectives than are necessary to express their ideas with force and clearness. Still another change can be made in these peculiar papers by the omission of all the verbs and then substituting new ones in the same manner; and the game only needs to be tried to prove its interest and merit. By playing this game once the company will be ready for a still harder one, and may enjoy trying that of

Heroism.

This interesting and instructive game may be useful in calling to mind the names of noted persons and of fixing their worthy deeds in the memory. It will also be found very useful to teachers as well as to their youngest and more advanced pupils, for no one can play it without bringing up many of the chief events of history. The discussions which it seldom fails to inspire as to dates, motives and characters, are full of deep interest, and call forth various and widespread differences of opinion. Although it may seem a little difficult, a careful reading of the explanation will enable any one to comprehend its methods and enjoy its fun. Any number of players, from three to twenty, can join in this game, one of whom thinks of the name of any hero of history, or of romance, who has a military reputation of any sort. This name he does not offer to be guessed, but he selects the name of some other hero, the first letter of whose name is the same. For example, if he has thought of Achilles, he takes some other name beginning with A, as "Arthur," for his friends to find out. This they all proceed to do, each one in turn asking any question he may choose, all of which must be correctly answered until the name is found out. The fortunate guesser next takes a name, the first letters of which will join to the first letter of the name he has guessed, and will help form any word that he may have in mind. For instance, having the letter A, he thinks of Ant, and goes on to discover some hero whose name begins with N, and therefore

Fixes Upon Napoleon

as the one whose name is to be guessed. When this is done of course the third player finds out a letter that will follow the A N, and decides on Anaconda in his mind; so he puzzles his friends with the name of Alva. The fourth player being obliged to add a letter to A N A, tries Anachreon, which gives the letter C for the initial of his hero, so he selects Catiline. The fifth may take in turn the letter H, as he has thought of the word Anachronism, so he gives out Hannibal as his hero. When this has been found out, the sixth player having been unable to think of a word which would carry on these five letters any farther, gives up the trial. Each of the guessers then names in turn the word which he had in mind for the selection of the initial of his hero. The curious contrast afforded by these words seldom fails to be amusing, and the series of questions which are used to discover the hero's name are always instructive. A little practice will enable the guesser to become very expert in asking these questions, which relate to the period in which the hero lived, the character of his exploits, and the victories or defeats in which he participated. As the heroes are of every nationality, and as the time of their lives extends from the present to the remotest past, the interest changes constantly, and the variety of the sudden transitions of time and place are often very amusing.

The Greater the Knowledge of History,

the more successful will the players become, and the more interest felt in the discussions which often occur, urge them to refer to their text-books with renewed zeal. This game is much easier than it appears, and can be played to advantage by quite young students, while the older classes and even the teachers will find in it full exercise for their best powers. These may be varied according to the judgment and capacity of the questioner, and will, of course, be very different each time, but the following formula will enable smart players to find out the name of almost any hero: "In what country was he born?" "In what age did he flourish?" "Where did he die?" "Did he fall in battle?" "In which war did he distinguish himself chiefly?" "Was he a good or a bad man?" "Did he free his country from oppression?" "Was he a tyrant?" "Did he go to the Crusades?" "Was he a king, or an emperor, or a general?" "Was he the subject of a book?" "What author chiefly extolled his merits?" It may be well to repeat more clearly that the game comes to an end when no player can make an English word of any description form the initials already obtained by adding the first letter of some hero's name to them. When the company is composed of more than six they should be divided into sides, and the side which has made the most of these words after the game has been played twice, beats. In this game one side asks and the other side answers the question in turn, each alternately beginning or selecting the heroes' names.

The Travellers' Club.

The following game, or rather social amusement, was found upon experiment to be so unexpectedly entertaining by a large company of guests during what is termed "a spell" of weather, that it is recommended confidently to any social club or "sociable" seeking to vary its entertainments during the long winter evenings. The scheme is one of the simplest description, consisting merely of the formation of a club, the members of which promise individually to work for the common benefit, according to their own special taste or capacity. By popular vote it is decided what country, city or locality shall be visited, and at an appointed meeting, allowing due time for preparation, each member is bound to contribute some item of information thereupon. When desirable, some form of fine may be imposed for negligence or non-compliance. In the case mentioned, Egypt was selected as the first place to be visited, and the members were ready to respond with readings, poetical quotations, historical abstracts and descriptions of scenery, verbal or written. The exhibition of pictures, relics, or appropriate objects, was also permitted, and even the persons most unaccustomed to such public rehearsals, found themselves able to present some quotation, fact, anecdote or jest, one refractory member being kindly allowed to escape with contributing the statement that the word Egypt is uncommonly difficult to the penman, as it is one of the few words consisting only of long letters. Travels at home may well be recommended, as in almost every social circle in America persons can be found who have either resided or visited in distant States and Territories, and the results of personal experience and observation are often more instructive and vividly interesting than information derived from books.

A Daring Deed.

The leader may challenge any member of the company to exhibit his agility by placing two chairs back to back, and then, after removing his shoes, jumping over them. The person, lucky in guessing or knowledge, will of course content himself with jumping over his shoes.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

How the Journey Between Providence and Boston was Then Performed.

[Providence Star.]

The journey to Boston was not despatched in 1821 with the same celerity as it now is, but was performed in stage coaches, which left Providence at 9 a. m., and arrived in Boston at 6 p. m. They stopped at intervals of eight or nine miles to change horses, and to give the passengers opportunities for obtaining spirituous drinks. The first stopping place was at Barrow's, where all drank; and then, after a short delay, the coach proceeded to Hatch's, where there was another delay and a repetition of the drinking process. The longest rest was at Fuller's, the half-way house, and here the passengers dined, smoked, slept or strolled about for two hours, when the coach was brought to the door, where it waited a long while for them to reassemble, it being as difficult a task for the driver to collect them together as for a captain of a ship to get his crew aboard for a voyage. The afternoon was spent in the same manner as the early part of the day, the tired travellers reaching Boston in time to take some refreshments and visit the theatre.

When a steamboat line was established between New York and Providence the greater number of the travellers came from Boston, and gave such an impetus to the transportation business that there were two lines of stages running daily between Providence and Boston; one of them leaving this town early in the morning, and the other at about 11 o'clock a. m., on the arrival of the New York boat. Of course there was much emulation between the lines, each competing with the other in celerity, the excellence of the coaches and the cheapness of the fares. One of these lines employed 213 horses and twenty coaches, and during the year 1828 received from passengers the sum of $82,000. The other line received that year $35,000. This competition shortened the time of the journey to seven hours.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The Unknown Fate of Mr. Henry T. Lambert of This City—Was He Murdered?

The Denver Tribune, in alluding to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Henry T. Lambert of this city, says that when last heard from he was at Cheyenne, where he had been nursed by a Mr. Lowell through a severe fit of sickness. On the 1st of September Mr. W. B. Lambert, the brother of the missing man, received a dispatch from "H. Lowell" at Denver, stating that his brother had died of congestion of the brain while on the way to Santa Fe. Lowell asked for $250 wherewith to pay the expenses of embalming the body and sending it East, and the money was sent. Lowell's presence alone in Denver on the 1st of September, coupled with the suspicious telegram, and then the sudden disappearance, all combine to form the most positive evidence that Lambert never reached Denver, and to give reason for the suspicion that he was murdered, robbed and hid away somewhere on the plains by the man who persuaded him to the venture of so long a journey. This suspicion is confirmed particularly by the fact that Lambert was known to have a considerable sum of money, and this fact undoubtedly became known to the man who took care of him through his sickness. All the country through which it is supposed the couple might have travelled has been scoured by the detectives and officers of the respective counties, and every possible method of inquiry instituted. Two months have now passed and there is not a word nor the possibility of a clew. The missing man was 38 years of age, stood 5 feet 10 inches and was of light complexion; color of hair also light.

Archdeacon Dunbar's Musical Church.

The Liverpool Mercury tells of a new religious venture in London. This is the establishment of a "Musical Church" in that city, by the eccentric Archdeacon Dunbar, to be called the "Church of the Holy Apostles." He has taken the Portland Bazaar, which is capable of seating 8000 persons. It this place it is intended that sixty surpliced choristers shall sing the most elaborate services that were ever heard in a church at which an Anglican minister officiated. The surpliced choir will be assisted by another choir of 100 voices, and by a full band of brass, string, drum and harp. The body of the church will be lighted by an enormous silver gilt cross with four arms, the extremities of each arm containing a red-colored lantern, illuminated by the electric light. Costly pictures will be upon the walls—one an enormous "Nativity" by Paul Veronese. There will be daily service with a quartet choir, an elaborate service on Saturday nights, and on Sunday the clash and clang of every instrument heard in an orchestra. In the morning grand masses, beginning with Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," will be said in their entirety. In the evening will be given in succession, opening with the "Stabat Mater," such oratorios as "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Sullivan's "Light of the World," and Gounod's "Redemption."

Why Should Not Women Whistle?

[Phrenological Journal.]

If the mere act of whistling can help and cheer a man so much, why should it be denied to a woman? If whistling will drive away the blues and be company for a lonesome person, surely women have much more need of its services than their brothers, for to them come many more such occasions than to men. There are many who have not the gift of song. Why should they not whistle as they rock the cradle or perform their household duties or accompany themselves on the piano? But there is a physical or hygienic advantage in whistling which should excuse it against all the canons of propriety or "good form." It is often remarked that the average girl is narrow-chested, and in that respect compares unfavorably with her brother. May this not be due in some measure to the habit of whistling which every boy acquires as soon as he arrives at the dignity of pants, and girls seldom do? Let any one try for five minutes the inhaling and exhaling of the breath as it occurs in the act of whistling, and the effect on the lungs and chest cannot fail to be noticed. A daily practice of this kind would be of more benefit than all the patent inspirators and chest expanders in the market.

O Lord, Rub the Rust Off.

[Methodist.]

Dr. J. M. Reid, secretary of the Missionary Society, tells a good story relative to himself. Once, when editor, he was invited to preach in Chicago. He was taken to the church by a good brother, who landed him there early, and, no one being present but himself, he took a seat in the church alone to meditate and rest for the evening sermon. It was just at dusk, and he heard persons engaged in a prayer service in an adjoining room. He listened. Presently a loud, zealous brother engaged in prayer. He touched upon various matters, and invoked the Divine blessing upon them, including "the speaker of the evening," Dr. Reid. For him he prayed very much as follows: "O, Lord, bless him who is to speak to us this evening; he is a poor, weak man, but make him a power. Bless the message that he shall bring. We know that he is only an editor, and that he is ready; but, O, Lord, rub the rust off." Dr. Reid said that the man prayed earnestly, oblivious to the fact that "the editor" was listening; and, as an emphasis to his prayer, he (the doctor) uttered a hearty "Amen."

Strange Subterranean Rumblings.

There is a strange rumbling noise audible upon the Red river, Texas, and, as the locality is fifteen miles from any railroad, it cannot be attributed to passing trains. The inhabitants are much excited over it, believing that it presages volcanic action. It resembles the sound of a railway train, the roar of a distant waterfall. Its range, which is not changeable, is from north to northwest, and it recalls the ominous sounds described by Humboldt as preceding the great earthquake of 1759 in Mexico, when the volcanic mountain of Jorullo was upheaved. Scientific investigation will probably be ordered by the State authorities.

A Nevadan Name for Frozen Fog.

[Nevada Enterprise.]

Down in Eagle Valley they yesterday had a fog that was frozen into needle-shaped particles as it floated along. The fog which produces these nose ticklers is popularly called a "pogonip."

How a Lawyer Treated the Case.

[New Haven (Conn.) Union.]

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot, so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, Attorney-at-Law.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Some Crochet Stitches—Fancy Knitting Pattern—Plush Stand—A Blotter—Japanese Plaque—A Warm Hood, Etc.

There is always something fascinating to busy fingers in a new knitting or crochet pattern. The lack of clearness in the directions, added to the complications it may be of the pattern itself, greatly enhances the final triumph when all difficulties have been overcome, and the perfect work stands forth to reward the patient worker. Some people find it difficult to learn new stitches at all from printed directions, although they pick them up easily enough if they can only see them worked; but to the majority of our readers we think the following instructions will be sufficiently clear and exact to enable them to master the stitch with a little perseverance:

Valerie Pattern.

This is a variety of the afghan or tricotee stitch. Make a chain for the foundation.

First row—Two chain; *raise 1, two chain; repeat from*. Work back in afghan. Every stitch of the foundation is raised, and the effect of the two chain upon each raised stitch is to make a sort of a long, loose treble

Second row—Two chain (always begin each row with the two chain); *raise one in the hole left between the first two chain of the first row and the next set at two chain; repeat from *. Work back as before.

Third row—Two chain miss the first hole and *raise one in the next; two chain; repeat from *. At the end, after raising one in the last hole, raise one on the top of the last stitch. Work back as before. This row only differs from the second in the way of beginning and ending in order to keep the work even. Repeat the second and third rows alternately,

Terence Pattern.

This differs from the Valerie stitch above only in this particular, that instead of raising the loops through the holes between the two stitches the upright loops are raised as in ordinary afghan.

First row—Raise and work back as in ordinary afghan.

Second row—*Raise the first vertical stitch, two chain; repeat from*. Work back as usual.

Every row is the same as the second.

Lady Betty Pattern.

This is a modification of the Terence pattern, or, rather, of the Betty pattern, printed some time ago.

Make a foundation chain.

First row—Three chain for first stitch; raise the fourth chain two chain; now take the hook out, put it under the loose loop at the bottom between the two long stitches, catch the loop on top of the stitch and draw it under the loose loop; *miss one chain, raise the next, take out the hook, put it under the loose thread or loop between the second and third stitches, put the hook back into the top of the two chain just made and draw through; repeat from *; in working back make a chain between every two stitches; draw wool through one loop (for edge stitch), one chain; draw through two, one chain; wool through two, and so on.

Second row—Two chain (this is for the right-hand edge stitch); raise the vertical loop on top of second stitch; *two chain, hook out, put under the loose long loop between the two stitches just made; catch the two chain and draw through, as in first row; raise the next vertical stitch and repeat from *; in working back remember the chain between the stitches to keep the number right.

Every row same as second. This makes a handsome pattern when worked accurately.

Rice Pattern.

Use Germantown or double zephyr with a coarse bone hook.

First row—Ordinary afghan stitch.

Second row—Wool over hook (as if about to make a treble stitch), put it through the hole between the first and second stitches of first row and raise one. Wool over hook and raise a stitch through the next hole. Continue this to end of row, when the last vertical stitch must be raised as usual in order to keep the work even. In working back, after the edge stitch, draw the wool through three at once—the last of the three being the raised stitch through the hole.

In raising stitches through holes it is necessary to be careful to avoid increasing or decreasing the work. This is done of course by missing the first hole in the odd rows and the last hole in the even ones, the edge stitches being worked in every row as in ordinary afghan stitch.

Fancy Knitting Pattern.

A very pretty knitting pattern is given below, and will be found suitable for open worked stockings when knitted round, or for tidies, etc., in straight knitting. For straight knittting for tidies use No. 20 needles and fine coton, and cast on any number of stitches that divide by eleven with two or four extra stitches for edge stitches, which will not be mentioned in the directions. Knit a row and purl a row, and then begin the pattern.

First row—* Over, knit three, slip one, knit one and throw slipped stitch over, narrow (by knitting two together), knit three, over, knit one; repeat from *.

Second, and every alternate row; purl.

Third and fifth rows; same as first.

Seventh row—Knit one, * over, knit two, slip one, knit one and throw slipped stitch over, narrow, knit two, over, knit three; repeat from *. At the end of the row knit two instead of three.

Ninth row—Knit two, * over, knit one, slip one, knit one and throw slipped stitch over, narrow, knit one, over, knit five; repeat from *. At the end knit three instead of five.

Eleventh row—Knit three, * over, slip one, knit one, and throw slipped stitch over, narrow, over, knit seven; repeat from *; at the end knit four instead of seven.

Thirteenth row—Knit four, over, slip one, knit one, and throw over slipped stitch, over, knit three, slip one, knit one, and throw slipped stitch over; repeat.

Fifteenth row—Narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, slip one, knit one, and throw slipped stitch over; repeat.

Seventeenth and nineteenth rows—Like fifteenth.

Twenty-first row—Narrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, knit two, slip one, knit one, and throw slipped stitch over; repeat.

Twenty third row—Narrow, knit one, over, knit five, over, knit one, slip one, knit one, and throw slipped stitch over; repeat.

Twenty-fifth row—Narrow, over, knit seven, over, slip one, knit one and throw slipped stitch over; repeat.

Twenty-seventh row—Knit one, *over, knit three, slip one, knit one and throw slipped stitch over; knit four, over, slip one, knit one, and throw slipped stitch over; repeat from*; at the end, after the last over, knit one instead of slip one, knit one, etc.

Repeat from the beginning.

To knit round for stockings cast on any number of stitches divisible by eleven, and use four needles; knit the alternate rows instead of purling them, and work the pattern as directed to the twenty-seventh row; then pass the first stitch without knitting it to the right-hand needle and leave it there, knitting it at the end of the round in the slip one, knit one, etc.; where the slip one, knit one occur at the end of a needle, be careful to put both stitches used on the same needle.

Plush Stand.

These little stands, to be covered with plush, can be purchased at almost any furniture store. The top is of pine wood, the legs are round, and of either light or dark wood; the color is of no consequence, however, as the whole frame is to be covered with plush, of which a good quality should be selected. The legs should be covered first, and this is done by cutting three strips the length of the legs, and to fit smoothly round, allowing sufficient for a small seam up the side where it will be least noticed. This seam is to be neatly hemmed with sewing-silk matching the color of the plush. Then tack the plush in three or four places to hold it to the top, and gather the lower edge which covers the foot of the legs, as you would a ruffle without the heading. Draw it very close, and sew it strongly. This will keep the covering perfectly smooth. The top should be covered next, the material is laid plainly on it, drawn smoothly over the edge and tacked all round the side. The lambrequin should be cut in one long piece of alternate scallops and square tabs, the lower edge of each tab to be pointed. Each scallop and tab is to be embroidered with a pretty design, using crewels and silk for the work. After the embroidery is finished line the lambrequin with silesia to match the plush. This is to be fastened round the edge of the table, and when putting in the tacks it should be done from the under side, that the tack heads may not show. At each corner and on the points of the tabs a chenille tassel should be sewed. If the covering should be of olive color, a design of poppies and grasses is very pretty for the embroidery; blue is also pretty with roses and butterflies. A full bow of satin ribbon is tied where the legs cross, and any defect in covering, which is a little difficult in this part, is thus hidden. They are handsome for either drawing-room or library to hold some choice bit of statuary, or can be used for the daintiest of little workstands. Felt or cloth may also be used with very good effect, shaping and embroidering the lambrequin the same as the plush. In this case, however, the legs may be covered or not, according to choice.

A Blotter.

Select six sheets of blotting paper, each one a different color, and cut to fit them exactly two pieces of white or tinted bristol board. On these last paint in water color two pretty designs. These are for the covers. Pierce a hole through the top and bottom of the leaves about half an inch from the upper and lower edges. With gay ribbons tie them together, making a full bow and ends. They are very useful and pretty for the library table. Instead of a cover of bristol board, silk, satin, or plush may be used making them handsome and richer looking. In this case four pieces of cardboard must be cut to match the size of the blotting paper. Cover one side of each with the material to be used, and overhand each pair together. Place the blotting paper between the covers, as leaves in a book, and tie them together with ribbons as described. The designs used may be of birds, flowers, figures or whatever may suggest itself to the mind as suitable or pretty for them. They are inexpensive little trifles, and find a very ready sale at fairs.

Japanese Plaque.

Select four Japanese fans, those that open and close, two blue and two crimson; remove the rivets which hold them together at the bottom, and cut off the outside stiff sticks; lay them on a table in the form of a circle, alternating the blue and red. The sticks must form the outside edge of the plaque, and the edge of the plaited paper is gathered in the middle, like a rosette; sew it securely, and place a full bow of satin ribbon, either scarlet or blue, or a mixture of both, matching the color of the fans; a cluster of flowers is also held in place by the ribbon. Blue, scarlet and gold ribbons are then run through the sticks in basket-work fashion, leaving about an inch at the ends of the sticks projecting beyond the last row of ribbon. A full bow, with loops and ends of the same colored ribbons used for twining through the sticks, is placed at the top of the loops by which the plaque is to be suspended. They are hung as other plaques, against the wall, and are novel and pretty.

Gent's Knitted Cuffs.

Knitted cuffs are also appreciated by dwellers in farming districts, and any girl can knit them for her father and brothers. Shaded yarn, in crimson, scarlet or blue, will knit them very prettily. Cast on seventy-two stitches on three needles, and knit them by seaming one and knitting two stitches, until they are at least six in length; then bind off the stitches and fasten tightly and crochet small scallops on the upper edge of each cuff. Double knitting is also an excellent stitch for cuffs, tippets, chest protectors, babies' blankets and crib covers, as it makes a very light, soft and elastic stitch, not liable to grow stiff by washing. The number of stitches must always be even.

Lady's Knitted Cuffs.

For a lady's knitted cuff (and what could be nicer for grandmamma's present?) cast on sixty stitches on one needle, and knit backward and forward; knit one; bring the wool in front, but not over the pin; slip one, pass the wool back and knit one, bring the wool forward, slip one, pass it back and knit one; and so on to end of needle; the last stitch of each row is always slipped, and the back loop in each row is the one which is slipped; every row is knitted the same; when wide enough bind off loosely and sew up the cuff.

A Crib Cover for Baby.

Take one pound of soft wool, scarlet or blue, or with alternate stripes of white. Cast on with wooden or rubber needles 200 stitches, and knit ten rows of scarlet in double knitting, but knit the first six and the last six stitches in plain knitting for a border to the sides of blanket. At the tenth row of each color, change the stitch by slipping the first stitch, and knitting the back stitch, instead of slipping it. When the next color is joined on, resume the usual way of double knitting. The effect will be that of quilting across the crib cover. A deep fringe of alternate colors across the bottom and the sides will give a pretty finish to the cover. It can be knotted into the cover.

A Warm Hood.

Take wooden needles the size of a pipestem, or a third of an inch in diameter, and three or four ounces of Shetland wool or split zephyr, or pompadour wool of white, blue or crimson. Cast on or knit on sixty stitches and knit very loosely in garter stitch until you have a strip fourteen inches in breadth. Take off half the stitches upon a needle threaded with cord, and tie them loosely together. Knit the stitches on needle until you have a strip twenty inches long, and bind it off very loosely. Take up the stitches on cord and knit a strip same length (twenty inches). You will think you have a funny-looking article, but do not be discouraged, it will come out all right. Crochet a shell border, four long stitches, one loop, one treble, one loop, four long stitches, alternating the four, and one treble all around the hood for four or five rows, and finish with a shell of seven long stitches into centre of each four, and fasten with one double stitch into the one treble, until a deep scallop is made all around it. Put a tassel at least six inches in length at each of the long ends, gathering them up. Gather up three inches or so in the middle of the fore part of hood, and put a large bow of bright-colored ribbon over the gathers, and the hood is completed. Three evenings will easily knit it, and it will make a becoming and warm hood for any lady. Place it so that the bow comes over the front hair, and bring the tasselled ends in front, first crossing them at the neck, and tie under the chin.

Rag Rug.

Take woollen pieces of all colors, and cut them on the bias if possible, as they work in better than if cut straight, yet straight pieces can be used; the smallest bits can be made available, and they are to be gathered through the centre in large stitches with a coarse needle, threaded with a strong, waxed carpet thread; take a needleful of three-quarters of a yard in length, make a thick knot in one end, and gather up the inch-wide strips of cloth, pushing them down closely on the thread and letting them twist round into an even rope: no matter if they ravel out a little; it adds to the appearance of the rug; leave the thread at the end, with a strong knot in it; take another thread of three-quarters or a yard in length, make a knot in it, and run it through an inch or more of the piece already made. At the end of this leave five or six inches of the thread, and put a knot in it. Then you have one rope ready for the weaver. When you have about ten pounds of these rag ropes made, take them to a weaver of rag carpeting and ask him to weave you a rug, with his strongest warp, a yard in width, and if you have ten pounds of ropes, he will make a rug one yard and a quarter in length. "Hobgoblin tapestry" my friend calls the rug she has manufactured in this manner, and it was made out of odds and ends, not worth anything apparently. Only twenty-five cents was expended for some yellow opera flannel to give a little brighter color to the centre of the rug. The weaver asked $1 for weaving it, as it is much more work to weave such heavy material than to weave rag carpeting. The rug is the same on both sides, and is very heavy. It can be made with a border of solid colors. Two or three rows of plain black, or brown, to commence and end with; then a row of plain blue, or red; another of black, and one of alternate spaces of black and yellow. A border of eight inches on each end could be arranged in this manner, and then the centre ropes could be mixed up with bright colors alternating with black, white, brown and gray. As pieces of two or three inches, or even one inch, can be used, the smallest bits of cloth can be worked in. All the children in a family could join in this work, and even grandmamma would doubtless like to help, so simple and easy an occupation it is, and the effect is really handsome. The weaver can use ropes of a yard and a half or three-quarters in length to better advantage than larger ones, and it is well to bear that in mind in preparing the materials.

Rubber Rings,

ornamented with three soft balls, crocheted in bright colors, will make pretty playthings for the babies. Take three little tin boxes, and put half a dozen shot into each one, and wrap them lightly around with soft cotton batting; then crochet in long stitch a cover for each in different colors—red, blue and lemon color will look well, or gray, pink and blue. The covers can be knitted if preferred; knitting in four quarters and beginning with two stitches, and widening at the commencement of each needle until you have fifteen stitches; then narrow at beginning of each needle, and crochet the four quarters together; make a crochet chain or cord six inches in length to each ball, and fasten it around the rubber ring securely. This will make a very pretty plaything for any small child, and it cannot injure the baby as painted toys may.

A City of Smokers.

It is no exaggeration, writes a Saxony correspondent of the Chicago News, to say that there is more smoking done in Chemnitz, a city of 106,000 inhabitants, than in Chicago, with a population of over half a million. Everybody smokes here except women and children. It is as much of a habit and custom as beer drinking. Formerly the Germans, as we all remember, were the greatest pipe smokers in the world. The pipe is smoked now only in the house. It is almost entirely discarded by the better classes; indeed, I might say it is about entirely discarded by the poorer classes. Cigars are so cheap that all can afford them. It is not an uncommon thing to see a laborer digging in a cellar excavation with a cigar in his mouth. The hod-carriers, brick masons, carpenters and plasterers smoke cigars while at work. The hack-drivers smoke cigars. The messengers smoke cigars. The merchants, manufacturers and capitalists smoke cigars. A cloud of cigar smoke arises every day from the city of Chemnitz, which would in itself be almost sufficient to hide the sun if the other clouds ever gave it a chance. Those who can afford to do so smoke nearly all the time. I have met more habitual, inveterate smokers in Chemnitz than ever before in my life. I mean smokers who are never contented unless they have the end of a cigar between their teeth—smokers like General Grant, for instance, who throw away the stump of one cigar only to instinctively light another.

What a Vermont Man Can Endure.

[St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Index.]

Here is an Ascutneyville romance: One Hitchcock was in the under part of E. Pendleton's carriage shop doing some repairs and his coat caught on an upright revolving shaft, which he soon found himself hugging, but not liking a free ride in so small a circle he caught a post and hugged as he never hugged before and as he hopes never to again, and succeeded in retaining his hold while the revolving shaft was undressing him, which it quickly did, taking off coat, vest, shirt and two pairs of pants from his right side, dividing his suit in the middle but breaking no bones, although leaving him much bruised and sore, and he thinks as his wife is not a widow the sore part he will cheerfully endure.

A Child With an Elephantine Proboscis.

A Memphis woman is credited with giving birth to a child which has a snout like an elephant. The cause of the malformation is supposed to be that the mother had been frightened by an elephant at a circus.

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H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1882.

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The latest rumors of political changes in Washington put Secretary Hunt at the Court of St. James soon after January 1, Hartranft in the War Department and Brewster on the Supreme Bench. No provision has yet been announced for Robeson and Hubbell.

Says the Springfield Republican: "The idea of Brewster for a Supreme Court judge in place of Justice Bradley is excruciating. What has Brewster done to merit promotion?" What had Bradley done? He had agreed to coincide with other judges on the bench in the opinion that the legal-tender act was legal. What has he done since? He counted out Samuel J. Tilden and counted in R. B. Hayes. The country could stand Brewster, but Bradley's presence on the bench is a perpetual reminder of the jobbery of Grantism and the fraud by which the presidency was stolen.

Rev. Howard Crosby and a number of other New York clergymen are wholly impervious to the teachings of experience and the dictates of common sense. Ignoring the universal condemnation of the bigotry backing the penal code, these purblind parsons meet and gravely call for a mass meeting to demand the rigid enforcement of the Sunday laws. It seems almost incredible that men of ordinary intelligence should fail to see that the people will have none of this fanatical nonsense, and that mass meetings bode no good to Sabbath vigilance committees; but then, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

Jay Gould says that when panics occur men "fail because they have been overtrading, engaging in enterprises that have no legitimate basis and have to be wiped out, and people suffer great losses." He thinks that panics are "a kind of necessary evil," but that good comes from them as well as evil, because people afterwards become more economical, restrict their personal expenses and study habits of economy. There is much truth in this observation. It should be remembered, however, that the one word "economy" is the key-note to the whole affair. By economy there would not be panics. But advice on this subject is almost useless. There will always be men who will be fascinated by wild speculation. Only those who know enough to stick to their legitimate business can enjoy a prosperity which is in the long run the most desirable.

The New York Herald calls attention to the dangers that beset him or her on whose head rests the crown of empire in Europe. It says: Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, has ordered a carriage, armored and bomb-proof, and his palace is in a state of siege. Queen Victoria, when she holds a review, bids the guards close quickly behind her coach. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, has frightened the royalties out of their wits by announcing his intention of visiting them. M. Gambetta, whose coronation is hourly expected by Parisian newspapers, sleeps with a pistol at his bedside, and has shot off a finger in using it. King Milan of Servia lives in seclusion since the widow Markóvic fired at him. Queen Margaret of Italy sees Passanantes in every Neapolitan. There is only one sovereign who is careless of his danger, and that is the gallant young fireman and bull fighter, King Alfonso of Spain. But then King Alfonso is aware that he will not be king very long, and is making the best of his kingship while it lasts.

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THE "FUTURE" OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The esteemed Journal devoted, last Saturday, about a half column of its otherwise valuable space to a discussion of what it pleases to term "The Future of the Republican Party," and to a plenary confession on behalf of the g. o. p. of its numerous sins. The most amusing feature of the present political situation is the exceeding humbleness of the organs, all of which are grinding out the "miserere" in penitence and mortification of spirit, and meekly admitting in this their hour of dire distress what they have always stoutly denied in times of prosperity and during campaigns. The esteemed Journal's remorse is really touching. It stands up in meeting and declares that the g. o. p. is and has been a most unconscionable sinner and reckless liar, but has faith in the saving power of political grace, and contritely begs to be forgiven its long-continued course of evil and allowed a chance to reform.

The g. o. p., says the Journal, "cannot longer command the confidence of the country by pointing with pride to the past." We are glad to see the Journal acknowledge the truth, even at this late day, and because the untruth is no longer profitable. The Republican party has done nothing meritorious for several years except "point with pride to the past," and strenuously insist that it should be perpetually kept in power because of its past, and for no other reason in God's world. It has done absolutely nothing to entitle it to confidence or even to patient hearing in its pharisaical penitence, but has done everything to justify its utter and contemptuous abolishment of a factor in the political organization of the country.

"The late reverse," to quote the esteemed Journal again, "is due to a quite general feeling that those who represent the Republican party have not kept the pledges which the party has from time to time made." The case in a nutshell. The g. o. p. has systematically and repeatedly deceived the people for the purpose of retaining its hold on the offices; its platforms have been formulated lies, its candidates and representatives deliberate falsifiers and political tricksters. This is not Democratic mud; we have the authority of so eminent an organ as the esteemed Journal for the correctness of this statement, and the Journal would not admit it if there remained the faintest hope of wheedling the people into believing otherwise.

But the problem with the organs is how to secure for the Republican ticket in 1884 the votes of the men who supported Garfield in 1880, and the Journal declares, in an off-hand way, that it needs neither the highest wisdom nor the greatest skill to regain the ground lost. It will be observed that this organ has no very high opinion of the mental and moral status of the people, but affects to believe that a little outward show of repentance, a little pouring of ashes upon the head, will be accepted as sufficient proof of a change of heart and induce the paternal people to receive the prodigal with open arms and deliver up the whole country to its keeping. A little civil service and tariff reform and burnt offerings of a few bosses, the Journal thinks, will propitiate the angry gods.

Not so, esteemed organs of the g. o. p.! Quite other than so, as you are destined soon to be made to see and recognize with more or less perturbation of spirit. The Republican party has made reform necessary and bossism unbearable. Only a fool would employ a burglar to reset the combination of his plundered safe. There is no wisdom in trusting to the honesty of a party which is compelled to acknowledge that it has occupied itself from time to time and about all the time in breaking pledges and diverting attention from its performances by pointing with pride to a past remote enough to be indistinct and legendary. The truth is that the g. o. p. has outlived its usefulness, even its uselessness also, and become a solecism, and is now speedily getting itself abolished after the manner of all political solecisms. When the issue between centralization and the Jeffersonian theory of democracy was settled, the Federalist party disappeared. It had become a solecism, and pointing with pride could not keep it in existence. It has been so with every party not based upon some vital principle essential in the theory of government which it professes to maintain. A mere misunderstanding concerning a particular fact is not a sufficient dividing line to keep men long in opposition if there be any method of arriving at an understanding. The Republican party owed its existence to a grave misunderstanding between two sections of the country concerning the rights of the States, growing out of another difference of opinion on the subject of slavery. By dint of much mangling of each other, burning of gunpowder for the more speedy blowing out of brains that could not or would not trouble themselves with mere reasoning, and the converting of a round million of controversialists into so much fertilizing material, an understanding was arrived at and two facts established, viz.: That States cannot secede, and that men shall not be property. Even giving the Republican party all the credit it claims for this result, there is no reason now for its existence. To preserve these facts it is not necessary that a party be kept in a position to "point with pride" to what is obvious to all men. Standing in the mud knee-deep, and pointing, with what amount of pride, to footprints on the dusty pathway of the past is not progress.

The partial overthrow in 1874 was significant of the ultimate fate of the g. o. p., which was averted two years later only by a desperate crime, that became but another and stronger reason why the end should speedily arrive. There was a rally in 1880, caused by the raising of false issues, and the party succeeded because of defection in the ranks of its opponents and the foggy condition of the public mind on the tariff question. In the absence of definite knowledge concerning the intentions of either party, "pointing with pride" sufficed to save the g. o. p. temporarily, but it made poor use of its probation, and in 1882 it was thrown down and dismissed with emphasis. Groping around for an issue the humbled g. o. p. can find nothing more progressive than repentance and pointing with contrition to the past, and upon this platform, which somewhat resembles other platforms upon which offenders repent the sins of themselves too late, the g. o. p. builds its hopes for the future. The future of the Republican party, esteemed organ! It has no future.

Keely is just on the point of perfecting his wonderful boot-strap elevator and wants the stockholders to possess their souls and shares in patience a little longer. Mr. Keely's scheme has been on this point so long that it must have got worn down to a very attenuated condition, and some of the stockholders are beginning to regard their hopes of profit as having position, but no dimension. It is very reassuring to hear the inventor declare that he has passed the line of experiment, and that nothing is left to be done but the completion of his motor, even though the date of completion is remotely indefinite. What he claims to have discovered is "the fact that water in its natural state is capable of being, by vibratory action, disintegrated so that its molecular structure is broken up, and there is evolved therefrom a permanent expansive gas or ether, which result is produced by mechanical action. Some of the men who pinned their faith to Keely have discovered that a capitalist is capable of being, by a sort of shaking down action, discouraged so that his monetary structure is all broken up, and there is evolved therefrom a good deal of expensive gas, which result is produced by mechanical action of the jawbone.

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WHY SHOULD MR. HOAR BE ELECTED?

A very intelligent correspondent who writes from Cambridge to the Journal, and signs himself a "Republican," gives some reasons why Senator Hoar should not be re-elected to the Senate. He practically takes the same ground of opposition to the Worcester statesman which THE GLOBE took some two weeks ago, when our contemporary said: "We have several times invited those who are opposed to the re-election of Senator Hoar to state the reasons which are to their minds sufficient to make it unadvisable to return him to the Senate, but have failed to elicit any answer." He objects to the form of the question, too, and holds that the burden of proof rests on Mr. Hoar's friends; that they should answer the question, Why should Senator Hoar be re-elected? "The strength and purity of Republican institutions," he says, "lie in frequent elections. Public officers come before the people for re-election, and the question always is, Why should we re-elect them? What has this particular candidate done to entitle him to a re-election? Has his conduct been, on the whole, such as to justify the confidence placed in him at the last election? Has he done anything to forfeit that confidence? And finally, Is he, after all, the best man for the place?"

Applying this test, the Journal's correspondent declares emphatically and unhesitatingly that Mr. Hoar should not be returned to the Senate for a second term. And he gives his reasons. By his vote on the river and harbor appropriation bill during the last session he misrepresented Massachusetts. The veto of the President was expected to call the representatives to their senses; there could be no doubt of the meaning of the language used, but instead of taking the hint and pausing in their career of extravagance, both houses of Congress, by a two-thirds majority, voted to override the objections of the executive, and enacted the bill into a law. Mr. Hoar says he voted for the bill and against the President as a matter of principle. The principle he still believes in. Massachusetts has refused to agree with him, and, therefore, she should recall him and send some other man to represent her in the national councils.

This same correspondent goes farther, and charges that Senator Hoar is not in sympathy with the advance sentiment of the Republican party on the subject of civil service reform, and urges this as an additional reason for his forcible retirement. "The advocates of civil service reform," he says, "object to Senator Hoar because he is not outspoken in his advocacy of that cause. They cannot charge him with being opposed to reform, but they do charge him with being extremely lukewarm in his advocacy of a measure that the people of Massachusetts have called for in most unmistakable terms. The civil service reformers may not all agree on the best methods of effecting a reform. The methods that they advocate may not be the best adapted for the purpose, but the advocates of reform have a right to demand that the statesmen of the nation shall take up the matter and bring their practical wisdom to bear on the solution of the problem. Reform is called for, and the statesmen of Massachusetts cannot stand quiescent, tacitly sneering at all positive projects of reform. Senator Hoar declares himself a civil service reformer, but his acts fully justify the remark of ex-Secretary Bristow, that "there are none so loud in their professions of civil service reform as the representatives of Massachusetts, and there are none who are such sticklers for their right to appointmente."

The Cambridge gentleman, commenting on the Journal's threat of excommunication against Republicans who might possibly incline to co-operate with Democrats to elect a senator, says that "if a minority of Republican members is convinced that the interests of Massachusetts can be better served by some other than Senator Hoar, they would be untrue to themselves to vote for him; and if the candidate for whom they vote is elected by the help of Democratic votes, that fact will not make him any the less a Republican. Does the Journal claim that Theodore Lyman is any the less a Republican because he was elected by aid of Democratic votes, or that Leopold Morse is any the less of a Democrat because he was elected by Republican votes? Do a few votes one way or the other change a man's principles and convictions?" He points to the election of Charles Sumner by a coalition between Democrats and a few progressive Whigs, and to the election of Salmon P. Chase and William H. Seward under similar circumstances, and insists that the country did not suffer because party lines were ignored.

JOHN CHINAMAN AT HOME.

It is safe to say that the number of Americans is small who know much about China, its customs and people, except what they have gleaned from the public prints. The trouble has been that many travellers have not embodied the knowledge they obtained of that country in books after they have visited it. But while some portions of China have been well described, other sections have scarcely ever been visited by Europeans. The French and English geographical societies have respectively sent delegations to explore the interior and remote parts of the ancient land, but it seems to have been left to a late English party of explorers, headed by Mr. Colquhoun, to make a complete exploration of the province of Yunnan.

These adventurers found that Yunnan forms an extensive, uneven highland plateau, in which the main ranges have a trend north and south. Between these ranges, which vary in height from 12,000 to 17,000 feet in the north, to 7000 or 8000 feet in the south, are numerous deep defiles, through which run some of the largest rivers in Indo-China. Among these are the Mekong, or Cambodia, the Salween, and the Shweli. There are lakes of considerable extent. Fertile plains and valleys are numerous. An important discovery made during this journey was the much greater fertility of the soil and the more affluant circumstances of the population in the south than in the north of Yunnan. The only previous accounts of the province, with the exception of that of Lieutenant Francis Garnier, have been of journeys through the northern region, which is a poor and sterile country. In the south and southwestern sections it appears that the population is markedly different from that of the north. Except in the cities, the mass of the people is made up of a number of aboriginal tribes, such as the Lolo, Pai and Miao, etc., who have a distinct character and physiognomy. Notwithstanding the richness of the country there is hardly any trade. This is partly due to the late Mohametan rebellion and the plague which followed it; but the principal cause is the want of communications. In the plains the products are rice, maize, pease, beans, opium, tobacco and sugar, and most of the European fruits. Quite one-third of the cultivated area is devoted to poppy, which is partly used locally by the Chinese valley dwellers, but mostly exported to the neighboring provinces. The aboriginal tribes cultivate opium for sale, but do not use it.

In addition to this agricultural showing the travellers saw large quantities of precious metals carried to the Burmah and other markets, but strangely enough the authorities do not encourage the development of the mines which everywhere abound. It is considered very suspicious if strangers desire even to inspect the mines. Another interesting fact elicited was that the most celebrated tea in China comes from a part of the Shan states, from a district called I-bang, mainly, situated some five days' journey south of the Yunnan frontier. This tea, which by a misnomer is called Puerh tea, from the name of a prefecture close by, is sent to the town of Ssu-mao for distribution. From that place it is forwarded to Pekin and the northern provinces; by caravan to the Yang-tse, thence by river to Shanghai, and from that port northward. The enormous cost of carriage may be gathered from the fact that this tea—which is drunk throughout the south by all the peasantry—is so costly when delivered at Shanghai that it cannot be exported to Europe or Russia. Before many years are over, Mr. Colquhoun believes that this tea would be shipped from Rangoon to China and elsewhere.

Some idea of the dread work of the plague and civil war is gained from the statement that these two have reduced the population of the province of Yunnan from 15,000,000 to less than 4,000,000. We do not doubt that it will be many years yet before all of the interesting life of John Chinaman at home will be accurately and universally known, hence all the facts which travellers give to the world are valuable as well as instructive.

A NEW STORY

JANUARY 2d.

A WIFE'S STRATEGY,

AND

Her Search for Donald Dyke.

The Detective Genius Shown by a Woman.

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Do Not Miss the First Instalment.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND THE GLOBE.

THE GLOBE receives its associated press despatches through an extensive central organization in New York, known as the United Press Association. This combination of about ninety newspapers (located in different parts of the country) has been in existence for about twelve years, and is now one of the strongest in the world.

John Russell Young, our present minister to China, was one of its first presidents, and he was followed by several prominent gentlemen, including Mr. James H. Goodsell, one of the largest proprietors of the New York Graphic, who filled the position ably for many years. The president of this organization now is the present manager of THE BOSTON GLOBE.

This organization has its agents in all the leading centres of this country and in London, Paris, Dublin and all the great cities of the old world. It has recently consummated an arrangement for a news service which is far ahead of any of its rival associations in this country. It has leased its own telegraph wires all over the United States from the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, hires its own operators, and has completed the best system of handling news in the country. THE GLOBE has wires directly into its editorial rooms night and day, and most of the newspapers in the association enjoy the same valuable facility.

The newspaper business has made great strides in the last few years. Twenty-five years ago it was impossible to print a newspaper without the old Associated Press franchise, because that organization furnished all the telegraphic news. Rates for special despatches were high, and made it impossible for a single newspaper to collect its own news. Now specials are cheap, and the prosperous papers in the great cities use any associated press service simply as a basis of news, and depend almost wholly upon their own special despatches. All the successful papers like THE GLOBE pay far more for special despatches than for the regular Associated Press service.

It is a question for thinking journalists where the great strides will be made in the next twenty-five years. News can be had from any quarter of the world in a second, and as nothing can be much quicker than telegraphic lightning, it is pretty hard to imagine any progress in this direction, unless it be that more competing lines will bring down the price. Any paper can get all the news it can print if it has the means. What the growth will be time alone can demonstrate.

The United Press Association is to be congratulated in its new departure. New papers are knocking at its doors all over the country for admission, and it is fair to assume that it will serve 200 newspapers before another year has passed into history. Mr. F. X. Schoonmaker, the general agent, is a trained journalist of wide experience, and its growth will only be limited by the size of this country, which, by the way, is the best and greatest on earth.

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

We said some two months ago that there was serious danger of a famine in certain portions of the west of Ireland, owing to the failure of the potato and oats crops. Latest advices from there leave no further doubts as to the truth of the first reports. What happened in 1847 and 1849 is to happen again. Poor peasants who depend on their agricultural products, not only for sustenance but for the means of paying their rents, must starve by the wayside or emigrate. The distress of 1879 brought the Land League into existence. What will be the result of the distress of 1882?

The English government has finally been brought to a recognition of the sufferings of the poor people of Mayo, Sligo and Galway. It has issued circulars to the several boards of guardians authorizing the advancement of relief in any form deemed advisable by the authorities, and also the borrowing of money at their discretion. No doubt much of the suffering now imminent will be alleviated by this process and the public treasury will have to meet heavy drafts made by local boards. The fact that the government has promptly come to the rescue in this instance will be used as an additional illustration of the kindness and benevolence of Mr. Gladstone, and he will get an additional indorsement from friends in America as a hearty sympathizer with Irish wrongs. But does he deserve this?

Let it be set down now as a matter of record that in the most afflicted districts of the western coast of the island the landlords are insisting on the full amount of their rents. It makes no difference to these sharks whether the land pays or does not pay; it makes no difference whether the land is productive or sterile; it makes no difference whether the crops fail or come in abundance; it makes no difference whether the people live or die—the rent must be paid. And if it is not paid the tenant must go. There are no such things as extenuating circumstances in the considerations of the average Irish landlord. He holds the land; it must pay him the rent he demands. The people who live on his estate are of no value to him except as rent-payers. When they fail to pay, no matter from what causes, they must vacate. Where they are to go, or what is to become of them, he cares not. They are thrown out of their wretched cabins and left to the charity of friends and the mercy of the elements.

In a recent letter to the Republic Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P. for Wexford, a gentleman who is widely known in the United States as an orator and journalist of uncommon ability, called attention to the condition of affairs in the west of Ireland. He pointed to the fact that a famine of alarming dimensions was imminent, but he showed also that evictions had increased in proportion to the distress. And further still he showed that the government, while trying to save the wretched people from starving, was aiding and abetting the landlords in their policy of extermination and brutality. For instance, under the law it is a crime for a man who has been ejected from a holding to return for any purpose; if he does so he is liable to be sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. The police are charged with the duty of watching for any violations of this provision of a wise and benevolent government, and on stormy nights, when the rain and wind make it almost impossible for the evicted tenants to live behind the hedges and under the rocks, these guardians of the peace visit the vacated houses to see if perchance the hunted and persecuted peasants have sought shelter even in the out-houses which once belonged to them. The Gladstone government, therefore, aids the landlords first in producing a state of poverty, want and distress, and afterwards try to remedy the evil by liberal grants of money.

It is the old mistake. A plaster is put on the sore, it gives temporary relief, but no permanent cure. The poor peasantry are terribly rack-rented; they cannot possibly pay the rents fixed by the landlords in good seasons, but when there are short or defective crops they cannot even live. Mr. Gladstone has given much attention to land legislation for Ireland, but he has never gone below the surface. He has never probed the sore. Landlordism, as it is now constituted and intrenched in Ireland, and prosperity can never exist side by side. The alternative is the abolition of the iniquitous system or perpetual distress. Mr. Gladstone knows this. The Irish members have proved it to him time and again. But he turns a deaf ear to their appeals and arguments. The periodic famines and disturbances which startle the world seem to have no effect on his mind. He goes on dealing with the evil in the old way; he puts on the plaster when a local sore appears, and when relief is secured he seems to feel that he has accomplished a great feat. But the poison keeps accumulating and growing more virulent, and the national body grows weaker and more excited. There is no permanent cure. There can be none until the lancet is used; until landlordism is abolished, and the people are given a chance to live on and by the soil they till.

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SPURIOUS SCIENCE.

The value of much of the twaddle that passes for science was recently illustrated in the remarks of a "professor" connected with the coast survey before the National Academy of Sciences. Speaking of the intense heat on the Comstock lode, he said the temperature at a depth of 1000 feet is 100 degrees Fahrenheit, so that if a miner steps in a puddle of water it is as though he scalded his foot in a pail of boiling water, and if a drop of water falls on his flannel shirt it raises a blister. This professor doubted the truth of the theory that the heat resulted from decomposition of feldspathic rock, and attributed the heat to volcanic action, locating the source of heat at about four miles below the lowest level of the mines.

This is simply rubbish. Water at 100 degrees will not scald, and no miner was ever blistered by a drop of water falling on his flannel shirt. The heat does not increase with depth, for it was much hotter on the 1500 level of the Bonanza mines than it is at a depth of 3000 feet in the Union and Sierra Nevada on the same vein. The Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle shows that the whole Comstock vein is feldspar, the professor's "science" to the contrary notwithstanding, and that the heat is caused by decomposition, a process analagous to the slaking of lime. A little common sense and definite knowledge would be valuable accessories to the professional outfit of not a few academical scientists who go about disseminating misinformation on all sorts of subjects and making reputations by broaching startling theories that won't fit a single fact in the whole universe.

When Mr. Moody, the evangelist, was preaching in this vicinity a few years ago, he spoke very plainly to business men about dealing uprightly in mercantile affairs. A New York Methodist minister, Rev. John J. Reed, has imitated Mr. Moody's example by telling that Senate committee which is investigating the causes of "corners" in grain and stocks what the Bible says upon the subject. The witness quoted Proverbs, xi., 26, which reads: "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him, but blessings be upon him that selleth." Also, Amos, viii., 4-7, to wit: "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail. Saying, when will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit, that we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, surely I will never forget any of their works." This is a good day and a good time of year for speculators to ponder over these quotations.

The congressional committee to which was entrusted the inquiry into the causes of the decline of American shipping, has prepared a report, and makes this recommendation to Congress as the first step towards a revival of shipbuilding and shipowning:

When any vessel, whether steam or sail, shall be constructed and equipped in the United States for the foreign trade, including the trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific ports of the United States, in whole or in part of materials of the production of the United States, the owner or owners of such vessels shall be entitled to receive and collect from the United States a drawback or sum equal in amount to the duty which would have been collected upon imported materials, of like description and of equal quality with the American materials used in the construction, equipment, engines, boilers and other appurtenances of such steam or sail vessel, provided that, in ascertaining such drawback, the duties on such iron or steel materials shall be computed on iron and steel advanced in manufacture not beyond the point of plates, angles, bars and rods, and provided, further, that this section shall apply only to vessels commenced after the passage of this act.

Rev. Reuen Thomas of Brookline is filled with admiration for the laws of Moses, and seems to think it would be a good scheme to revive some of them. He calls particular attention to the agrarian regulations, the abolition of debt beyond seven years, self-government, protection of the poor, and the institution of the Sabbath, reserving to every person absolute control of a seventh of his time. Moses was great on that number seven business, and among other beneficent ideas invented by him was the generous provision that the poor should have a square meal once in seven years; vide Exodus, xxiii. Should that law be revived, some of the poor in this world would be better off than they are now.

Some of our contemporaries have discovered that the plan of tariff regulation formulated by the tariff commission, of which so many pleasant things have been said, is a sham, a delusion and a snare. It makes a show of reduction in the rates on certain articles of import, but actually increases them on articles most needed and most in demand. What else could be expected? The commission was made up for two purposes; first, to postpone action on the tariff, and secondly, to see that protected industries and monopolies were still protected. The result of the November elections made it imperative to offer some plan or scheme of regulation and reduction, but no sane person could expect genuine reform or substantial relief from the heavy burdens imposed by the present system.

The governor-elect of New York claims that it is unfair to point to him as the man of all men to whom the party is to look for strength during the next two years. He says he will have enough to do to govern wisely and well in New York without thinking of national politics.

Even Hiscock of New York has turned on Robeson. The "wily old demagogue," as Max called him, will be glad when the duty of propping up the g. o. p. falls to some other fellow. He is tired of the job.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

In New York City during the last twelve months 1326 men and 361 women committed suicide. It is easy to imagine the inference some married men will draw from this.

Every senator's or representative's wife who comes to Washington takes the notion into her head, at some time or other, that she is to be a Mme. Roland, and help her husband up the slippery steeps of fame. Then they try their hands at manœuvring, and such marplots as they are! The only way the wife of a public man in Washington can help her husband is by letting his political affairs judiciously alone. Some women here have sense enough to do it—Mrs. Voorhees, Mrs. Bayard, Mrs. Pendleton and about two others.—[Washington correspondent New York Sun.

The people of Washington are to be pitied. Not only is the Forty-seventh Congress in session, but the city is also filled with very bold professional burglars and sneak-thieves.

Chicago's sensible mayor says that any attempt to make the people of that city pious by enforcing the Sunday laws would fail; therefore, he will not try the experiment.

Sara Bernhardt hates American ladies because they snubbed her. This will make those who snubbed her feel good, because Sara unguardedly admits that she felt the slight.

Carlyle stated a great truth when he said: "Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man that can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity."

In Philadelphia an intelligence office supplies male escorts to ladies who desires them. This must please the old maids who have so long been sighing for a man.

Political virtue now rages so vigorously in the talk of Republican members, that some of the jobbers are actually discouraged by it. It is predicted, however, that one of the most powerful lobbies ever seen since lobbying became a profession will be here this session. The corridor of Willard's Hotel will show the same crowd of gorgeously dressed men, who smoke twenty-five-cent cigars and drink Pommery sec., augmented in number and splendor, if possible. An instance is known here in which the wife of a justice of the Supreme Court was approached with an offer of $2500 if she would find out the decision in a certain case before it was given to the public.—[Washington correspondent New York Sun.

An association, formed for the purpose, has succeeded in erecting some comfortable dwellings for workmen and their families in New York City. Tenants are not overcharged, but have to present credentials of good moral character and live in cleanliness and quietness.

A Montreal clergyman, in seeking to discover why his church had not been swept and dusted, learned that the woman whose work it was had died of starvation.

Ingersoll has discovered at this late day that there is a prejudice against his clients. The colonel cannot have read the papers very closely the last year.

It is careful and sober citizens who fall on the sidewalks just now, while inebriates stagger along lurching safely in the right direction.

The Salvation Army in Bombay has already had a taste of the lock-up. "Jerdon is a hard ribber ter trabbel."

> The cry is heard on every hand,
> To stop the church bells ringing;
> But it would be quite as unwise
> As if they'd stop the singing.
> Say what you will about the noise,
> This fact is worth repeating,
> It is the belles, and nothing less,
> That calls young men to meeting.
> —[Yonkers Statesman.

Professor Carpenter urges people to practice self-control. Peevish persons who brood over trifles and are constantly unhappy should heed this advice. Self-control can and should be cultivated by everyone.

The world's stock of locomotives consists of 66,000; of passenger cars there are 120,000, and of freight cars 1,500,000. The capital invested in railways, which are in all 200,000 miles long, is $20,000,000,000. The commerce of the seas is carried by 12,000 steamers and 100,000 sailing vessels, whose tonnage amounts to over 20,000,000 tons.

Why is it, says Puck, that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in the parlor without saying a word, and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still, pneumoniac air?

"When I was a student," said a distinguished professor of medicine, "I thought I had a remedy for nearly every disease; at present I only wish I possessed a sure one for a single malady."—[New York Sun.

In his Cincinnati lecture the other evening John B. Gough said he would not foolishly claim that all men who drink will eventually become drunkards, and admitted that a large majority of drinkers were but moderate in their intemperance, but in his opinion this did not lessen the "evil" any. "My father," he said, "was a moderate drinker, but his son cannot be."

A Philadelphia physician says that where the diphtheria is or has been, the family should gargle their throats with alcohol on the first indication of soreness or cough, as that will destroy the fungus which may be forming. If this is an effectual remedy there are many men who will not have the diphtheria.

The world moves. There is not, probably, in the Republican party a prominent leader who would now have the daring or impudence to levy a political assessment upon government employes.—[Providence Press.

The city of Boston is now thoroughly Democratic in its government, as it has long been in its voting majority. It has chosen men of character and ability to fill its legislative and executive offices. The people have done their work well in the interest of all citizens and in the interest of the great Democratic party.—[Republic.

It is said that the Western railroad war is ended. It amounts to about as much as the remark of a physician to a patient: "I have driven the scrofula from your face, but before long you must not be surprised if it breaks out again upon your body."

The Irish people should not be held responsible for the acts of burglars, thieves and cut-throats who infest Dublin. Such rascals can be found in London or any other large city in Europe or America.

Judge Tourgee is lecturing on "A Family of Fools." The Ithaca Journal thinks he is exposing the river and harbor statesmen.

It has been suggested by a San Francisco fisherman that the fish which recently poisoned a family in that city may have been exposed to the rays of the moon, and thus have become unfit for food. Every sailor and fisherman is well aware that fish which have been hung in the moonlight when the moon is at or near the full do become poisonous. We have seen cases of violent and dangerous poisoning at sea from this cause. We do not know how the moonlight acts upon the fish, beyond the fact that it produces rapid putrefaction.—[Sacramento Record-Union.

The latest scheme of the Stalwarts is said to be to nominate Secretary Lincoln for president in 1884.

If New Yorkers would read their Bibles at home instead of going to church on Sundays it would not be long before the ministers would be found helping them to secure a repeal of the penal code instead of boasting about its beauty and usefulness.

"Why should not health be catching as well as disease?" asks a noted orator, and people laugh at the idea. But why should not health be "catching," or rather why should not that mysterious, subtle, unknown something which some call strength and some "nervous" energy or nerve force or "magnetism" be transferable from one body to another as well as the invisible poison of typhus or small-pox?—[Graphic.

A teacher said to a little girl at school, "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she responded, demurely, "if I couldn't catch her."—[Exchange.

Medical professor to raw student: "Where is the glottis!" "I don't know, sir! I think you put it on the shelf in the dissecting room with the rest of your surgical implements."—[Yonkers Gazette.

The Globe and Century Magazine.

The Century Company, having advanced their wholesale price, THE GLOBE and Century Magazine will now cost subscribers $4 55 instead of $4 25.

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THINGS RICH AND STRANGE.

A Buck's Awkward Situation.

[Petersburg Index-Appeal.]

The particulars of a very remarkable occurrence near Brander's bridge, in Chesterfield county, Va., have been received here. A son of Charles Harrison and another gentlemen, named Baird, were out opossum hunting some nights ago in the vicinity of the bridge, when they heard their dogs baying in a reedy swamp close by. The gentlemen then concluded to go home and procure a gun, and on their return found that the dogs were after two large bucks, one with eight points and the other with ten points. For some cause or other the buck with the eight prongs had killed the one with the ten points with one of its prongs. The prong entered near the eye and came out near the ear. By some means the prongs of each of the bucks became interlocked, and had evidently been so for several days, as the dead animal had been dragged a considerable distance, and had been killed long enough to become offensive. The live buck, which had undoubtedly suffered for food, was in a very poor and emaciated condition, and was shot and killed before the marksmen could recognize what it was in the dark.

His Curiosity Was Gratified.

[Jacksonville Times.]

A man from North Billerica, Mass., had bought a piece of wild land near Lake Hickpochee because of a wonderful natural curiosity which the land agent pointed out to him. It was a palmetto log wedged into the branches of a water oak twenty feet from the ground. The purchaser moved upon the place, and spent his time between meals and grubbing roots in wondering at the log in the tree. One day last week he solved the problem. It rained as it rains only in the Everglades, turning a flood of water into Lake Hickpochee, and his neighbors heard him shouting three miles away. He hallooed all night long, and the next morning they went over in a boat and brought him out. He was sitting in the top of the tree with his feet in the water, and with a long pole was keeping off floating palmetto logs that were endangering his seat by wedging themselves in among the branches. The land agent thinks he can sell the place for him at a profit when the water goes down, if the flood does not ruin the curiosity.

Indifferent Regarding His Wife's Future.

[London Standard.]

In a trial in Germany recently a curious document was produced, which was called forth by the marriage of the Count de Sulz, a Roman Catholic, to Agatha, Countess of Hanau, a Protestant, in the year 1605. At the wedding the bridegroom solemnly swore to respect his future wife's religious views, and signed, sealed and delivered a deed to that effect. It was couched in the following terms: I, Rudolph, Count of Sulz, hereby promise on my honor as a nobleman—or may the devil take me—that I will allow my future wife to remain in her religion, nor will I offer her any inducement in the slightest to abandon it. I have at home two Bibles; if that is not enough for her I will get her two more. Moreover, it is her body, not her soul, I take. I shall remain in my religion, in which I have been brought up from my youth. I know that I am on the right road. If she won't go to heaven let her go to hell. Signed, Rudolph, Count of Sulz."

Hanging to an Electric Wire.

A strange accident recently happened to a Polander named Michael Stahlhouser at the pipe mill of the Reading (Penn.) Iron Works. He was engaged in piling up pieces of iron known as "skelps," and was standing on top of the heap, when he lost his balance. He caught himself by reaching for one of the wires connecting the electric lamps in the mill. The Polander's grip tightened on the wire, and immediately the severest electric shocks passed through his body. He felt as if his flesh was being penetrated by thousands of needles. His face wore a look as if he was enduring the most horrible agony. Beads of perspiration rolled from his forehead. His knees trembled, his tongue seemed to be fastened to the roof of his mouth, and he was unable to utter a word. Finally his companions noticed his predicament, and came to his assistance. His hands were loosened from the wire only with the utmost difficulty, and then it was found that they were burned.

The Fire Fiend in Georgia.

[Dawson Journal.]

Before the fire engine had reached the scene the flames were wildly tossing their devouring tongues far out and above the crown of the groaning building. It was too late. His satanic majesty had whipped his impetuous team into a pace at once too furious and too daring to be met and bridled, the fiery glare of the flames had lit up the grounds for hundreds of yards around, and while the great crowd stood in wonderful awe, as the seething furnace of fire and flame lashed and dashed about in its roaring fury, the sudden crash of the dismembered roof, as it went splitting and hurling its way to the ground, told in unmistakable terms that the work of destruction was complete. In a few brief moments more nothing was left to mark the site of T. W. Turner's store. Loss, $1500.

Flowers Growing Five Hundred Feet Under Ground.

[Eureka Sentinel.]

A botanical and geological curiosity exists on the 550-foot level of the Phenix mine. A miner informs us that among a pile of loose rocks on that level a beautiful flower has sprung into existence, which is now some four inches high and in full bloom. The peculiarity of this singular visitor, which appears to greet the miners on their passage to and from work with a perfumed smile, is that four tiny stems support it, which come together directly under the flower, which is of a grayish blue and in the shape of a buttercup. It has been fresh and vigorous for a week past, and from appearances will soon have some others to keep it company, as several green blades are peeping up through the crevices.

A Young Farmer Gone Mad for Love.

[Wilmington Every Evening.]

Charles J. Flowers, a Seaford farmer, is a robust young man, and until recently might have been selected as a model of health. Some days ago, when the air was cool enough for extra wraps, his neighbors found him strolling about in the woods with no clothing whatever on his person, and the family discovered him early one morning last week, like a Simeon Stylites, on the top of a gate-post, about four hundred yards from the dwelling house, wholly nude and muttering incoherently at some imaginary enemy. He has now become almost unmanageable and his friends will soon endeavor to remove him to Kirkbride's asylum, in Philadelphia. The sad condition of Mr. Flowers' mind, it is said, is the result of an unfortunate love affair.

Serpentine Ammunition.

[Milford Dispatch.]

Cosmus Eckenrode, who lives on the Blue Mountains, was out hunting on Monday last. As he was crossing a small clearing he laid down his gun for a while to gather some Blue Mountain tea. Shortly after he picked it up again and was startled to hear very close to his ear the peculiar whirring of a rattlesnake, and saw the tail of the snake protruding from the muzzle of his gun. He dropped the gun quickly, but instead of coming out his snakeship crawled into the barrel again. After fruitless efforts to dislodge him, Mr. Eckenrode resolved to fire the gun, which was loaded with powder and shot. This plan was very successful, and the snake, after taking a trip in the air, came down badly used up.

A Quarrel in an Aquarium.

[Elmira Gazette.]

Yesterday afternoon something out of the regular course of events occurred in the Elmira Water Company's office. Some of the large members of the finny collection in the aquarium in the front window disagreed on a point of importance to the fishes, and a melee followed in the depths of the glass case. During the scampering in and out behind the plants and stones a rock was thrown against the glass, breaking it, and the many fishes and 300 gallons of water rushed through the opening on to the floor, causing a stampede of the clerks near by. The fish were soon gathered in vessels, so that few, if any, of the valuable collection were lost.

Not Good Whittling Material.

Isaac Boir, near Coldwater, Mich., bought a keg of powder, which was caked hard and supposed to have been wet and spoiled. He was whittling a chunk of it to see if it looked any better inside, when a particle fell on a coal of fire and in a moment the chunk exploded in his hands, burning his face, neck and hands badly and setting his clothes on fire, so that he had to roll in the snow to put it out.

A Frenchman's Fantastic Sign.

[New York Tribune.]

A French shoemaker's sign in Waverley place represents a furious lion tearing up a boot almost as large as itself in a ring formed of this inscription: "Il peut la dechirir, mais pas la decoudre—He can tear it to pieces, but not rip it.

A GHOUL'S CONFESSION.

One of the Philadelphia Grave-Robbers

Implicates Dr. Forbes of the Jefferson Medical College

As the Principal who Employed Him and his Companions.

PHILADELPHIA, December 13.—Frank McNamee, Henry, alias Dutch, Pillet, and Levi and Robert Chew, the resurrectionists captured by the press, were today indicted by the grand jury, six true bills being found against them, one for each stolen body. Their trial is fixed positively for Friday morning. Frank McNamee has made a full and free confession of his connection with snatching bodies from Lebanon cemetery for the dissecting room of Jefferson Medical College, and it brands Dr. William S. Forbes, demonstrator of anatomy, as the instigator and supporter of the plot. McNamee first told his tale to the press captors, amid tears for his stricken wife and ruined business, and repeated it when in calmer mood. He said he first hauled bodies for Jefferson College three years ago, being first taken to Lebanon cemetery by Dr. Behan, Forbes' assistant. Afterward Dr. Lohman, another assistant, took him down. McNamee was to receive $1 a body, but after hauling thirteen and receiving no pay he went to see Dr. Forbes. McNamee's confession continues thus: "He got very angry, and said that he had already paid the money to Dr. Lohman, and he was not going to pay it twice. 'Anything that we may want done down there hereafter,' said Dr. Forbes, 'I will give to you, and you will be paid for it the next morning.' He then made an agreement with me to pay me $1 for each body I hauled from Lebanon cemetery. After I had made the arrangements with Dr. Forbes I went down to the cemetery as usual, being accompanied by Pillet, the Dutchman, who was paid $2 by Jefferson College for each night's work. The morning following a trip to the cemetery I would wait upon Dr. Forbes, and he would hand over to me

Six Dollars for Each Body

we obtained, but $5 of this I had to pay to Levi Chew, who in turn had to make payment to his brother, the superintendent of the cemetery. Some time ago, after I had carried many corpses for Jefferson College, I went to Dr. Forbes and complained that $1 a body was very poor pay for the work, considering that I had to go so far down town at a late hour at night and in all kinds of weather. After that he paid me $8 a body, $3 of which I kept for myself. We had no regular times for making trips. Sometimes we would go down twice in one week, and then we might not go down for two weeks. Levi Chew would always let us know when bodies were ready for use. Sometimes we would have but two bodies, and then again we might obtain half a dozen. Our method of working was about the same every time, and if I tell you of our last trip, the one on which we were arrested, it will serve as an example for all. On Sunday night Levi Chew came around Tenth and Sansom streets and met "Dutch" Pillet and told him there would be some bodies ready at the cemetery on the following night. Pillet told me early on Monday morning, and I went around to Dr. Forbes' house at 1409 Locust street, and saw him there in his private office. I told him there would be some bodies ready at the cemetery that night, and that I was going down after them. He handed me the two keys of Jefferson College that were found on me. That night Pillet and I went down with the wagon, and we found the six bodies ready for us. Levi Chew jumped into the wagon when we started back. Then followed our arrest.

I Never Thought I Was Breaking the Law

when I did this thing. Dr. Forbes taught me to believe that I was doing no harm. More than a year ago a doctor, who has a private school of anatomy, stopped me on the street and said: 'Mac, you will get yourself in trouble if you don't stop taking the colored fellows out of that cemetery down town. Well, take my advice and stop.' I at once went to see Dr. Forbes and asked him whether it was true that I was doing any wrong or could get in any trouble in consequence of hauling bodies, and told him what had been said to me. He replied: 'Do you suppose the gentlemen connected with our faculty would let you go ahead if you were doing wrong?' He got me to think that a big institution like that would not do a thing that was going to get me in trouble. He even told me that he had gone to Harrisburg, and had a law passed that gave them permission to take the bodies, and he took down some books and read, or pretended to read, some laws to me, and made me think it was all right. He said that people only got in trouble about bodies when they took them out of the State, as the law forbids that. After that I did not trouble myself about the matter, except that I went to Dr. Forbes several times and told him that I wanted to stop hauling the bodies, as it was talked of on the street and was hurting my regular express business. He asked me to keep at it for a while longer, and as soon as possible he would get some one else to do the work. The result is that a nice business I had built up is entirely ruined, and my wife is heartbroken. I had every confidence in Dr. Forbes. I have determined to make a clean breast of the whole affair, and to acknowledge my part in it, and I do it without any regard or fear as to what is to be done to me."

THE ROMANCE OF A LAWSUIT.

Why Senator Williams of Maryland Has Been Sued by His Son.

BALTIMORE, December 18.—Mr. Ernault Williams, about 23 years of age, has filed a motion in the Circuit Court in this city to set aside a deed of trust by which he conveyed to his father, Hon. George Hawkins Williams, president of the State Senate, all of his property in consideration of an annuity of $2000. The son will, it is understood, soon sue his father for $250,000, the amount of property conveyed by the deed of trust. In the motion the young man simply says that reasons for the transfer which existed at the time of signing the deed of trust do not now exist, and asks to control his property.

There is a little romance connected with the suit. Early last spring it became known in high society here that Mr. Ernault Williams was engaged to be married to Miss Lillie Hazlitt, daughter of Mr. James Hazlitt, who lives on St. Paul street. Young Williams is one of the best known society men in the city, and the announcement attracted considerable attention, which did not wane when it became known that Senator Williams, a man who is known to possess a strong will of his own, was bitterly opposed to the match. There was much curiosity to know the result of the opposition of the groom's father, and few supposed that the marriage would take place. The wedding day was fixed for June 14 last. Cards were issued, and the bride's trousseau was prepared, when the friends of the contracting parties were startled to learn on June 1 that the groom had sailed for Europe. Later it was ascertained that before Mr. Ernault Williams' departure he had been compelled to make a deed of trust to his father of his entire fortune, amounting to $250,000, inherited direct from his grandfather, Mr. John S. Gettings. It was said at the time that there was a stormy scene between father and son, and that the latter was coerced into signing the trust by Senator Williams, whose control over the young man had always been of the most absolute character. Young Williams wrote to his bride-elect, contrary to his father's wishes, after reaching New York, and just before he sailed, enjoining her to be faithful, and asserting his devotion. The young lady, of course, was greatly prostrated by the desertion of her intended husband only two weeks before the marriage, and was quite ill for several days.

The affair had almost been forgotten, when one day, about a month ago, young Williams appeared in Baltimore, and soon afterward announced his intention to immediately marry Miss Hazlitt. The invitations were again issued, and this time there was no postponement, the ceremony being performed in the presence of a fashionable gathering at the residence of the bride's father about three weeks ago. It is almost needless to say that Senator Williams was not present. The young couple have been living with Mr. Hazlitt since their marriage, and it is reported that the father will not recognize his son on the street. The general belief is that there will be quite a prolonged legal tussle between the father and son. Senator Williams has refused to give up his son's money, and it is believed will oppose his demand to the end.

An Angel Told Him to Do It.

READING, Penn., December 18.—Alfred Machmer, 22 years of age, son of a wealthy farmer at Moslem Springs, committed suicide on Thursday by shooting himself through the heart in a wood shed. He left a letter stating that he was driven to the deed by a false report concerning himself and a young lady of the neighborhood, and that a bright angel had appeared to him during the night, sat on his bed, and urged him to come up to heaven. He also named the young men to dig his grave, the young ladies to sing at the house, church and grave, and the hymns to be sung, and closed with, "Now I will go and shoot myself right away, our Father who art in heaven."

An Unfinished Toilet.

One of the guests at Young's Hotel arose Friday morning and, after finishing his toilet (as he supposed), sauntered leisurely down stairs to breakfast. Having descended one or two flights, he observed a servant girl, who was engaged in scrubbing the paint, eyeing him curiously, though rather shyly. He was unable to account for her interest in his personal appearance until she modestly ventured the question, "Haven't you made a mistake, sir?" Then following the direction of the girl's glances he discovered to his astonishment and confusion that, though clad in hat, coat, shoes and stockings, etc., he had neglected to put on his trousers. The scene that ensued can better be imagined than described. In subsequent conversation the gentleman confessed that he had imbibed somewhat freely the previous evening, but thought this fact would hardly account for his fit of absent-mindedness.

IN QUOD AT LAST.

The Career of Miss Minnie Stern in New York—How She and a Young Man Realized $3000.

Miss Minnie Stern, alias Raymond, alias Johnson, an account of whose arrest in this city Friday evening by Inspectors Gerraughty and Mahoney has been published in these columns, is a Jewess, and about 19 years old.

The facts of the case in which she figures, with others, is as follows: At 171 Bowery, New York, Thomas Greene keeps a pawnshop, and has in his employ a clerk named Archibald Adams, who is in intimate relation with the Stern woman. For the past five or six months Adams has been taking from the shop articles that had been recently pawned and conveying them to Miss Stern to repawn. In a day or two after receiving the articles, the woman would return to the shop where Adams was employed, and repawn the same articles. By this operation, Adams and his copartner made $3000.

Some four months ago a man, living in Patterson, New Jersey, became cognizant of their thieving operations, and sent to Adams a letter, demanding of him some money, and threatening to disclose the whole affair to his employer if the demand was not granted. Adams, who is possessed of considerable nerve, showed the letter to his employer, Mr. Greene, telling him that some rascal was attempting to blackmail him. Mr. Greene, supposing his clerk was honest, told him to place the matter in the hands of the authorities and have the blackmailer arrested. Adams did as directed by his employer, and a few days afterwards the man was arrested in New Jersey and brought into court, convicted and sent to prison for three years. Detectives King and Charles O'Conner of New York, however, while at work on a case, received information that Adams was doing a crooked business, and after working on the case for a short time, arrested him and also Lillian Taylor and William Johnson, a wrestler, for being concerned in the case. The Stern woman has been supporting Johnson with the money she received from Adams. After the above-named trio were arrested, the Stern woman skipped to this city where she was arrested and sent back. She had $800 of the money in a bank in New York, and this, with $200 worth of furniture she had bought with the money, was attached by the police.

DIPHTHERIA STATISTICS.

The Ravages of the Dread Disease Greatest in the Rural Districts.

The mortality statistics collected by the census bureau furnish some interesting points with regard to the distribution of certain diseases. The number of deaths during the census year reported as due to diphtheria is: Males, 18,849; females, 19,549; total, 38,398; giving a proportion of 51.33 per 1000 of all deaths in which the causes are reported. The total number of deaths from diphtheria under 1 year of age was 2896; under 5 years of age it was 20,035; between 5 and 15 years of age, 16,162. In the north Atlantic States the proportion of deaths from diphtheria to the total number of deaths having recorded causes was 51.29 per thousand, being in the cities 46.71 per thousand and in the small towns and rural districts 53.80. In the Gulf coast States the proportion of deaths from diphtheria was but 12.16 per thousand (13.74 in New Orleans and 12.27 elsewhere), and in the Lake regions it was 81.15. Six cities, from Rochester to Chicago, gave an average of 78.15 and the remainder of the region 84.10 per thousand. The statistics of enteric or typhoid fever are equally instructive. The total number of deaths from typhoid fever reported are: Males, 11,852; females, 11,053; total, 22,905, being in the proportion of 31.21 per thousand of all deaths having reported causes. In the North Atlantic States the proportion of deaths from this cause was 16.26 per thousand in the large cities and 19.95 in the country. In New Orleans it was 7.67 and in the rest of the Gulf States 30.02. In the lake region the deaths from typhoid were 17.16 per thousand in the large cities and 27.31 in the remainder of this region. It will be seen from these figures that neither diphtheria nor enteric fever are especially diseases of the large cities. They appear to be more prevalent in the small towns and rural districts which have no general water supply or system of sewerage, but obtain their water from springs and wells and observe the usual custom of storing excreta in cesspools or vaults.

VERMONT'S PANTHER QUEEN.

Still Continues Her Course of Slaughter, and Keeps the Inhabitants in Terror.

ROYALSTON, Vt., December 16.—The Vermont panther, whose ravages throughout the towns of Barnard and Royalston have been fully chronicled in THE GLOBE during the past few weeks, has been continuing her depredations to a considerable extent. On a single night the latter part of last week the animal killed about a dozen large hogs, being contented with lacerating the throats of the porkers and sucking the blood. She did not eat any portion of the flesh.

The men of the town have instituted a hunting expedition, and, travelling in small parties, are in search of the animal.

The Vermont species of panther is said to be of a distinct type, the race of which is about extinct, and it is authoritatively asserted that not one has ever been captured alive, although in years past these animals have been quite numerous in the northern portion of the State. These beasts are said to evince the utmost caution in regard to their movements, which heretofore has precluded a capture. In passing along in their travels, should a stick be lying in the path the ever-suspicious beast will not pass over it until it has satisfied itself of its harmless character. Efforts have been made to entrap the beasts into a hole dug in the earth and well covered with brush, but all to no purpose, as the panther is ever on the guard against surprise.

This particular one was last seen on Friday of last week, but soon placed itself out of harm's way. The desire to kill this queen of the forest is great, as its existence keeps the people in a state of continual alarm.

An Archæological Find.

The Ketchum (I. T.) Keystone reports the discovery by Foley Abbott of Sawtooth, I. T., of a wonderful mountain cave near Sawtooth. The cavern is on the face of a tall mountain, near the top, and one chamber which was explored is said to contain the image of a man, made of what had the appearance of silver, and which he thinks it is. At the head was a helmet of a peculiar pattern, in which were three imitation feathers made of gold or copper. From the mouth of the strange image proceeded a flame. Mr. Abbott thinks that the prehistoric race that erected it had discovered a gas-jet, and that there is communication down through the body to the solid rock, from which the gas proceeds perpetually. It is an evidence that there is an immense body of coal-oil under the mountains from which the gas proceeds. On the walls were hieroglyphics, which of course he could not read. In one corner was a very large human skeleton, at least nine feet high, and by it a stone tomahawk and a large cross-bow, which, although it had the appearance of being perfectly sound, fell into a thousand pieces when he attempted to lift it. A stone mortar containing some very rich gold specimens was found, and also some large pieces of ruby silver. Some backbones of salmon were scattered around, proving that the inhabitants of the cavern were salmon-eaters. There were many other things in the apartment, such as arrow-heads, bones of animals, a petrified human hand, etc. A party is organizing in Sawtooth to explore the cave fully.

First Come, First Served.

Quite a laughable affair occurred at New Cumberland, Penn., on the occasion of the visit of the G. A. R. of Steubenville, to give the "Color Guard" an entertainment. The "boys" marched at will to a boarding house, on the hunt of something to eat, and were agreeably surprised to find ready prepared a handsome repast, consisting of turkey, chicken—in fact all the delicacies of the season, spread out ready for the onslaught. The "boys" did ample justice to the repast, and retired well satisfied—leaving the table bare of everything, and the larder ditto. However, another scene was soon to be enacted. It appears that a lodge of the Knights of Pythias was to be organized in New Cumberland that evening, and a large number of visiting Knights were expected from Steubenville. The committee, it seems, had engaged this supper for the benefit of the visiting Knights, and they arrived at the scene about fifteen minutes after the G. A. R. boys had cleared the table. The surprise and consternation of the worthy lady of the house can well be imagined when the daughter went flying into the kitchen, exclaiming: "Oh, Lordy, mother, we have fed the wrong men!"

For Saving His Life.

PORTLAND, Me., December 18.—When the American Board of Foreign Missions met here recently, Jack Sennant, a brakeman on the Boston & Maine, caught Rev. Mr. Clark of Medford, Mass., a missionary, as he was about to fall from a train, and prevented his going under the wheels. Saturday Jack received a present of a fine French clock from the missionary whose life he saved.

A Theatrical Collapse.

Edward E. Rice, whose name is not unknown in the realms of operatic extravaganza, and whose circle of acquaintance in Boston and elsewhere is very extensive, filed Saturday in the Suffolk Insolvency Court a petition to be allowed to go into insolvency. His schedule of creditors contains many extraordinary items for salaries overdue and other matters.

Riches in Hop Farming.

At the present prices ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming, and if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are $1 25 per lb., and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

DAVIS RELEASED.

The Trial Justices at Little Compton,

After a Hearing, Acquit Him of Seabury's Death.

The Feeling Thereat—The Grand Jury to Consider the Case.

FALL RIVER, December 17.—Edward Davis was tried yesterday at Little Compton on a charge of murdering Albert Seabury at Little Compton commons, on the 2d inst. The trial began at 10.30 a. m., and lasted until 6 p. m. It was held before Trial Justice Frederick Brownell of Little Compton presiding, with Trial Justices George Durfee of Tiverton and Asa Anthony of Portsmouth as associate judges. Nicholas Hathaway and John W. Cummings of this city appeared as counsel for the prosecution, and James M. Morton of this city appeared as counsel for Davis.

The government presented very strong circumstantial evidence against the defendant. Briefly stated the evidence was as follows: That on Saturday morning, December 2, between 7.30 and 9 o'clock, Albert Seabury was murdered on the beach at Little Compton; that he was seen to go down to the beach with an ox team after a load of seaweed at 7.30, and at 9, his body, still warm, was found dead on the beach; that medical evidence showed there were four marks, as of blows, across his face, such as could be produced by a four-tined dung fork; that across the back of the head and neck was a wound

Which Crushed the Spinal Cord,

producing death; that such a wound could be produced by a blow from a round instrument, as the handle of a fork; that a four-pronged dung-fork—one which Seabury used—was found sticking in the sand, and lying partially across the body; that on the handle, a short distance from the shank, were two spots of blood, while at the shank were traces of blood as if partly rubbed off by seaweed and sand.

This fork, the government claimed, was the weapon which produced death. There were tracks of a light wagon on the beach that morning—fresh tracks, as if some one had driven down on the beach while he was gathering seaweed, turned around and drove back. Between going down and coming back Seabury had collected a pile of seaweed, the tracks being under the pile in one direction, and in returning the wagon had evidently been driven across the pile. Near this pile Seabury's body was found. Davis had been seen driving in a light wagon that morning. A boy seated on a wall by the roadside about 8 o'clock that morning, testified to seeing Davis drive in a light wagon up the lane leading from the beach, turn into the road, and drive past him toward Little Compton commons. Davis admitted driving past the boy that morning, and seeing him sitting on the wall, but claimed that he drove out from his barn and not from the lane. Davis also claimed that, although he lived only the sixteenth of a mile from Seabury, and was his nearest neighbor,

He Did Not Hear of the Murder

until 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. He said he drove to Little Compton commons Saturday morning for his wife; returned home about noon; was at home Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday, and the first knowledge he had of the murder which had been for two days the talk of the town was Monday afternoon, when his mother-in-law, living nearly four miles from the scene, came to his house and told him Seabury had been found dead on the beach, and that he, Davis, was suspected of murdering him.

Seabury's son testified that about a year ago Davis told him that if Seabury persisted in gathering seaweed on his beach some day one of them would be carried off the beach dead.

Davis admitted in his testimony that he had not spoken to Seabury for about a year owing to a quarrel about seaweed.

The assistant town sergeant, who had had the prisoner in charge, testified that Davis had told him that if he was convicted he would have some other people in Little Compton indicted. When Davis was on the stand he admitted making such a statement. When counsel for the government asked why and who the parties were, counsel for the defence objected, and Justice R. Brownell ruled the question out.

At the conclusion of the testimony the court ordered Davis' discharge. The result of the trial causes intense feeling in Little Compton, and the end is not yet. The case will be brought before the grand jury, and it is generally thought that the evidence is strong enough to

Secure an Indictment of Davis.

Trial Justice Brownell is also town clerk and coroner of Little Compton, besides holding one or two other town offices. He is the same who conducted the inquest from which reporters were excluded on the ground that the publication of testimony might hurt the cause of justice. The coroner's jury decided that Seabury came to his death by blows inflicted by some person or persons unknown.

Of the associate justices, it is understood that Justice Durfee of Tiverton was strongly in favor of holding Davis for the grand jury. Justice Anthony of Portsmouth did not come on the bench until after the court resumed the inquiry in the afternoon. He was opposed to the binding over. It is learned that he is a distant relative of Davis, a fact which was not known to the counsel for the government until after the conclusion of the trial. The whole conduct of the case thus far by the Little Compton authorities is severely criticised.

A well-known Providence officer has been investigating the case, and has discovered strong proof against Davis—evidence not produced yesterday because the investigation was not concluded, and because it was considered that the government's evidence was sufficient to hold Davis. It will, however, be presented to the grand jury. Other parties in Little Compton are suspected, but the evidence as yet obtained does not warrant arrests.

ARRANGED HIS OWN FUNERAL.

The Strange Request Written by a Young Pennsylvanian Previous to Taking His Own Life.

READING, December 17.—The suicide on Wednesday of Alfred G. Machemer, the young farmer, was of rather a remarkable character. He left a statement in which he directed the minutest details of his funeral. About a year ago Machemer paid attentions to a rich young country maiden, but through a lover's quarrel they separated. Tuesday Machemer, who in the meantime had become entirely reconciled, went to a neighboring mill on business. While there he met several indiscreet young acquaintances, who taunted him in regard to the separation, and they declared that the young man had been jilted. This greatly exercised young Machemer, and he promptly resolved to ascertain whether or not the lady had boasted that she had thrown him over. He drove home, told his father that he would be absent for several hours, and then drove away again. He returned about 9.30 in the evening and went to his bed-room. As was his nightly custom, he knelt down and prayed in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by his two sisters, who were in an adjoining bed-room. His prayer was a general one, the same as he usually offered. He appeared very calm and cool. After breakfast the following morning he took a shot-gun, went into a wagon shed near the barn, drew out the ramrod, placed the butt end of the gun on the ground with the muzzle pointing to his breast, leaned over, and with the ramrod in his right hand, he pushed the trigger, and the entire load of shot penetrated his breast near the neck. He dropped back dead almost instantly. The deceased's memorandum book was found in the corn crib, and, covering eight pages, was his last statement. The statement reads as follows:

UNTRUTH.

Here you can see what trouble untruth will lead to. It is hard to do as I have done, but I could not help it. My trouble was a great grief upon me. I went to see whether the report was truth or not. They said it was true; but I said it is not true. Last evening (Tuesday) when I came home from where I had gone to see about the report I went right to bed. I then saw two bright angels sitting on my bed, and then they rose up and said: "Come, come, and it shall be well with thee." I could not sleep. This (Wednesday) morning I bought powder to shoot myself. It is the best thing I can do, because of the hard lying on me. I cannot stand it.

Father and mother, sisters and brothers, don't trouble yourselves for me. It is just as I say; what they reported is not true.

I hope you will hold my funeral nice. Father, give my team to my sisters, and they shall own it as long as they want.

Father and sisters, you do right to me as much as you can. I hope you will live long and well.

The following boys shall dig my grave: Solomon Rothermel, Oscar Smith, David Hester and Joel Shaeffer. Pastor Hansicker shall preach. Daniel Saul shall give it out the hymn.

Miss Hattie Rothermel, Miss Hettie Heffner, Miss Mary Boyer and Miss Fanny Schucker shall sing at the House, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." I want then to be taken to the hearse, thence to the church, and the above four girls shall sit in the pulpit. After the sermon the girls shall rise and, with Mr. Saul, shall sing "I want to be an angel." They shall then take me to the grave, and when it is closed, they shall sing the long metre doxology. All shall then go to my father's house. I hope all will do as I say, because all were my good friends.

I am now going to heaven above, where all is love; there'll be no parting there.

Father, keep on farming. Don't stop. I hope another young fellow will take my place to do my work on this farm, and I hope, sisters, you will tend to your father as long as you live.

Now I will stop and shoot myself right away.

Goodby to you all, now I am going to heaven.

That is what untruth will do. If the report was true, I would not kill myself. Truth is always the best.

Our Father, who art in heaven.

DARING DIAMOND ROBBERY.

How a Clerical-Looking Stranger Got the Best of a Cleveland Jeweller.

COLUMBUS, O., December 18.—A well-dressed, clerical-looking stranger walked into the jewelry and diamond house of P. L. Miles, on Euclid avenue, Thursday, and stepping behind a railing and counter, where one of the proprietors sat at a desk, he handed out a cheap watch, which, he said, needed repairing. Mr. Miles turned to give the watch to a clerk, when the stranger disappeared in the same quiet way in which he had entered. Shortly afterward several small packages of diamonds and other gems were missed from the desk. The whole occurrence did not occupy five minutes' time, and the strangest feature of the incident is that the room is small, and half a dozen clerks were behind the counter almost at arm's length from the man, while a number of customers were being waited on. The jewels stolen were valued at $10,000 or more, and include eighty-seven small diamonds and seven large ones, three fine gems, a number of packages containing small diamonds, a package of small rubies, a package of small cat's-eyes, two large emeralds, a package of emeralds, a package containing two diamonds and one large ruby, and three papers of rose diamonds and pearls. The skill and boldness of the robbery and the absence of the slightest clew evince the work of a shrewd professional, and baffle the detectives.

AN INHUMAN FATHER.

He Allows His Children to Suffer when He is Able to Provide Plenty.

PITTSFIELD, December 18.—Merrick R. Colt of New Ashford was left nearly two years ago with five children by the death of his wife. He has gradually become so discouraged that, of late, the family have been only half clothed and fed, the house being devoid of all comforts. The youngest child, a babe, was found with no other clothing than a thin dress. State Officer Kellogg, by direction of District Attorney Waterman, visited Colt's house the other day and found matters worse than can be described. Colt agreed to come here Saturday and assured the officers that he would do better. He owns the largest farm in town, is well to do, and able to live comfortably if he would. Wednesday he went to the house of one Ingraham, a neighbor, and broke in the door, threatening to kill Ingraham, who had kept him at bay with an axe while Mrs. Ingraham went for assistance to bind him until the deputy sheriff, ten miles away, could be procured. He was brought here Thursday, and in the District Court began to show signs of insanity, kicking over chairs, tables and frightening Judge Tucker, who ordered him to be taken to jail, where he again had an attack. It is thought he is feigning insanity. Colt is a native of Pittsfield, of an old family, and from some estates of which he is heir derives quite a large revenue.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

A Hudson Family's Battle with a Lynx Over the Dinner Table.

The family of Obed Frye of Hudson was startled a day or two since by the arrival of an unexpected and decidedly unwelcome guest. As the members of the household were about to seat themselves at the dinner table, an animal supposed to be a lynx, weighing about twenty-five pounds, came with a bound and yell through an open doorway and landed on top of a piece of furniture. Then it sprang on to the table, grabbed the piece of meat designed for the meal and showed a marked disposition to fight. The parties in the room made an attack upon the ferocious beast, and in the contest Charlotte Frye was severely bitten in the hand, while Obed received several ugly and painful scratches. The animal, finding itself getting beaten in the affray, bounded for the door, which was closed by a vigilant Frye just in time to catch the lynx by the leg, in which position it was held until the other Fryes could get around on the outside and despatch the animal with clubs.

DEATH OF MRS. APPLEY.

She Passes Away at the Ripe Old Age of 104 Years.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., December 18.—Mrs. Maria Appley died here Wednesday, aged 104 years 7 months and 3 days. She was born in New York City, where the interment will take place tomorrow, in the family vault, St. Mark's Church. Mrs. Appley has been active until within the past two weeks, retaining all her faculties up to the time of her death. She was one of the thirteen young girls who represented the thirteen original States in General Washington's mock funeral procession in New York City.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Seven Children Drowned While Skating on the Schuylkill.

PHILADELPHIA, December 14.—At 5.45 Thursday evening, while a large number of children were skating on Abbott's dam, near Schuylkill Falls, the ice suddenly gave way beneath the load, precipitating a score of the children into the water. The news was at once conveyed to the suburbs and crowds of people hurried to the spot to render assistance. The following bodies have been recovered: Annie Casey, aged 10; Violet Parker, 14; Thomas Kindle, 10; John Carney, 10; Robert Barker, 14; John Willis, 10; John Snowden, 10."

Death of Robert Morris, Sr.

Robert Morris, Sr., the well-known colored lawyer of this city, died Tuesday afternoon at his home on West Newton street after a long illness. He was an office-boy in the employ of Ellis Gray Loring, and devoted his spare time studying law. He was the first colored lawyer. In 1851 he was arrested upon a charge of rescuing the slave Shadrach, but was discharged for want of evidence to convict. He was a steadfast friend to his race, and always was prominent in upholding their rights. He enjoyed a lucrative practice, and was an honest and able advocate. After marriage he espoused the Catholic faith, of which he was always a devout member. He formerly resided in Chelsea. He leaves a widow and one son, Robert, Jr., a member of the Suffolk bar.

"The Largest Rope in the World."

To the Editor of The Globe:

In your edition of Sunday, December 3, and under heading as above, mention is made of several large-sized hawsers. Any rope named in that article is decidedly overtopped by the huge manila rope made by a New York manufacturer, and which was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. It measured about 38 inches in circumference. With modern appliances for the quick and safe handling of large vessels the necessity for extremely large-sized rope is about done away with, and it is the exception when rope measuring more than 12 inches in circumference is required.

P.

Boston, December 16, 1882.

Gored to Death by a Bull.

WOODSTOWN, N. J., December 18.—A ferocious bull became enraged Friday morning while Morris Loler, a drover, 50 years of age, was driving him to Jacob Hunt's (his employer) barn-yard. He attempted to escape over a fence, but missed his footing and fell. The infuriated creature attacked him and hooked his horns through one of his legs and tossed him in the air. As he fell, the animal hooked him in the neck, tearing out the jugular vein. Then the animal pinned the unfortunate man to the earth through the neck, withdrew the horn, hooked the corpse in the ribs and tossed it over the fence a considerable distance.

A Queer Place for a Fox.

At Middletown, Conn., George A. Chafee was out hunting Tuesday and saw a fox up in a peperidge tree twenty-five feet high (the tree, not the fox). It was but the work of a moment to draw a bead on his foxship and land him on the ground, where the dog soon put an end to reynard's existence. Mr. Chafee, although an experienced hunter, says he never knew of a fox being found in a tree before. The animal, when discovered, was asleep in an old crow's nest. The entire game bagged by Chafee and his "pard" was one fox, one rabbit, four quail and one cat.

Heavy Wool Dealer's Failure.

ALBANY, N. Y., December 18.—James Wilson, dealer in wool and sheep skins, has failed, and is offering to compromise with his creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar, payable in indorsed notes at two and three years. His total liabilities are reported at over $180,000, of which $130,000 are unsecured, and the balance represents real estate mortgage. A few years ago he was supposed to be worth $300,000.

Business Portion of a Kentucky Town Burned.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., December 18.—A fire at Hickman, Ky., has destroyed nearly all the business houses in that city. Twenty [illegible] were totally destroyed. The loss will be over $100,000, and the insurance will not reach half the loss.

Ten Feet of Snow in Northern New York.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., December 15.—A special despatch to the Syracuse Herald says that at Oswego today no freight trains were running on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad on account of the snow, which is ten feet deep in many places between Rome and Watertown.

THE late Matt. Carpenter suffered for years with disease of the heart. So, too, did Fernando Wood. These men were intellectual giants, and also splendid specimens of manly physical proportions. A few bottles of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator would have cured them of heart troubles, and have saved them for many long years yet to come. Get at druggists.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKETS.

The Week Closes on Easy Money and a Lowering of Rates.

BOSTON, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, December 16, 1882.

During most of the week just passed the State street money market continued to move along in a very quiet manner, showing little or no change from its condition of the week previous. Money was pronounced scarce, the banks showed little or no care to supply the wants of any beyond their regular customers, while rates consequently ruled high. But this is now changed in some degree, and the week closes for the better so far as the borrower is concerned, with the banks better off as regards loanable funds and a slight lowering of rates as regards discount and interest. Good mercantile paper ranges from 5½@6 per cent., and is now inquired after, where only a short time since it would not be looked at. There are so few transactions reported in prime corporation notes and acceptances that there is no fair quotation to give, although 4½ per cent. is perhaps about as near as anything. Collateral call loans range from 5@6 per cent. per annum, the rate depending on the nature of the security.

Outside of the banks the note brokers report rates as ranging from 5½@6 per cent. and upwards, and that sales of paper, which have been rather dull of late, are looking somewhat better. The country banks are doing a fair business in supplying the wants of their regular customers at an average rate of 6½ per cent.

Between banks, the ruling rate for balances has been 4 per cent., but today has ranged from 3½@4, with the latter figure predominating.

At the clearing house today the gross exchanges were $13,190,104, while for the week they were $71,820,162; the balances today were $1,411,981, and for the week $8,424,320.

New York funds during the week have ranged from par to a premium of a few cents per $1000, the premium today being 5 cents.

Foreign exchange closes quite but steady at the following prices, which are somewhat better than those ruling last Saturday or early in the week past: Sight, 4 85; sixty days, 4 81; commercial bills, 4 79; francs, sight, 5 19⅜; sixty days, 5 23⅛.

In New York, money rates have ruled in favor of the borrower, and with a good supply; easy money, after the first of the year, is looked forward to generally. Today money closed offered at 5 per cent., with the last loan at this figure. The bank statement today is again favorable, showing an increase in the item of reserve of $976,675, against an increase last week of $3,623,175. The following are the items:

Loans increased	$2,939,400
Specie increased	1,536,900
Legal tenders increased	911,900
Deposits increased	5,888,500
Circulation decreased	324,000
Reserve increased	976,675

The banks are now $6,080,175 in excess of the legal requirements.

Government Bonds.

There is nothing especial to note regarding these securities. There is but little trading going on, while prices are fractionally higher than a week ago.

The Stock Markets.

The past week has seen a slight change for the better in the local stock market. A better tone than has been usual of late has prevailed, the dealings show an increase, and prices have all more or less moved upward, in some instances recording quite a handsome advance. As yet there has been no reaction to speak of, except perhaps in those stocks and bonds where the prices is set by the New York Stock Exchange, and the market closes quite firm, generally showing only fractional reactions in some of the most active stocks. A reaction should come in the regular course of events, and should today's decline in the New York market be continued on Monday, the home market can hardly fail to feel it in a more or less degree. But there is a much better feeling extant, which will undoubtedly result in better prices ere long.

It has been an active and rising market for stocks in New York during the week up to today, and the bulls have been the recognized power. The satisfactory settlement of the railroad war, easy money and the satisfactory railroad earnings have been important powers in hoisting prices, but the prime factor has perhaps been because the chief operators and manipulators wished it so. But today come the bears and declare for a reaction; the market declined today on realizations, while the clique failed to come to the support, and in fact tried to sell also.

The opening was generally strong, and prices in the main were ⅛@2 per cent. higher, the latter in Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis, but the closing, when compared with the opening, was ⅛@2¾ per cent. lower, the latter in Denver & Rio Grande, the actve list closing at about the lowest figures of the day, the majority of the stocks recording a decline of 1 per cent. or over.

Delaware & Hudson was ⅛ better, while Northern Pacific was unchanged, closing at the same price as the opening. Western Union was weak, showing for the day a decline of 2¼ per cent.

The decline in Denver was caused by a raid on the stock made by the Keene party. Western Union was weak on the statement that a suit had been brought against the company in Philadelphia to have a receiver appointed for all the company's lines in Pennsylvania. The weakness of the above two mentioned stocks demoralized the rest of the market.

In the early dealings the Gould stocks and Northern Pacific were prominent for their strength, but later sympathized with the rest of the market. The short interest has greatly been reduced during the past few days, which is shown by the small and decreased demand for stocks in the loan market.

At the meeting of the St. Paul & Omaha directors, in New York today, the following members of the old board were re-elected: David Dows, R. P. Flower, Philetus Sawyer, W. D. Washburn. The new directors elected are as follows: W. H. Vanderbilt, C. Vanderbilt, A. Schell, H. McK. Twombly, Albert Keep, John C. Spooner, M. Hughitt, M. L. B. Sykes. The following officers were elected: M. Hughitt, president; L. B. Sykes, vice-president; C. W. Porter of Hudson, secretary. The retiring members are H. R. Bishop, J. M. Fiske, A. Kountze, H. T. Welles, R. R. Coble, H. H. Porter, E. T. Drake, Benjamin Brewster. Only one vice-president was elected.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 2.30 P. M.

LAND COS.	Bid.	Asked
Boston	6 1-16	6¼
Boston W P	3	3⅜
BONDS.		
A,T&SF1sts	120¼	121
A,T&SF1g	113	114
KC,FS&G7s	110⅝	—
KCSJ&CB7s	114	—
L R & F S 7s	107	—
Mass Cen 6s	26	—
Eastern 6s	110	110¼
NY & NE7s	—	116
NY & NE6s	—	105¼
H & E 7s	49	—
WisCent 1sts	78½	—
Wis Cent 2ds	43	44
Og&LCcon6s	89	91
A & P inc	19	20
Mex Cen 1sts	76½	76⅝
T,D & B 1sts	37½	—
do incomes	9	—
doSED 1sts	40	—
do incomes	9	—
RAILROADS.		
A,T&SFe	87¾	87⅞
F & P Mar	22½	22¾
F&P Mar prf	—	102
L R & F S	49	50
La & Mo Riv	13	15¼
Mar,H&On	67½	73
Mass Central	3	3¾
Metrop H	74½	—
Bos & Alb	173	174
Bos & Lowell	98	—
Bos & Maine	149	149
Bos & Prov	160	—
Cheshire pf	62	—
Chi, B & Q	128¾	128½

RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked
Cen of Iowa	35	37
Cin, S & Clev	24½	—
Eastern	35	—
Fitchburg	125	—
North'n, NH	108	—
NY & NE	49½	49¾
Old Colony	—	137
Rutland pref	20	—
Rutland com	2	—
Summit Br	8	9
Union Pac	103½	103¾
T, Del & B	4⅛	4¼
Wis Central	15¾	16
MexCen No 1	22	23
MexCen No 2	23	23½
Connotton V	3¾	—
do pref	—	6
MINING COS.		
Allouez	2	2¼
Atlantic	16	17
Brunswk An	10	—
Cal & Hecla	250	251
Catalpa	77½c	80c
Empire	30c	—
Franklin	14	14½
Huron	—	2½
National	—	1¾
Pewabic	—	13
Quincy	—	64½
Silver Islet	6	8
Bonanza	2⅝	2¾
Crescent	30c	—
San Pedro	—	25c
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Bell Tele	183½	184
Mex Tel'phe	3⅞	4
Pul Pal Car	—	125½

Government Bonds.

The following are the opening bids for government bonds today as compared with those of Saturday:

	Bid Dec.16.	Bid Dec.18.		Bid Dec.16.	Bid Dec.18.
US 5s(con).r	103½	103½	US3s	103½	103¾
US4½s,91,r	113¼	113⅜	US Cur6s,95	128	128
US4½s,91,c	113¼	113⅜	US Cur6s,96	129	129
US4s,1907,r	119⅞	119¾	US Cur6s,97	130	130
US4s,1907,c	120⅛	120¼	US Cur6s,98	132	132
US3½s,r	103½	103½	US Cur6s,99	133	133

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, December 16.

As the first of the year approaches both merchants and manufacturers naturally run their supplies down to the lowest possible point. Wools, Hides, Leather, Cotton, Iron, Lumber, India Rubber, and all other staple raw materials are quiet and more or less neglected, and prices are generally in favor of buyers. Lead is a little firmer. The wholesale dry goods market is dull and unsettled, and standard sheetings are reduced to 7½@8c per yard. In holiday goods an excellent retail trade is being done. There continues a decline in the value of hog products, and pork has fallen off an additional dollar per barrel. Dairy products are advancing. Potatoes have advanced 10@15c ℘ bush, and apples are very firm. Hay continues in large supply. Oats have advanced 1@2c ℘ bush; Corn is lower. Flour is dull but firm. Groceries are firm.

APPLES.—There has been a firm market, with a good demand for Apples, and some fancy lots are selling above our quotations. We quote sales of fancy fall at $3@4 ℘ bbl; Baldwins, No. 1, $3@3 50 ℘ bbl; do. No. 2, $2@2 50 bbl.

BEANS.—Choice hand-picked Beans, both Pea and Medium, have advanced 5c ℘ bush, and Yellow Eyes 10c ℘ bush. The demand has been very good. Red Kidneys quiet. Choice small, hand-picked, $2 85@2 95 ℘ bush; do do large hand-picked, $ ...@... ℘ bush; do do common to good, $2 00@2 50 ℘ bush; medium choice hand-picked, $2 65@2 70 ℘ bush; do, choice screened, $2 30@2 50 ℘ bush; do, common to good, $2 00@2 25 ℘ bush; improved Yellow Eyes, $3 30@3 35 ℘ bush; do, choice flats, $3 15@3 20 ℘ bush; do, common, $3 10@3 20 ℘ bush; Red Kidneys, $3@3 50 ℘ bush.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Manufacturers of spring and summer work are very well employed, and cutters are busy at the different factories. In the stitching and bottoming departments all are very well employed. There are now about sixty buyers in the market, and although there has been a falling off since last week, still a good deal of trade is yet to come. The shipments of Boots and Shoes have been 26,780 cases.

BUTTER.—There is a good demand for fine grades and prices have 1@2c ℘ ℔. Medium stock shows less improvement. Choice ladle packed in fair demand. Oleomargarine in fair demand. We quote Butter—Fine Northern creamery, Oct make, at 36@37c ℘ ℔; do good to choice, 33@34c ℘ ℔; do summer made, 28@32c ℘ ℔; dairy, Franklin County, Oct 31@33c ℘ ℔; dairy grades New York and Vermont, fall lots 28@30c ℘ ℔; do New York and Vermont, winter made, 25@28c ℘ ℔; do do straight dairies, 23@27c ℘ ℔; do do common to fair grades, 18@22c ℘ ℔. We quote Western—Fine fresh made creamery, 38@39c ℘ ℔; good to choice, 32@36c ℘ ℔; do common to fair, 24@30c ℘ ℔; choice dairy 25@28c ℘ ℔; do fair to good, 18@24c, ℘ ℔; choice fresh ladle packed, 25@27c ℘ ℔; do fair to good, 17@20c ℘ ℔; do common, 15@16c ℘ ℔; do choice, June, 19@20c ℘ ℔.

The following statement shows the receipts and exports of Butter at this port for the week, and the total since May 1, 1882, compared with the same time last two years:

	Receipts.	Exports.
For past week, tubs and boxes	2,363	3,425
Same week last year	2,626	5,204
Total since May 1, 1881	291,901	128,103
Same time last year	248,239	117,243
Same time 1880	293,454	157,023

CHEESE.—The demand from the trade continues moderate. We quote the sales of choice New York, 12¾@13½c ℘ ℔; choice Vermont, 12½@13c ℘ ℔; Northern fair to good, 9@11c ℘ ℔; do common, 5@9c ℘ ℔; choice Western, 12@12½c ℘ ℔; do fair to good, 9@11c ℘ ℔; do common, 4@8c ℘ ℔.

COAL.—The market for English Cannel Coal is quiet and sales have been confined to retail lots. In Nova Scotia nothing has been done. Culm would meet with a ready sale, but shipments are over for the season. Anthracite is dull at Wholesale and there is more or less cutting in the rates. The retail demand is good and dealers are well supplied.

COFFEE.—The market for Coffee has been a little more active and Rio has advanced ¼@½c ℘ ℔. The reason for this is due to a rush of shorts in the New York Exchange to cover their dealings for the past three weeks. Some dealers believe that bottom has been reached, but there is no purchasing for consumption, and after a few days' flurry prices will drop back again to their old position. We quote Mocha 25½@26½c ℘ ℔; Java Padang at 15¾@16c ℘ ℔; Maracaibo at 10@14c ℘ ℔; and Rio at 7¼@7¾c ℘ ℔; do ordinary, 6½@c ℘ ℔.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 28c ℘ ℔, and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at 30@32c ℘ ℔. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 20c ℘ ℔, and Yellow Metal Bolts at 22c ℘ ℔. Ingot Copper has been quiet, with sales at 18@18¼c ℘ ℔.

CRANBERRIES.—Sales of choice Cranberries have been made at $13@14 ℘ bbl; common to good, $9@10 ℘ bbl.

CORN.—Receipts have been large, including a good deal of new Corn of all grades except No 2. Some Corn arrives in poor condition and sells all the way fro 20 to 50c ℘ bush. And the sales have been at 68@72c ℘ bush for no grade; high mixed, 86 ℘ bush; No 2 at 84@84½c ℘ bush; steamer mixed at 84c ℘ bush; steamer yellow, 85c ℘ bush. New steamer mixed at 76c ℘ bush; steamer yellow, 78c ℘ bush.

DRIED APPLES.—The demand has been very fair for quartered and sliced. Evaporated are in steady demand. We quote Southern quartered at 5@5½c ℘ ℔; do new sliced, 6½@9½c ℘ ℔; New York quartered, 7@7½c ℘ ℔; do sliced, 7@7½c ℘ ℔; East and North quartered, 7½@8c; do do sliced, 7½@8c ℘ ℔; choice evaporated, 15@16½c ℘ ℔; do common to good, 12@14c ℘ ℔.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been a moderate demand for articles most under this head and we quote sales of Alcohol at $2 25@2 27 ℘ gal; American Castor Oil at 14½@15c in barrels and cases; Shellac ranges from 30@50c for common and DC; Bleaching Powders firm at $1 10@1 25, on the spot and to arrive; Opium at $4 15@4 25; refined Camphor at 23¼@23½c; Caustic Soda is dull at $3 10½@3 12½; Soda Ash at $1 52½@1 55; Sal Soda at $1 17½@1 20 on the spot, and $1 12@1 15 to arrive; Cream Tartar at 31½@32 for crystals, and 32½@33c for powdered; Morphine at $3 55@3 60; Sulphate Quinine at $1 60@1 70 for German, and American at $1 80@1 90; Gambier at 7c, but to arrive, November and December shipments at 5¼@5½c; Bichromate Potash at 15½c for American; Prussiate at 24c for yellow and 50@51c for red; Brown Sugar of Lead at 7c; White Sugar of Lead at 12c; Potato tarch at 4⅞@5c; Cubebs at 40@60c; Balsam Tolu at $3 50@3 60; and other articles have been taken in lots at previous prices.

DRY GOODS.—Prices of Cotton Goods are lower, but continues moderate. In Woollens there is no change.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $20@23 50 ℘ ton, with a moderate demand. All other Dyewoods have been quiet and in prices there is no material change.

EGGS.—The market continues quiet. Strictly choice Eastern Eggs are firm. Limed Eggs are rather quiet. We quote sales of Eastern at 32@33c ℘ doz; Aroostook county, 31@32 ℘ doz; New York and Vermont, 31@32c ℘ doz; Northern, 30@31c ℘ doz; P E Island and Nova Scotia, 30@31c ℘ doz; Western, 29@30c ℘ doz; held stock, 26@29c ℘ doz; limed, 25@27c ℘ doz.

FEED.—Sales of Shorts have been at $18 50@19 00 ℘ ton. Fine Feed and Middlings have been selling at $19@22 ℘ ton, as to quality. Cotton Seed Meal has been selling at $30@31 ℘ ton.

FISH.—Trade in salt Fish is still passing through a quiet term. The demand from New England dealers is a little better than usual, but there are no orders coming in from the South or West, and in this line business will probably be light for a few weeks. In Mackerel dealers are asking $16@17 for No 1 shore, $13@14 for No 2, and $9 75@10 for No 3, in jobbing lots. Codfish are held at full prices, $6@7 ℘ qtl for large bank and shore. Medium range about $1 less. The following is a summary of the receipts of salt fish for the week ending December 15:

	From Home ports.	From Foreign ports.	Total.
Mackerel, bbls	848	405	1,253
Herring, bbls	76	212	288
Cod, bbls	283	50	333
Cusk, bbls	250	....	250
Haddock, bbls	40	....	40
Hake, boxes	24	....	24
Herring bbls	13,000	10,400	23,400
Lobsters, boxes	....	48	48
Bloaters, boxes	1,373	224	1,597
Boneless, boxes	219	....	219
Alewives, boxes	....	150	150

FLOUR.—The market is dull, but prices are without change. Stock are accumulating quite rapidly, but holders are not disposed to force sales at concessions, which would have to be made to place any considerable lot. Prices of all kinds of Flour are low, but the outlook is not very fovorable for any improvement at present. We quote sales as follows: Spring wheats—Western superfine, $3 25@3 75; common extras, $3 75@4 25; Wisconsin, $....@....; Minnesota bakers, $4 75@6 00; Minnesota patents, $6 50@6 75. Winter wheats—We quote Choice patents, $6 50@6 75; do common to good, $6 00@6 25; New York and Michigan roller flour, $5 50@5 75; Ohio, and Indiana roller flour, $5 50@6 00; St Louis and Illinois, $5 75@6 15 ℘ bbl; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 75@5 75; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 00@5 50; Michigan straights $5 00@5 25; Winter wheat seconds, $4 00@4 25 ℘ bbl. Rye Flour, $3 75@4 00 ℘ bbl; Cornmeal, $3 50@....; Oatmeal, common to good Western, $5 50@6 50; Oatmeal, fancy brands, $6 75@7.

FRESH MEAT.—There continues steady prices for Beef and Mutton, with a fair demand. We quote as follows: Beef, choice hindquarters, 10@12c ℘ ℔; do common, 8@9c ℘ ℔; do choice forequarters, 7@7½c ℘ ℔; do common to good, 5@6c ℘ ℔; extra Mutton, 7@8c ℘ ℔; common to good do, 3@4c ℘ ℔; choice Spring Lamb, 7½@8½c ℘ ℔; common to good do, 5@7c ℘ ℔; choice Veal, 10@11c ℘ ℔; fair to good do, 8@9c ℘ ℔; common do, 4@5c ℘ ℔; Worcester county choice do, 10@12c ℘ ℔; Worcester county do, 7@9c ℘ ℔. Dressed Hogs—Western dressed, 8@8⅜c ℘ ℔; do do extra heavy, 8¼c ℘ ℔.

FREIGHTS.—There is a good demand for ocean Freights, with a scarcity of tonnage, and full rates have been obtained. California rates are the same, and we quote rates on the basis of $9 dead weight. To Melbourne the rates are 20@22½c ℘ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney 20@22½c ℘ foot for measurement goods, and 20@22½c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane 25c ℘ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 32s 6d; butter and cheese, 35s 0d; cotton, 11/4d; leather, 50s ℘ ton; sack flour, 25s 0d ℘ ton; measurement goods, 40 cubic feet, 20@25s; corn, 6⅞d ℘ bush; barrel flour, 2s 6d ℘ bbl; wheat, 7½d ℘ bush. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 3s 0d; measurement goods, 27s 6d; sack flour, 25s 0d; corn, 7½d; wheat, 7½d; butter and cheese, 45s 0d; provisions, 35s 0d ℘ ton. To Glasgow—Corn, 7½d; bush-wheat, 7½d ℘ bush; provisions, 30s 0d; sack flour, 27s 6d ℘ ton; barrel flour, 2s 9d; apples, 3s 6d. Coal freights from Philadelphia have been at $1 80@2 00; from Baltimore at $2.

FRUIT.—There has been a fair demand for Malaga Raisins, and we quote the sales of loose Muscatel at $1 85@... and London layers at $2 35@.... Valencia Raisins at 8@8¼c ℘ ℔; Sultana at 11½@12c ℘ ℔. In Smyrna Figs sales have been at 14@20c ℘ ℔. Currants have been sold at 5¾@6c ℘ ℔. Citron has sold at 15@15¼c ℘ ℔; Turkey Prunes at 7½@8½c ℘ ℔; French at 11½@16c; Dates at ....c ℘ ℔. Peanuts have been in fair demand, with sales at 8@11c ℘ ℔ for Norfolk. Florida Oranges have sold at $3 50@5 ℘ box, and Valencias at $5 50@6 ℘ case. Lemons have been in steady demand and selling at $2 50@5 ℘ box, as to quality.

GUNNY BAGGING.—There is very little change in domestic bagging. We quote sales at 7c for 1½ ℔s average, 7½c for 1¾ ℔s average, 8¼c for 2 ℔s average, and 9¼c for 2¼ ℔s average.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for Hay continues well supplied and trade is slow; it is not easy to get over $18 for best, while medium grades run down to $15@17 ℘ ton. Rye Straw is steady. We quote Eastern and Northern choice new Hay at $18 00@.... 00 ℘ ton; choice Hay, $....@.... ℘ ton; good, $16 00@17 00 ℘ ton; fine, $15 00@16 00 ℘ ton; poor, $10 00@13 00 ℘ ton; Western Timothy, $17@18 ℘ ton; Swale Hay, $9 00 ℘ ton; choice Rye Straw, $15@16 ℘ ton; do common to good, $14@...; ℘ ton; Oat Straw $9 ℘ ton.

HEMP.—In Manila Hemp nothing has been done and we quote nominally at 10½c ℘ ℔. Sisal Hemp has been quiet and sales have been at 5⅝@5¾c ℘ ℔. Jute Butts have been quiet, with a moderate demand, we quote at 2 7-16c@2¾c ℘ ℔ for paper and bagging grades, and to arrive, October and November shipment on private terms, but understood at 2 13-16c ℘ ℔.

HIDES.—There has been a quiet market for Hides, and no transactions of any importance. Sales include River Plate kips on private terms; old Matamoras at 18c; China Hides, in store for some time, on private terms; an import of Rio Grande wet salted ox and cow were sold previous to arrival. Western Rides have sold at 17½@19 ℘ ℔ for dry. In Calcutta Hides sales of Buffalo have been at 9 1-16c, and now held higher. Tanned Sheep and Goat Skins are held firm.

HOPS.—There has been a quiet market for Hops, with a weak tendency, but holders are not anxious to sell at any concessions and prices are quoted the same. We quote sales of good to prime Eastern, 1882, 90@95c ℘ ℔; do 1881, 80c ℘ ℔.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices have ranged from $1 05@1 07 for fine; coarse do, 60@75c.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Indigo as follows; Fine Bengal at $1 65@2 00; good consuming grades at $1 40@1 60; ordinary at $1 10@1 30; Guatemala at $1@1 25.

IRON.—The demand has been moderate for Pig Iron, and the sales of American Pig have been at $25 50@29 00 ℘ ton, as to quality. In Scotch Pig sales have been at $24 00@27 50 ℘ ton. Bar Iron is quiet and sales have been at $2 30@2 75 ℘ 100 ℔s. American Sheet Iron has sold at 4@5c ℘ ℔, as to quality. Steel Rails continue dull and unsettled and prices are nominally $40 ℘ ton for winter contracts.

LEAD.—Pig Lead is dull with sales of Western at $4 50@4 60 ℘ 100 ℔s, with sales of 200 or 300 tons. Lead Pipe has been steady at 7½c ℘ ℔; and Sheet Lead at 8c ℘ ℔; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ℘ ℔. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¾c for solid and 4¼c for tea.

LEATHER.—The demand for Sole Leather has been moderate; sales of Hemlock have been at 21@26 ℘ ℔, as to quality. Union tanned ranges from 35@37½c for backs, and 32@34½c for crop. Rough Upper Leather continues in fair request and sales have been at 23@28c ℘ ℔, as to quality, including selected lots. Rough Calf Skins have been selling at 43@50c ℘ ℔; finished Calf ranges from 60@90c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather continue in steady demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at $1@1 05 ℘ cask. The market is quiet and prices are unchanged. Dealers are well supplied and business will be quiet for some time.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; refuse, $..@..; shipping boards, $17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $13 00@14 00; Hemlock boards—Nos 1 and 2, $11 00@12 00; refuse, $..@... Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $32@33; flooring boards, ¼ and ½ step, $33 00@35 00; ship stock, $27@31; dimension factory, $21@24; random cargoes, assorted, $18@22; black walnut, $60@90; cherry, $60@70; white wood, inch, $28@33; do do ⅝, $23@26; oak, $38@42; ash, $38@42. Clapboards—Heart pine, $30@50; saps, $30@45; spruce, $18@30; shingles, $1 75@5 75; spruce laths, $1 85@2 00; pine do, $2@2 25. The market for Lumber is without any change of importance.

MOLASSES.—There has been no change in Molasses and the market continues dull, with prices nominally unchanged. We quote sales of common to choice Porto Rico at 36@55c ℘ gal; Barbadoes at 40@42c ℘ gal; Cienfuegos at 33@37c ℘ gal. New Orleans Molasses is in good demand and firm at prices ranging from 40@62c ℘ gal, as to quality.

NAILS.—There is a steady demand, and we quote sales at $3 75 ℘ keg for assorted sizes with the usual discount.

NAVAL STORES.—The demand has been moderate for Spirits Turpentine, with sales at 53@54c ℘ gal. Resin continues in moderate demand, with sales of common at $2 30 ℘ bbl. Tar and Pitch have been quiet and sales confined to small lots.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been selling at $2 70@2 75 ℘ 100 ℔s.

OATS.—The market has been quiet, with a steady demand for Oats. We quote sales of No 1 white at 53@54c ℘ bush; No 2 white at 51@52c ℘ bush; No 3 white at 49@50c ℘ bush; and mixed at 44@49c ℘ bush.

OIL.—Linseed Oil has been in steady demand and sales have been at 53@...c for Western; Calcutta, 60c. Lard Oil has been dull, with the sales of Western and Boston extra at 97½c@$1 ℘ gal; No 1 at 78@82c ℘ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 53@55c for saponified and 55@...c for Elaine. Palm Oil has sold at 6¾@8c ℘ ℔. Fish Oils have been sold at 44@50c. Sperm and Whale Oils continue in moderate demand. For Petroleum there has been a firmer feeling and sales of refined have been at 8¾@9¼c ℘ gal for 115@120 test, and high test brands at 13¾@14¼c, bbls extra. Case Oil has sold at 11@12c ℘ gal, tins included. Naphtha has been selling at 10@10½c ℘ ga. for 70 gravity, and 11@11½c ℘ gal sor 76 gravity.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at $2 00@2 25 ℘ bbl.

PEAS.—There has been a moderate demand for choice Canada Peas, and we quote at $1 15@1 20 ℘ bush; do common, 85@95c ℘ bush; Northern Green Peas, $1 00@1 25 ℘ bush; do Western, $1 35@1 45 ℘ bush.

POTATOES.—Owing to light receipts prices have advanced. Chenangoes have sold very well. We quote sales of Northern and Eastern—Early Rose, 90@95c ℘ bush; Prolifics, 90@95c ℘ bush; Peerless, 80@85c ℘ bush; Brooks, 80@85c ℘ bush; Chenangoes, 70@75c ℘ bush. Sweet Potatoes have sold at $2 25@2 75 ℘ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There has been a good demand for Poultry and prices are higher. Sales of choice Western Turkeys 15@18c; fair to good, 12@14c; choice Chickens, 17@17c; fair to good, 13@14c; Scalded Poultry, 10@12c. Northern—Choice Turkeys, 18@20c ℘ ℔; fair to good, 15@17c; Chickens, 18@20c; fair to good, 12@14c; Live Fowl, 1..@12c ℘ ℔; mixed lots Fowls and Chicks, 13@14c ℘ ℔; Geese, 12@13c ℘ ℔; Philadelphia Geese, 12@13c ℘ ℔; Grouse ℘ pair, $1 00@1 10; Wild Pigeons, $2 00@2 25 ℘ doz; Partridges, 60@80c ℘ pair; Quail, $2@2 50 ℘ doz; Venison, saddles, 1@16c ℘ ℔.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a declining tendency and buyers are holding off. We quote the last sales of extra prime at $17 50@18 00 ℘ bbl; mess at $19 50@20 ℘ bbl; clear has sold at $21@21 50 ℘ bbl; backs at $22@22 50 ℘ bbl. Beef has been rather quiet and sales of Western mess and extra mess have been at $10@13 00; Western plate and extra plate at $14@16 ℘ bbl. In Smoked Hams the sales have been at 12½@13c ℘ ℔. Lard has weakened in price, with sales at 12½c ℘ ℔.

RICE.—There has been a dull market for Rice for domestic and foreign grades. We quote sales of domestic at 5¼@7c ℘ ℔; Rangoon at 5¼c; and Patna at 5⅞c ℘ ℔.

RYE.—The market is quiet, with sales in small lots at 75c ℘ bush.

SALT.—There continues to be a good demand for Turks Island, and prices are firm at $2 20@2 35 ℘ hhd, duty paid.

SALTPETRE.—The market is quiet for Saltpetre, and sales have been at 5¾@6c ℘ ℔.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed continues quiet and is nominally $1 80 ℘ bush. Western Flaxseed has been selling at $1 30 ℘ bush. Grass Seeds have been in fair demand and remain unchanged.

SPICES.—There continues a steady jobbing demand for Spices, and we quote Nutmegs at 76½@80c; Pepper at 17¾@18¾c; Ginger at 6½@7½c; and cloves at 24@26c ℘ ℔.

SPIRITS.—Domestic Spirits continue in fair demand at unchanged prices. Foreign Spirits remain quiet. New England Rum has been in steady demand and we quote sales at $1 43@1 55 ℘ gal for new and $1 45@5 for old, as to quality and age.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato, 4⅞@5c; Corn, 4@4½c; choice do, 4½@5c; Wheat, 7@8c.

SUGAR.—There has been more demand for raw Susgrs, and we quote sales of fair to good refining at 7@7⅛c. Refined Sugars are in good request; sales of Cubes at 9¼c; powdered at 9⅜c; granulated at 9c; confectioners' A, 8¾c; standard A....c; extra yellow C, 8⅛c; yellow C, 7½c; golden yellow C, 7@7¼c ℘ ℔.

SUMAC.—We quote the sales of Sicily at $72 50@75 ℘ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $50@55 ℘ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 7⅝@... ℘ ℔. Grease has been selling at 6¼@7¼c ℘ ℔, as to quality.

TEAS.—Gunpowder, 20@45c ℘ ℔; Imperial, 20@45c ℘ ℔; Hyson, 17@35c ℘ ℔; Young Hyson, 15@40c ℘ ℔; Twankay, 13@25c ℘ ℔; Hyson Skin, 13@25c ℘ ℔; Congou, 18@55c ℘ ℔; Souchong, 18@55c ℘ ℔; Oolong 15@55c ℘ ℔; Japans, $16@34c.

TIN.—The demand has been moderate, with sales of Straits at 21½@22c ℘ ℔, and English at 22½@22¾c ℘ ℔.

TIN PLATES.—The demand has been moderate for Tin Plates, with sales at $5 25@7 50 ℘ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—There has been a more active demand for Wool, and sales include Michigan X at 41@42c; Ohio X at 39c. Considerable business has been done in fine unwashed and unmerchantable. We quote Ohio X at 39@40c, XX at 41@42½c, and XX and above, and XXX at 43½@45c. No 1 fleeces are quite steady at 45@46c for Ohio. Transactions in combing and delaine have not been to any extent. We quote fine delaine at 43c, and other lots at 44@45c ℘ ℔, as to quality. Fine and No 1 combing have sold at 47@50c. Pulled Wools have been in moderate demand, with sales of choice Eastern supers at 45@49c, but principal sales of super have been in the range of 34@40c.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, December 16.

Flour dull and unchanged. Corn meal dull and weak.

COTTON.—Spots steady: sales, 207 bales; middling uplands, 10⅜c; do Gulfs, 10 9-16c. Futures 5@8 points lower, closing dull at 10.27c for December, 10.31c for January, 10.42c for February, 10.55c for March, 10.67c for April, 10.80c for May, 10.91c for June, 11.03c for July, and 11.12c for August; sales, 72,700 bales. Receipts at the ports today, 36,831 bales.

GRAIN.—Wheat moderately active at a slight decline: spot sales, 90,000 bush at 87c@$1 13½ for red, including No 1 at $1 13@1 13½. No 2 in elevator at $1 08⅛@1 08½, and do delivered at $1 9½@1 10, and $1 05 for No 3 do: $1 03@$1 03½ for winter mixed, and 93c@$1 13½ white, including No 2 at 98½@99c; of options, sales, 1,364,000 bush No 2 red at $1 08@1 08½ for December, $1 8¾@1 09½ for January, $1 11@1 11¾ for February, $1 13@1 13¾ for March, and $1 14@1 14¾ for May. Rye quiet at 70c for State; 5000 bush Canada sold at 69c. Barley quiet; 2700 bush ungraded State at 84c. Oats depressed; sales, 960,000 bush at 45@48c for mixed and 47@52c for white, of which No 2 at 46@46¼c for mixed, and 47⅜@48c for white; also No 2 mixed at 45¾c for December, 46½@46¾c for January, 46¾@47⅛c for February, 47⅛c for March and 46¼c for May. Corn lower and dull for export, sales on the spot, 72,000 bush, at 68½@69c for No 2 mixed, 56@70c for ungraded mixed, 57½@58c for No 3 do, 68c for white Southern, 65c for steamer white; of options, sales, 200,000 bush No 2 mixed at 68¼@69c for December, 68½@69 for new do 65@65⅛c for January, 64½@64¾c for February, and 62½@63¾c for May. After 'change—Wheat closed firm; No 2 red winter, cash, delivered, $1 09; December, $1 08; January, $1 09; February, $1 11¼; March, $1 13¼; May, $1 14. Corn weak; No 2 mixed, cash, in elevator, 69c; December, 69½c; new No 2 do, 69c; January, 64¾c; February, 63⅞c; May, 62½c. Oats weak; December, 45¾c; January, 46¼c; February, 46½c; May, 46c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork steady and more active on the spot: sales, 450 barrels mess, $18 75@19 25; no business in the options. Bacon quiet, at 10c for long clear. Cut meats steady; sales, 20,000 ℔s pickled bellies, 9¾c; 1200 fresh hams, 10½c. Beef and beef hams quiet. Lard was weak and irregular, with a continued selling movement and easy Chicago advices; sales on the spot, 100 tcs prime city, 10.62½c; 50 prime Western, 11c; refined for the continent, 11.15c for December; and 11 05c for January; for future delivery, sales, 19,000 tcs, including December, 10.82½@10.85c; January, 10.67½@10.77½c; February, 10.75@10.82½c; March, 10.80@10.87½c; May, 10.90@10.97¾c; June, 11@11.0½c. After 'change prices closed as follows: December lard, 10.82½c; January, 10.67½c; February, 10.75; March, 10.80c; April, 10.87½c; May, 10.92½c; June, 11c; July, 11.02½c; August, 11.10c. Dressed hogs unchanged at 7¾@8c for heavy to light; and pigs 8¼c. Butter firm; creamery, 27@42c; State, half tubs and pails, 25@35c; firkins, 23@32c; Western dairy, 16@29c; do factory, 15@25c. Cheese steady; State factory, 8@13¼c; Ohio do, 6@12¾c; skimmed, 3@7½c. Eggs steady; New Jersey, 34@35c; New York and Pennsylvania, 30@31c; Canada and Western, 24@30c; limed, 25@26½c.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, December 16.—[For the week past.]—There have been 2 arrivals from Western Banks, with about 40,000 pounds codfish, and 6 from haddock trips, with about 125 000 pounds haddock. The receipts from the net codfishing fleet has been about 100,000 pounds codfish. Total receipts, 140,000 pounds codfish and 125,000 pounds haddock. We quote the market as follows: Large Georges Cod, $6 75 per quintal; medium do, $5 00@... per quintal; large Bank at $5 75@.. per quintal; medium Bank Codfish, $4 75@.. per quintal; large shore Cod, $6 50@.. per quintal; medium, $5 00 ℘ qtl; cusk, $5 00 ℘ qtl; Haddock, $3 75@4 00 ℘ quintal; Hake, $3 50 ℘ quintal; Pollock, $3 50@4 per quintal. Fresh Halibut—No receipts and no prices to quote. Market fish—Codfish, $5 ℘ 100 ℔s; Haddock, $5 ℘ 100 ℔s. Fresh Tongues, 10 ℘ ℔. Mackerel, No 1 have sold at $15 ℘ bbl; No 2 at $12 ℘ bbl; No 3, $9 ℘ bbl; Halibut Heads, $3 ℘ bbl; Halibut Fins, $3 00 ℘ bbl; Fins and Napes, $4 25 ℘ bbl; Cod Tongues, $8 ℘ bbl; Tongues and Sounds, $11 ℘ bbl; Pickled Haddock, $6 00 ℘ bbl; Pickled Codfish, $7 ℘ bbl; Swordfish, $12 ℘ bbl; round Shore Herring, $4 50 ℘ bbl; split Labrador Herring, $6 ℘ bbl; scaled Herring, 18c ℘ box; No 1 Herring, 15c ℘ box; smoked Halibut, 12½c ℘ ℔; boneless and prepared fish, 5½@9c ℘ ℔; dry Hake Sounds, 65c ℘ ℔; dry Cod Sounds, 30c ℘ ℔. Fish Oils—Tanners oil, 48@...c ℘ gal; Medicinal Oil, 75c ℘ gal; Porgie Oil, 38c ℘ gal; Blackfish Oil, 65c ℘ gal; Livers, 70c ℘ bucket; Fish Scrap, $16 ℘ ton; Fish Skins, $14 50 ℘ ton.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, December 15, 1882:

Western cattle, 1904; Eastern cattle, 66; Northern cattle, 679. Total, 2649.

Western sheep and lambs, 5000; Northern sheep and lambs, 6372; Eastern sheep and lambs, 650. Total, 12,022.

Swine, 21,632. Veals, 247. Horses, 80.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$7 12½@7 50
First quality	6 12½@7 00
Second quality	5 25 @6 00
Third quality	4 12½@5 12½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc	3 00 @4 00

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh.hides	9½@10c ℘ ℔	Country tal.	4½@5 ℘ ℔
Brigh.tallow	8½@ ℘ ℔	Calfskins	12c@ 12½
Countryhds.	6½@ ℘ ℔	Sheepskins	75c@$1 25
do do h'vy	8 @8½ ℘ ℔	Lambskins	75c@$1 25

Prices of beef cattle, ℘ 100 pounds, dressed weight, $4 00@9 50.

FORT WAGNER.

Gilmore's Mistakes Drench the Parapets With Blood.

The Most Terrific Pounding Which a Fortification Ever Received.

One of the Bravest Things of the War—Connecticut Grit.

Fort Wagner! that is a place for us
To remember well, my lad!
For us who were under the guns, and knew
The bloody work we had.

I should not speak to one so young,
Perhaps, as I do to you.
But you are a soldier's son, my boy,
And you know what soldiers do.

And when peace comes to our land again,
And your father sits in his home,
You will hear such tales of war as this
For many a year to come.

—[Phœbe Carey.

Gilmore never believed that the iron-clads would be able to take Fort Sumter, writes M. Quad in the Detroit Free Press, and for this reason he early set about securing a foothold on Morris island. When he had accomplished this he had secured a solid foundation for cannon which could throw shot into Charleston and keep Fort Sumter under a constant pounding. It has ever seemed strange that the Confederates were not on the watch for and fully prepared for such a move, but it was doubtless believed that Fort Wagner was the key to the situation, and that the Federals could not maintain themselves anywhere within reach of its guns. On the other hand, Gilmore looked upon Wagner as a work which might be taken by a dash, and the erroneous impression by friend and foe resulted in some terrible blunders and bloody butcheries.

The first attack on Wagner was made on the night of the 10th of July, 1863. On the previous day and night a command consisting of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, the Ninth Maine and two companies of the Seventh Connecticut had by a sudden attack in boats captured several detached batteries within easy range of the fort, and had won such an easy victory that General Strong, who was in command, determined to make a push for the fort itself, believing the Confederates to be disorganized and panic-stricken by what had occurred. Instead of being in this condition they were preparing to move out at daylight and attack. General Strong looked upon Wagner as a sand-heap which could offer but feeble resistance to a push, while in truth it was

One of the Strongest Forts Around Charleston.

An hour before daylight the Federal troops moved out, the companies from the Seventh Connecticut leading. The only way to take the fort was to go over the parapet, and General Strong must have counted on the garrison being sound asleep to permit such a rush to be successful. The garrison was not only awake, but under arms, and had at least ten minutes' warning. The Federals came with a gallant rush, and, unchecked by a volley which killed thirty men outright, dashed through the moat and up the parapet and lay down just below its crest. Had there been 1000 men instead of 175 the force would have leaped the parapet and attacked the garrison, but such a small body of men had no alternative but to wait until the other troops came up to reinforce them. The two Federal regiments moved up so slowly that the Confederates had time to get every man in line and posted to the best advantage. The fight was short, sharp and bloody. The two regiments had more than they could do to hold the first position taken, saying nothing of going to the aid of the Connecticut men on the parapet, who were bravely holding the line and popping away at the garrison. At the end of fifteen minutes' fighting the two regiments began to waver. Then a dozen voices cried out, "We are in a trap!" and a hundred more cried, "Retreat!" Every soldier must have realized from the first that there was no show to carry the fort, and it was a wonder that the men held the position as long as they did.

When They Started to Retreat it was a Helter-Skelter,

and no one seemed to remember the brave little command waiting on the parapet to be reinforced or rescued. The action of that small command from the Seventh Connecticut was one of the bravest things of war. To gain the parapet it dashed through a fire which would have thrown a full regiment into confusion, and as the men crouched on the sand each one began fighting on his own hook. There was no confusion until it was discovered that the supporting regiments had been driven back. Then the Confederates devoted their whole attention to the handful of men clinging to the parapet, and in three or four minutes their position was made untenable. Lighted shells were tossed over by hand, hand grenades used without stint, and a flank fire opened with musketry, and it was either retreat or be slaughtered in line. Word was passed to retreat, and those who ran the gauntlet in safety looked upon their escape as miraculous. A fire of shot, shell, grape, canister and musketry followed them for half a mile, and the sandy beach offered no protection. The loss was frightful. Only a fraction over half the Connecticut men came out alive, while the other regiments were terribly cut up without having inflicted the least loss on the enemy. The Confederate loss did not exceed twenty-eight killed and a dozen wounded. But for Strong's rash move at the time an attack, three or four nights later, by a heavier force, might have been successful. This attack called for a large increase of the garrison and other steps which contributed to

A Still Greater Slaughter When Next Attacked.

Between the 11th and the 18th of July the Confederates strengthened Fort Wagner as far as was possible, and largely increased the garrison, having discovered that Gilmore desired to go to Charleston by way of Morris island. Up to the 11th Wagner had given no thought to the iron-clads which had sent her a shot now and then as they poured destruction into Sumter. After the fight of the 11th a Federal deserter gave the exact number of Gilmore's forces and information of what works he had thrown up. He had made a permanent lodgment on the island, was heavily intrenching, and there was every reason to believe that the iron-clads would be called upon to bear a hand in the next assault. Fully 500 men were employed during the next five days in making Fort Wagner ready for bombardment as well as assault, and it was perfectly prepared when the time came. At this time the Federals held a good share of Morris island, and had put about fifty guns and mortars into position, each one able to hurl its missile into the fort. These guns were backed by more than a division of infantry, and there lay Admiral Dahlgren's fleet of six iron-clads with their terrible guns. The garrison of Fort Wagner consisted of 1400 men, with heavy guns, a battery of light artillery and bomb-proofs enough to shelter the entire garrison. Soon after noon on the 18th, the sea being smooth and the day perfect, the iron-clads moved forward and took positions about seven-eighths of a mile from the beach and opened on Wagner. It was believed by both Dahlgren and Gilmore that the iron-clads could knock Wagner to pieces before sundown, and that nothing would be left for the Federal infantry except to bury the dead. This was

The Admiral's First Wrestle With a Sand Fort.

He was to gain some valuable experience. Each iron-clad went right to business as soon as getting into position, using shell alone. Wagner was a fair target at easy range, and before the fleet had been engaged half an hour predictions were made that the fort would surrender within two hours. The firing was steady and regular, one great shell after another screaming over the water to bury itself in the parapet and fill the air with clouds of dust. Gilmore's fifty guns opened fire as soon as the fleet was stationed, and three of the four faces of Wagner were swept by a fiercer fire than was bestowed upon any other fort during the war. The screaming and shrieking of missiles were deafening, and every foot of Morris island kept up a constant tremble under the concussions. It was well understood in the fort that the bombardment would be followed by an assault. It was a wise policy, therefore, that sent all the infantry and most of the gunners into the bomb-proofs within five minutes after the fight opened. Only three guns were manned, and these were ordered to fire only at intervals of four or five minutes, more to prove that the fort was not deserted than from any expectation of inflicting any harm on the enemy.

Fort Wagner would not have been built of sand had other material been at hand. It was not surveyed for anything more than a battery to mount three or four guns which should have the range of vessels coming into the harbor. It received half a dozen shots during

The First Federal Bombardment of Sumter,

and the Confederates were quite pleased to find that it was not ploughed down on a level with the island. When it was found that Gilmore wanted to get nearer Sumter and Charleston by occupying Morris island Wagner had to be strengthened to oppose him, and again there was no material at hand save sand and a few timbers. These were used as a matter of dire necessity, and without a thought that the events of the next fortnight would upset the theories of a thousand years of war. There is not today a sea-coast fort in the world, no matter how massive nor what its cost, which can stand a bombardment with a sand fort thrown up in twenty-four hours by a regiment of soldiers. The American war tried forts as they had never been tried before, and while the big guns of the iron-clads could pulverize brick and stone to powder, they could scarcely deface the walls of sand.

When the bombardment had lasted four hours it was believed, both by the fleet and land forces, that Fort Wagner had been dismantled and deserted, and that its garrison had been driven to take refuge behind the sand-heaps outside. From the moment the first shell had struck the spot had been half hidden by a cloud of dust, and the only sign of life was the occasional firing of a gun, which seemed more like a signal of distress than a token of defiance. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, had the iron-clads hauled off, Gilmore would have moved to the assault. While men who were among the garrison of Fort Wagner that day agree that it was

The Most Terrible Fire They Ever Experienced,

human life inside the works was as safe as on board one of the monitors. The bomb-proofs were crowded, but there was no danger. The sand walls could have been levelled down and yet the men in the dark holes under ground would have been perfectly safe. Great shells from the mortars descended inside the fort with a thud which jarred the ground for yards around, and exploded with a sound which made one think that the sandy island was being riven, but it was a waste of powder. During the worst of the bombardment not more than a dozen men were left outside the bomb-proofs. These sheltered themselves to watch and note proceedings, and they witnessed the full terrors of a concentrated fire from seventy-five guns and mortars.

Gilmore's land artillery could not have inflicted a scar on the fort, and his fire would not have necessarily driven a single man to shelter, but the shells from the big fifteen-inch guns on the iron-clads were filled with destruction. They were driven with a force which sent them into the parapet a distance of eight or ten feet, and when they exploded it seemed as if the whole island lifted itself up a foot or two. One who has not seen the awful work of these great shells can form no idea of their power for destruction. In one spot, where the fire seemed to be concentrated for half an hour, at least a thousand tons of sand were moved a distance of fifty feet. The bursting of a single shell would lift three or four tons of sand and hurl the cloud all over the fort. There were a dozen places where the moat was filled up until

On a Level with a Crest of the Parapet.

More or less timber had been used with the sand. In one spot a shell penetrated five feet of sand and passed directly through a pine beam twelve inches square. Another shell cut six feet off the end of a still larger beam and hurled the missile so high in the air that hundreds of Federals saw it. After the bombardment fairly opened the fort was struck ten times a minute for eight hours, and as the sun went down the Federals were justified in believing that a body of infantry could occupy the works without resistance.

As the boom of the last gun from the fleet died away orders were given in Fort Wagner which brought over 1200 men from their graves, as it were. Cooped up for seven or eight hours in the foul-smelling bomb-proofs, the men were only too glad to get out and face the coming danger. Only two of the guns had been dismounted, and the others were speedily manned, the garrison posted, and they waited. The bombardment meant an assault by infantry, but Gilmore was to gain another painful experience. It was growing dark when the Federal column of assault formed on the beach in plain sight of Wagner, Sumter and other Confederate works. It consisted of the Ninth Maine, Third New Hampshire, Sixth Connecticut, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Forty-eighth New York and Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. This last was a colored regiment, led by Colonel Shaw. It had heard the whistle of bullets only once. Indeed, there was not a single regiment in the column which could be depended on, as only a few men had been under fire.

Why the Colored Troops Should Have Led,

when it might be fairly doubted if they would follow, is a question to be settled along with Burnside's blunder at the Petersburg crater.

The moment the column moved out it was under fire from Cummings' Point, Fort Sumter, Wagner and the Redan, and before it had marched fifty yards it was known that Wagner was alive to the situation and prepared to receive them. As soon as within musket range of Wagner the assaulting column made a rush which carried it fairly up to the works. Had there been no bombardment they would have stood a better show of success. They found themselves tumbling into deep pits, falling over sand ridges and utterly confused by the work of the shells. The moat was full of water at one point and filled with sand at another, and the parapets were simply banks full of caverns. The lines of formation were broken up, the darkness was confusing, and in ten minutes those able to withdraw made a hasty retreat. It was the most foolhardy assault of the war. There was no show whatever, no matter what bravery was exhibited, and the confusion was added to by the action of the colored troops. They no sooner saw what sort of a trap they were in than dozens of them shouted out: "Hold on! Don't shoot. I surrender!" Twelve hundred Confederates, cool and fresh, and safely protected, had only to fire away at a brigade of Federals—broken, confused and tumbling over each other. That brigade did not stand there "for nearly half an hour," as stated by Federal historians. It did not stay there twelve minutes. Ten minutes more of the murderous fire would not have left a man alive.

Gilmore Had Excuses for His First Assault,

but in the face of the terrible repulse, and the statements of survivors that the fort was intact and full of men, the second assault was a slaughtering blunder, for which history should hold him responsible.

The second column was composed of the Sixty-second Ohio, Seventh New Hampshire, Sixty-seventh Ohio and One Hundredth New York. This column began to stumble over the dead bodies of Federals before it had traversed half the distance to the fort, and was likewise subject to such a front and enfilading fire as to almost disorganize it. Sheer pluck carried it through to the fort, and desperation held it there twenty-five minutes to be decimated. It stood no more show to capture Wagner than one barge-load of men would have stood to capture Sumter, but, even though every man fully realized this, every company stood square up to its work and every man died like a hero. At one moment, desperate and determined, over half of that brigade swept into the fort, but in five minutes they were swept out of it again, and again they took up the fight from the parapet. When the retreat was sounded a third of the brigade was wounded. Gilmore's mistake wet the parapets of Wagner with blood. His blunder left the dead and mangled in such heaps that the bravest veterans were appalled.

DER BENAL CODE.

The Barber Near the Cooper Institute Makes a Few Remarks About Liberty.

[New York Sun.]

"Vood you dempt me to gommit a grime for fifdeen cents—or for den cents, mitout pay rum?" the German barber near the Cooper Institute asked of the reporter last Sunday morning. "Vell, my boverdy bodders me more as my honesdy. I vill do it, but I gannot drust you not to invorm agensd me—pecause it is der rule py der shop not to drust.

"Now my vriend," the barber added, having bolted the door and begun to lather the reporter's face, "you vos porn by America und I peen an American citizen. Ve oughder veel broud of dot. Here ve pe mit der door polted und parred, mit der vinder plinds trawn town, und mit der gas purning py der taylight. Der achent uf der society vich idself vorks on Sunday to keep der rest der peeple from vorking is shpying at ter door. Der boleesmen are rushing der sdreed along mit parbers, krocers und putchers py der nape der neck und vill dem all lock up py der chails. Der leedle newspoys peen vrightened oud of deir lifes. Und here ve are drembling like bickbockets vor vear ve peen arrestet. Now led us dry dot pootivul hymn to rememper:

My coundry dis uf dee,
Sveet lant uf liperty.

"I can get a nutshell insite der whole dings. Der benal gode been in der inderest uf golt water. Vell, I peen in vater uf larker peer; ven haf effer you heert of larker peer doing such damitches vot der water in der Rhine riffer done last veek in Europe?

"Der parber der negst shair py, vich is dot veller got grhzy chokes got vere oughder peen his prains, he got himzelluf off von vunny dings. He treamed he tied, he sayt, 'und vent to heffen; und shtanding der gate arount vos a big growd of beeple. Some of dem his vrends peen. Den gomes St. Beder out. 'So hellup me crashus!' he hat sayt, 'vy how vos dees? Here comes effery tay a barty of New Yorgers. I neffer haf some New Yorgers zeen pefore.'

"'I vill choost dell you apoud dot,' von of dem vellers hat sayt. 'Ve used to pe like der rest der vorld, but now ve got to gome here py der law.'"

"Py shimminy hooky, dot parber a vool of himself makes mit zuch a chokes like dot."

Bill Nye's Ideas of Dignity.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

Colonel Ingersoll said at Omaha the other day that he hated a dignified man and that he never knew one who had a particle of sense; that such men never learned and were constantly forgetting something. Josh Billings says that gravity is no more the sign of mental strength than a paper collar is the evidence of a shirt. This leads us to say that the man who ranks as a dignified snoozer and banks on winning wealth and a deathless name through this one source of strength is the most unenviable position of any one we know. Dignity does not draw. It answers in place of intellectual tone for twenty minutes, but after awhile it fails to get there. Dignity works all right in a wooden Indian or a drum major, but the man who desires to draw a salary through life and to be sure of a visible means of support will do well to make some other provisions than a haughty look and the air of patronage. Colonel Ingersoll may be wrong in the matter of future punishment, but his head is pretty level on the dignity question. Dignity works all right with a man who is worth a million dollars and has some doubts about his suspenders, but with the man who is to get a large sum of money before he dies, and get married and accomplish some good, must place himself before his fellow-men in the attitude of one who has ideas that are not too lonely and isolated.

Let us therefore aim higher than simply to appear cold and austere. Let us study to aid in the advancement of humanity and the increase of baled information. Let us struggle to advance and improve the world, even though in doing so we may get into ungraceful positions and at times look otherwise than pretty. Thus shall we get over the ground, and though we may do it in the eccentric style of the camel, we will get there, as we said before, and we will have camped and eaten our supper while the graceful and dignified pedestrian lingers along the trail. Works, not good clothes and dignity, are the grand hailing sign, and he who halts and refuses to jump over an obstacle because he may not do it so as to appear as graceful as a gazelle, will not arrive until the festivities are over.

NASAL LITERATURE.

The Nose Regarded as an Index of One's Character.

Evolution of an Important Organ—Stamps of Nationality.

A Mark for Caricaturists and Poets—Shakespeare's Allusions.

"Nihil me poenitet hujus nasi," quoth Pamphagus; that is, "My nose has been the making of me." "Nec est cur poeni teat," replied Cocles; that is, "How the deuce should such a nose fail?"

There was a time when there were no noses; that is, if we are to believe the evolutionists, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Man was then very far down in the scale of creation; in fact, a mere round or egg-like mass of structureless bioplasm; a truly "degraded organism," as the biologists pleasantly tell us, languidly borne hither and thither on the shores of the pliocene sea. He had not even a mouth, and the mouth, we take it, naturally preceded the nose in the order of development, for no matter how degraded an organism is it must eat, while it is not absolutely necessary that it should smell. The teachers of development find it very easy to evolve the mouth. When the little mass of structureless bioplasm first felt hungry, it could not of its own volition move about in search of food. But something eatable was now and then washed against it, or it was accidentally moved by the restless waves against some edible substance. Then it contrived to permit the food to pass into one of its gelatinous sides, and having retained it awhile, to pass out at the other. In course of time there came a brief moveless period. One side of the mass was then exposed in the direction of the food longer than another and nourishment was taken in several times through the same opening, which from force of habit ceased to be permanently closed. A fixed position of the mouth created a well-defined channel for food, whence came

A Stomach and its Appurtenances.

Considering the difficulties that attend the evolution of the nose, we are not surprised that development theorists have fought shy of the subject. Smells, of course, existed before noses. They were caused then, as now, by an emanation from the odorous body. Let us hazard the supposition that when the lowly organized bit of bioplasm was seizing the decaying animal matter which was its food, the effluvium emitted caused a slight quiver of that portion of the humble being just above the newly developed mouth. The process was repeated at every feeding time. When the smell was agreeable the neighborhood of the nose went out toward the agreeable object, making a projection of bioplasm; when the odor was disagreeable there was a shrinking back, causing a depression. That the shrinking back gradually developed into the nasal apertures, and the projection in time hardened into dilating nostrils and Roman curve, we may be at least permitted to believe, in the absence of rebutting testimony. Between this slight nasal quiver of bioplasm and the delicate susceptibility to perfumes possessed by the San Francisco Violet Club there yawns a gulf which the genius of the evolutionist, aided by a vivid imagination, alone can bridge.

It has been the custom for people of all races to admire, or pretend to admire, their own noses, and to sneer at those that differed from them. The Semitic nose has never been thought by the world at large to correspond with any principle of beauty. Yet the Arabs and Syrians speak contemptuously of the "flat-nosed Franks," and Disraeli has

Taken Pleasure in Repeating the Phrase.

The Africans are proud of their broad, flat noses, and some tribes endeavor by inserting artificial artificial objects to increase their pet deformity. Time and careful breeding which did so much for the noses of the Greeks and Romans, and have helped and are helping to make those of the Slav, Tenton and Latin races straight and beautiful, have done little to modify the prominent features of the Semitic and Turanian races. Most persons who have long noses are apt to be proud and boastful, arguing either that they are abstractly beautiful or that they indicate strength of character. The nose of Tennyson, as seen in his portraits, is long, and may, in his youthful days, have been finely molded. He seems to have thought so, for in "Maud" he sneers at the druggist's clerk as a "snub-nosed rogue," using an approbrious term common wherever the English language is spoken. Two hundred years ago the nose was longer than at present, if we can judge by old portraits, and even the nasal organs of our revolutionary sires were more pronounced than those of this generation, giving some color to the theory that the feature had some sort of relation to individual character.

Much can be indicated by the nose. Its elevation shows pride and vanity. Its aversion means contempt. A person with a very thin nose is rarely generous. Great breadth of nostrils is usually associated with coarseness. The nose easily lends itself to caricature. Nast has made the Irish nose marvellously expressive. A slight nasal peculiarity like that in the nose of Roscoe Conkling, becomes

Absurdly Extravagant When Pictorially Exaggerated.

A little extra length of the organ is the delight of the small boy whose sole artistic implements are a slate pencil and a piece of chalk. His pleasure at the peculiarities of the protuberance leads him to indiscriminate disrespect of teacher, pastor and parent. How quickly a smudge on the nose brings the learned dignitary to our own level! A nasal rawness disrupts sacred ties of affection. An extreme redness is the unmistakable painting of inebrity. A bulbous tendency almost infallibly proves the sot, though any and all of these signs may now and then be fallacious. The idea of impertinence adheres, like a fly, to the nose. Those who fail to mind their own business are accused of poking their noses into the affairs of others. To lead by the nose is a figure of speech conveying the idea of subjection, while to count noses and to follow one's nose suggests severally in trope the ideas of arithmetic and direction.

The nose is conspicuous in literature. Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," has written several learned chapters regarding it, while other authors have penned essays, long or short, respectively entitled, "A Sermon on Noses," "On the Dignity, Gravity and Authority of Noses," "The Noses of Adam and Eve," "Pious Meditation on the Nose of the Virgin Mary" and "Review of Noses." Shakespeare mentions the nose in at least a hundred passages, some eighty of which have been deemed by Mary Cowden Clarke of sufficient significance to warrant their classification in her admirable concordance. The dramatist had the prejudice of his age against the Moslems, and he takes care to have a "nose of Turk" thrown

Into the Witches' Hell-Broth in "Macbeth."

In "Othello" he notes that at Naples they "speak in the nose," a peculiarity which must have been familiar to him in the west of England, for it was from that region the Puritans bore their unmelodious twang to the shores of the New World. The idea of the nose as a vehicle of insult is often found expressed in his pages. Says Hamlet:

Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?
Tweaks me by the nose?

And in "Measure for Measure" the Duke says:

So our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose.

The nose of sickness is celebrated in Henry V.":

His nose was sharp as a pen, and a babbied of green fields.

The nose of ages, as mentioned in "As You Like It":

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose.

The idea of repressing personal timidity by asserting that a person dare not say his nose is his own is older than Shakespeare. In "Cymbeline" we find a variation of the proverb:

Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

The same thought is also in Cowper:

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.

The red nose has been the theme of humorous song since Chaucer. In one place Shakespeare speaks of "a cherry nose," and in another says of an inebriate: "His nose is executed, and his fires are out." A ditty of revolutionary times, called "Old Carleton's Song," has the following couplet:

Nose, nose, nose, nose—
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

In the annexed lines the advice to keep out of a quarrel not your own is sententiously expressed:

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

But of all the Essays in the Profuse Literature of Noses

that of Sterne is the most elaborate and the wittiest. The family of this hero had prided themselves for generations on the length of their noses; therefore, when the nose of the infant was destroyed by Dr. Slop, and he was obliged to reconstruct it with some cotton and one of the servant girl's stays, the accident was deemed a terrible catastrophe. The tale is told with infinite humor. The argument in favor of long noses is carried to the very extreme of facetiousness. In cases of distress and for want of a pair of bellows the long nose, it is said, will do excellently well *ad excitandum focum* (to stir up the fire.) The reasons why some noses are long and others short are given at great length, and with much jocose erudition. They failed, however, to convince Uncle Toby, who, unaware of laws of the survival of the fittest, of natural selection and of the effect of locality and climate on human physiology, tersely ended the discussion with the remark: "There is no cause but one why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because God pleases to have it so."

PRESENTIMENTS.

How Very Sensitive People Have Been Known to Foretell the Manner of Their Death.

[All the Year Round.]

"I feel as if I were fated to die on this beautiful river," said a young English actress, as she talked to a comrade on the deck of a Hudson river steamboat. A week later, going from Albany to New York on the Oregon, she was suddenly taken ill, and died off West Point, on the most beautiful part of the river she so admired. Other players have had presentiments justified by the event, or the author of "Thirty Years in Gotham," to whom we stand indebted for the following histrionic examples, sadly deceives us:

An American actor named Chapman, who was also a dramatist in a modest sort of way, found it so difficult to arrange the details of a piece which he called "The Mail-Robbers" exactly to his mind that he observed to a friend that the play would be the death of him. A day or two afterwards he rode out of town to survey the surroundings of the place where he had laid the chief scene of the drama, and was thrown from his horse, escaping with a bruised shoulder. Congratulating him upon coming off so lightly, his friend joked him about his presentiment, but the actor was not to be laughed out of his notion, and persisted that his words would yet come true. And so they did, though in a somewhat roundabout way. In a part he was then playing Chapman had to wear a suit of brass armor, and, the night being very hot, he discarded his underclothing altogether. The armor chafing the bruised shoulder, some verdigris got into the wound and poisoned it, and of that poisoning he died.

"Fulfil Your Engagements Like a Sensible Creature,"

was the well-meant advice of Mlle. Louisette's confidante, when that tight-rope dancer consulted her upon the advisability of cancelling an engagement to appear at the Volks Theatre, New York, for no better reason than that she had a presentiment the engagement would be a fatal one. Sure enough, it was so. Her first appearance was her last. She went through the performance without a hitch, but as she was stepping from the cross-trees to the stage, her gauzy dress caught fire at the footlights, and before help reached her she was so badly burned that medical skill was of no avail.

There is nothing repulsive about a gold watch, yet when Sheppard, the actor, took one from his mother's hand, as her birthday gift, he shuddered, without knowing why, except that he felt it was destined to bring him misfortune. He wore it, however, out of respect for the giver, and wore it for years without anything unpleasant coming of it. One night, when he was playing at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, the house took fire while he was on the stage. Sheppard got safely into the street, and then remembered that his watch was in his dressing-room; unwilling to lose the memento of his dead mother, he went back to the theatre, and was never seen alive again. His charred body was found the next day under the gas pipes; the fateful watch was in his pocket. The actor's presentiment in tardiness of fulfilment resembled that which troubled Mrs. Brownrigg. As the executioner was doing the last office save one for the wretched woman, an expression of horror came over her face, causing the clergyman to ask what new temptation assailed. "I have many times," she said, "passed by this place, and when near this spot of ground a dreadful horror seized me, for fear that some day or other I should come to be hanged, and

The Recollection Terrifies Me Exceedingly."

Well aware of her deservings, it was no wonder if the apprentice torturer had a bad quarter of an hour whenever she came within hail of Tyburn Tree; her prophetic fears were born of a coward conscience. Such was not the case with the honest miner, who, talking to his wife of the dangerous character of the seam he was working, said: "Hennie, I'm feared if there should be an explosion I'll be knocked about worst." This fear impelled him the next night, when the dread of something happening was strong upon him, to return home once and again after starting for the pit, only to shake off the feeling and go to his work, and his death.

At an inquest upon the body of a collier who was killed by the fall of a rock in a Staffordshire mine, his wife deposed that the night before the accident her husband woke, complaining he had a ton of rock upon his head; and so sure was he of some ill befalling him that it was only by dint of much coaxing that she persuaded him to go to work. Before leaving the house he bent down to her child, saying: "Let me have my last kiss." To make the story still stranger, it came out in evidence that the news of the poor fellow's death had hardly reached his home, when a cousin, much attached to him, looked in to inquire for him, impelled to do so by seeing, or thinking he saw, the dead man standing before him in the roadway.

EDMUND KEAN.

His Escape in Disguise from a Boston Mob and Flight to Providence.

The Providence Star is publishing an interesting history of the local stage, from which is extracted the following: In December a very distinguished actor made his first and only appearance in Providence, but not to win loud plaudits from audiences frenzied with delight, as had been his wont in the great London theatres. It was Edmund Kean, who, a fugitive from the fury of a Boston mob, in disguise made Providence his temporary resting place, as he sought security in flight. It is well known that when Kean played in Boston in 1821, his second engagement, on the night when he was announced to appear as Richard III. so few persons were present at the time of the rising of the curtain that he refused to play and at once left Boston. On his return to America in 1825 the Boston managers, believing that all animosity towards him had become extinct, engaged him and advertised his appearance in his greatest character of Richard, on the 21st of December. At this time occurred a disgraceful riot, which resulted in great damage to the theatre, and the flight of Kean from a mob thirsting for his blood. Two citizens of Providence, S. S. Southworth and Sam el J. Smith, were upon the stage, and, aided by the managers, were instrumental in saving his life. They conducted him by a private door which opened from the stage to a small dwelling, occupied by Mr. George Clark, the prompter, where he remained several hours in a distracted state of mind, anticipating violence from the mob, who, suspecting his hiding place, made several attempts to enter. Mr. Southworth stood upon the steps of the dwelling, and when the rioters presented themselves held them at bay by assuring them that Kean was not there, and appealing to their manhood a gallantry, told them that Mrs. Clark, who as everybody knew was daily expecting to become a mother, was in an extremely critical condition. About 1 o'clock that night Kean escaped through Theatre alley, was conveyed to the Exchange Coffee House, and, being there placed under the protection of Thomas Perkins and a man named Collamore, started for Pprovidence. After a few hours' rest in Providence, they set out for Worcester, stopping only at Ware, at which place Kean threw of his disguise. This circuitous route was taken to elude the vigilance of the mob, who had been told that the fugitives were going to Worcester. Kean was much frightened, and his terror was expressed in continual ejaculations. It was said that the Boston truckmen were banded to tar and feather him, and it was feared that in their rage they might kill him. He never afterwards visited Providence.

Carlyle and George.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

Miss Mitford is giving an account of a conversation Mr. Fields had had with Carlyle: "'So, sir, ye're an American?' quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented. 'Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours, George' (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington George before?)—'your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pngs.' 'Really, Mr. Carlyle,' replied my friend, 'you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell. What was Washington but Cromwell, without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?' 'Oh, sir,' responded Carlyle, 'George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun. George was just Oliver with the juice squeezed out.'"

An Experienced Husband.

An old gentleman residing in Simmons' Gap, in Georgia, has about as wide, varied and full an experience of domesticity as any man since the days of King Augustus II. of Poland. The happy man, who has attained the patriarchal age of fourscore years, has had the supreme felicity of being married nine times, and it is the ninth wife who is at present solacing—we can't say his declining years, because there is no knowing what are the potentialities of a man who has displayed such hardihood—but who is, at any rate, the present mistress of Simmons' Gap. Nor in wives alone has this fine old gentleman been well and extensively endowed. Fifty-three persons are entitled to call him "papa," and at a recent family gathering over 300 of the descendants were present.

How Tenderly Tender!

An authoress of the day has been taken to task, by one of the critics of her novel, for making her heroine deck her hair with glow-worms by way of charming her friend's lover. But the idea, whether good, bad or indifferent, is hardly the authoress' own. It is a waif from that once flowing tide of German middle-class sentimentality of which Werther was the high-water mark. Herder's wife, a Mlle. Flachsland, writes to him in the first sweet sweet raptures of betrothal, that one night, while worshipping the moon on her knees in a wood, she found some glow-worms, which she put into her hair, carefully arranging them in couples, that she might not disturb their lives!

WHO ARE THE ANGELS?

Are They a Vast Community of Feathered Beings?

Do They Partake of the Bodily Eccentricities of Mortals?

An Endless Eternity of Model Men and Women Undesirable.

[James Appleton Morgan.]

There was once a little child who, when told that if he were always good, always minded papa and mamma, and always did what his elders directed him, he would go to heaven and be an angel, demurred to the incentive, and pleaded a failure of consideration. "What," he said, "go up there and be covered all over with feathers, just like a chicken? No!"

"Now little children," as somebody has said, "are little poets;" and while unreliable advisers as to practical, every-day matters, are very good authority on such celestial business as we have to deal with in this paper. The "somebody" goes on to say: "We may learn new creeds from the little ones. We may see in them the first man's reason, before experience and sorrow brought worldly knowledge; where knowledge has not yet usurped the room of native wisdom, nor experience of speculation, and where curiosity reigns supreme"; and then proceeds to show that they know a good deal more than we bigger bodies about this great other land that religion indicates and that romance clothes in a nimbus beauty. So, perhaps, the busy baby brain in our story was not so far out of the way after all.

And seeing that a great heaven of feathered angels was so dreary a spectacle to the child (and seeing that, if we ever expect to go there, we must each of us become just such a child), we may as well conclude that angels do not wear feathers at all. At any rate, conclusions of more importance have obtained from weaker evidence many and many a time.

For my part, I love to paint this heaven with all the choicest hues of earth; to build it of the Apocalyptic stones, and furnish it from

The Brightest Dreams I Ever Dreamed.

I love to think of it as a place where we shall go when we get through hating; to store it with every sunny spot of this world, leaving out all the harsh contrasts; to put into it all the friends I have known here in their working-day clothes; every dear woman and noble man. Every happy day I have had here I like to fancy repeated there; and every joyous meeting, every sunny hour of my life that has lingered in memory for long days after, I hope to live over again when I get to heaven, uninterfered with by harp, or crown, or palm branch.

I have often wondered whether the angels in heaven partake of the bodily eccentricities of their corresponding prototypes here. Whether there are tall, lean angels and jolly little fat angels, with round bellies; and long-legged, and bow legged, and bandy-legged, and round-shouldered angels, and angels representing the whole family of variegated humanity; and whether there are blonde angels, and brunette angels, and angels with golden, and chestnut, and auburn, and brown, and black hair; with frizzled, and straight, and wavy, and curly hair; and angels with black, and blue, and brown, and gray eyes, and with sweet, soft voices, and bass, and loud, and clear voices.

I hope there are. For what a lonely life it would be up there, wandering to and fro through an endless eternity of six feet men and five feet women angels, each the model of the sex, in the cold ox-eyed Grecian of musty canvas. And if they be not marked and figured as their worldly bodies were, when we reach that abode we are always longing and crying for, how are we to recognize those whom we cared to see down here? Or, are we to go groping along among the starry people hunting for a face we had grown to know so dearly, and that we had pined to see again for many a long day, amid a million of stranger seraphim and unknown cherubim?

I Cannot be Expected to Recognize

in some comely Apollo Belvidere of an angel, the dear shaven cheek and the chubby face of the best friend I ever knew in all this Babel where my life has been. I have learned to long for that jovial frontispiece which beams with every charity of an honest heart, and if I should find him in the other world a sober, staid and melancholy spirit, who, instead of hailing me with a slap on the shoulder, and the hearty good morning it used to warm me like a blazing fire in January to hear, and should present me with a sprig of evergreen and a dreary kiss of peace, I believe I should feel lonely and forsaken through all eternity.

In the next office to mine is a lawyer, whom I especially love and admire; we often talk over our pet cases together; we use each other's books; and when the hot, brain-baking months come round, we follow up each other's routine and watch each other's practice while each snatches his little vacation. I have grown used to seeing him rush in where I am sitting, his hair bristling up above his careful brow through much running of his fingers through it. I have grown to associate him with that hair in that identical disorder, and I hope in heaven he will not have it brushed down in the orthodox fashion of angels, for I don't believe an eternity could reconcile me to it. I know they say that order is the first law of heaven, but it would hardly be order for heaven to disturb so venerable a precedent.

I knew a young Italian boy, who, with three fatherless and motherless brothers, had found his way to our shores, looking in vain, poor, foolish fellow, for brighter skies than spread above his own beautiful land, and for a home in the midst of greener fields than those he left behind. He came to these crowded streets with his little flock, found for them

A Corner in Some Unknown Alley,

and then, with a harp slung over his tired shoulder, began to earn their daily bread and his own. Day after day he wandered up this flinty town; cold and heat were alike to him and to his scanty rags; the rain and the snow, the rebuff and the smile alike left no mark on his wan and weary face, but only told upon the harp his fingers played. Promptly, as the sunset fell upon the city, the battered harp in its canvas shroud was leaning against the wall, while from his shallow pocket three hungry little urchins eat their supper of dry bread. And so the brave boy struggled on. Neither to the right or left swerved he from harp or duty; until, one morning, after a terrible storm, which will long be a tradition in New York—hidden in the great drifts, against which neither man nor beast prevailed, they found the Italian boy. From a weary, thankless life, from a life of spurned advances and unrecognized nobility he went, I am sure, to a better country and a kinder life, and I hope when I go there too no new and golden harp shall have replaced that worn and battered one he bore so long and bravely, and that lay beside him in the chilly snow, for no harp of gold can shed such a halo around his angel face, or speak so grandly of his triumph, as that from which his weary fingers won the livelihood of four poor, hungry souls.

I cannot bring myself to believe that this world is only a stepping-stone to something else; that it is all grovelling and base, and that only by making its dreary moments drearier and its happy moments fewer we can win the bliss the good deserve. Not so. This is a glorious world, full of fair women and brave men.

Full of Heroes, Known and Unknown.

Full of images and ideals. Yes, ideals! Who would covet heaven without his ideals? Yes, when far beyond the sky-tops we are inhabiting that heaven, let them come from their niches in the sunset, those darling images of love and fellowship. A man who could stand in the guard that died with Cambronne, or who could throw himself into the hell-smoke with Cardigan, would reck but little of a lake of bottomless fire; but his iron soul would blanch indeed did he know that for an eternity he might never look upon a face he worshipped; never feel the touch of a dear hand he loved; never see the darling eyes that made the only heaven he knew, and shrined the only prayers he prayed.

I knew a strong man once who went about his daily toil with a happy face it was like a Christmas feast to see; yet, in his heart there was an empty, yearning spot. He saw the only being who could have filled it borne away by another. Under his jovial charity he carried a rankling sore that would not heal; and before him, wherever he went, there moved a silent ghost that would not down. He made a little heaven for others, but for him every spot on earth was gehenna, and little did he care for heaven above; because, poor man, she was to be another's there. But I believe that one of those white robes waits for him in spite of that; for what would heaven be without him?

I cannot imagine a heaven without some angels whom I know on earth. I cannot imagine a heaven without some brave men whom I have worshipped. I believe that heaven is to be a recompense for earthly suffering. I knew a dear girl once whose lover left her side to march into the ghastly Wilderness behind his flag; that was the last she knew of him, for

None Could Tell Her of His Sepulchre.

She heard the news one night, and on the next God had taken her and her broken heart away from us. We sung

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young;

and her place was empty here, but filled in heaven, I am sure.

Heaven to me would be all the good people on earth together, and all the bad ones let out—nor do I care, particularly, what is to become of those bad ones; I am glad to leave them and their eternity to the theologians. But in the good place I want to find gathered all the noblemen of nature, all the imperfect saints, who, according to their strength, did good. I never will believe the doctrine, the human doctrine, that they alone are going there who live in the world and are not of it. Not to every one is it so given to live that men shall hallow a Mecca on the shore where rest his ashes, but if the Scribes and Pharisees shall not go unrewarded, shall not the quiet soul that did no wrong and forgot no little gentleness be remembered when it rises, not above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth, but above the bright green graves that line it, and the birds and the flowers of the beautiful world?

A general in our army has related that he once bent over a soldier in whose shattered frame not many red drops were left to ebb away. "General," said the brave fellow, "I feel as if I were going to the front." And I believe he was going to the front; and in the van of heaven's soldiery I believe there stands today the unknown man; the very first words from whose lips that ever chronicler caught were the very last he breathed.

I was once riding on an express train from Chicago to Milwaukee. I was in a rear car, and just as we moved off from some intermediate station (Kenosha, I believe the place was called, and such a brave deed as this

Will None the Less be Remembered Above,

because it was done in a little hidden Western village), we suddenly stopped. The forward passenger car was on the brink of a precipice; the engine and tender and one or two baggage cars were in ruins below. The engine had been diverted from the track and had gone with these cars over the edge of a bridge, but some brave official had uncoupled the passenger coaches as he went down and saved them. The officer was drawn, a lifeless trunk, from the splintered mass below. But, six hours after, 200 men stepped on the depot platform at Milwaukee, each one of whom might have been giving his account in an unknown land, with his little ones crying for bread in this, had it not been for the one brave deed of a dying man. I never saw him in his life, but I am sure he is in heaven; when I go there I will be sure to know him, and I will thank him for a few more years of happiness below. In that sweet country, too, we shall be sure to find some kind friends whom we knew on earth. Our hearts went into the grave with them, but we have tried to be happy since, because we know that they would wish us so. The grasses grow upon the mounds where their dear heads are resting, but the grasses can never conceal them. And just so other loves are growing up in our hearts, but they cannot obliterate those first ones. Earth has no symbol of them, perhaps, and that will be the end of them until we meet them where "the day's aye fair in the land o' the leal."

I have heard that around us every day of our lives there are fluttering and flickering angels from the heaven above; and I can well understand how these white-winged spirits, when they have leave of absence from their choral duties, love to spend their holidays

Around the Homes They Once Inhabited,

where hand met hand and lip clung to lip in sweet delirium; for it is a holy and a lovely sentiment that makes wandering men yearn with untravelled hearts for the old home; and, surely, in the dear coming heaven, no such holy and lovely sentiment will be extinguished. The world is bad enough, and dreary enough, God knows; but it is not all bad and all dreary. There are fragrant spots on this ball of dust, and the moss will grow on the bleakest rock. There are dear friends to love, and dear forms to see. Heaven would be a rare place, indeed, if it could make us forget the faces that shone the tenderer on us because an hundred others were averted, and I'm a little sorry, on the whole, that there is to be "neither marrying nor giving in marriage" up there.

Neither do I believe that all the angels are coming from the country, and that Fifth avenue and Murray Hill are to be unrepresented. If that passage of the Evangelist, about the camel and the needle's eye, is to be interpreted that nobody who lives in the upper ten, and drives in the Park, and dances germans and galops, will ever dance on the golden carpet within the chalcedony and amethyst, then I don't believe it. The hollow sound of the shutting lid, the bated breath, the long ride to Greenwood, and the dull knocking of the clod upon the casket, is just as dreary to the father and mother whose child has left them in an avenue home as to any other; and the sunny head the dust is hiding may know a heavenly, for all it knew an earthly paradise.

NEXT YEAR.

A London Prophet's Predictions—A Good Deal of Weather and Some Startling Events.

England has a weather prophet who deals with the stars, and who is known as "Raphael, the Prophetic Messenger and Western Guide." He has issued his almanac for 1883, and it comprises a variety of the predictions of the events and the weather that will occur in each month during the year, including war and accidents, sickness and strife, plenty and happiness. Referring to the general condition of the weather for the next year, Raphael furnishes the following brief synopsis:

January—Heavy frosts and an abundance of snow.

February—A fair month, except the last few days, when rain and wind prevail.

March—Unsettled, with numerous storms.

April—A dry month; rainfall below the average.

May—A fair spring month; favorable for vegetation, but rather dry.

June—A fair month; favorable for vegetation.

July—A fine summer month; temperature above the average.

August—A changeable month; not favorable for harvest work.

September—A wet month; the end very stormy.

October—A wet and windy month.

November—An unsettled month; the latter part cold.

December—A variable month; temperature above the average.

The great holidays of the year are thus chronicled:

New Year's day—Windy and unsettled.
Washington's birthday—Fair weather.
St. Patrick's day—Wet.
Decoration day—Unsettled weather.
Fourth of July—Warm and fair.
Christmas—Snowfall.

In a chapter on

"Timely Warnings and Saturday Precepts,"

Astrologer Raphael affords the following records: January 7.—The attention of England will be directed on foreign affairs and colonial troubles. "The population will be warlike and excited, and trouble may be expected from Turkey. On the 5th, Saturn is bad for theatres and places of amusement, and, I judge, great mortality among children, chiefly from bronchitis and diphtheria." February—"From the position of Saturn in Tarus it looks as if the affairs in Ireland would be very unsatisfactory and require more attention from the government. Much sickness is prophesied, and the money market is to be unsteady and fluctuating. Lamentable murders of young females are foretold, and toward the end of the month there will be trouble with the Nihilists and many accidents and crimes.

In March a terrible theatre calamity is prophesied, with devastating fires and a severe time with kings and rulers. Earthquakes will characterize April, together with fires and electrical excitement. A revolt in Turkey and crimes and want in Ireland are booked for May. Strikes, a blight in agriculture, the death of a lady of note, and a terrible case of poisoning or murder are the pleasant forecasts for June. Diarrhœa or cholera, mining accidents, and more trouble in Ireland, with a state of

Anxiety Among Literary Men,

are to be looked for in July, while August will show a splendid yield of cereals, a successful watering-season, a frightful steamboat accident, and troubles in Turkey and Central America. September is to be marked by a war, in which England will participate, deplorable plunders on the part of the British government, and sad disasters to vessels. Serious troubles between England and the United States are also foretold. Fires and losses by shipwreck, with sudden grief to the royal family, with a calamity and terrible loss of life in the United States, are prophesied for October. Terrible accidents, earthquakes, fires and crimes are booked for London, the west of England and the United States in November, while December will show a heavy criminal list with great mortality among children. Mars being stationary in the twenty-second degree of the sign Leo, Raphael says, will produce much evil in the continental States, France and Germany especially, and serious physical ills will befall Austria. England is to have a large increase of crime and pauperism. In concluding a review of the year the English astrologer says: "I foresee in some of the planetary portions grave political changes, maybe a general election; but that a marked change will occur in the ministry is almost beyond doubt."

Perils of the Railroad.

[Exchange.]

The novelist of the future who wishes to invest his hero with the romance of danger-defying courage will not picture him as parting from his lady-love to go forth to the wars. Another and a far more perilous career is opened to him. He will be described as a brakeman, going forth daily to his almost inevitable death or mutilation. There is no exaggeration in saying that in proportion to their numbers the mortality amongst this class is far greater than prevailed amongst the knights of old in their visits "to the wars." It is estimated that in the United States alone the number of brakemen killed averages ten per day, while no count can be kept of the number who escape with their lives, though badly mutilated.

The World's Great Flower Market.

Mexico is the greatest flower market in the world. All the year round the gardens bring forth brilliant blossoms—the fragile, beautiful children of this tropic zone. All historians who write of the Mexicans as Mexicans, speak of their love of flowers as one of their principal characteristics. Nor is this trait diminished in the present generation. From the days before the cruel conquest, all through that merciless time, when the Mexicans bore the heavy yoke under their violent masters, the Spaniards, they remained faithful to their love of flowers; the passion is innate.

The Progress of American Journalism.

The progress of American journalism is noted as follows: First printing office, 1539; first newspaper, 1690; first political newspaper, 1733; first libel suit, 1735; first German newspaper, 1739; first daily newspaper, 1784; first religious newspaper, 1814; first agricultural newspaper, 1818; first prices current, 1822; first penny newspaper, 1833; first independent newspaper, 1835; first illustrated newspaper, 1858; first comic newspaper, 1859.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Epigrams.

[The Academy.]

Who never knew a sorrow grow his friend
And half regretted from his th eshold wend?
Who never longed his tear-scorcht eyes to lave
Rather with any than with Lethe's wave?

Toiling and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature fashioned of his hands;
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy
And mocked at by the flawless stars he stands.

The children romp within the graveyard's pale;
The lark sings o'er a madhouse or a jail;—
Such nice antitheses or perfect poise
Chance in her curious rhetoric employs.

Too Much for Him.

[Exchange.]

A correspondent asks why it is that no bridegroom can recall the first words spoken to his bride when they had found themselves alone in the carriage which is to bear them away on their honeymoon. Why? The secret of forgetfulness is that he has already said to her everything he could think would interest her, everything that does interest him. His conversational resources are exhausted, and he has nothing to say. Instead of an important speech, he utters some dreamy commonplace, throws himself back into the cushions, devoutly thanking heaven "the thing is over." Thus, before the honeymoon is five minutes old, the bridegroom breaks down.

Ten Little Bigots.

[Puck.]

Ten little bigots, chalking out a line,
One couldn't toe it, then there were nine.

Nine little bigots, full of zeal and hate,
One asked time to think, then there were eight.

Eight little bigots, fencing roads to heaven,
One cut across lots, then there were seven.

Seven little bigots, at each other shying bricks,
One's pet creed was smashed then there were six.

Six little bigots, fighting which should drive,
One got down and walked, then there were five.

Five little bigots, wrangling more and more,
One heard of Darwin, then there were four.

Four little bigots, still could not agree,
One kicked his catechism, then there were three.

Three little bigots, madder yet they grew,
One cried: "Hang it all!" then there were two.

Two little bigots, each with loaded gun
Aimed at the other, left was only one.

One little bigot, crowing all alone,
Tackled Bob Ingersoll, then there was none.

An Affair of Honor.

[Wall Street News.]

When the dry goods house of Dollar Bill & Co. opened business in this city the manager was very particular about the character of the employes. To one of the travellers, who seemed in need of extra advice, he said: "I hope, sir, you will do everything in your power to sustain the honor of the house." "Yes, sir; yes, sir; depend upon me," replied the traveller, as he set forth. In three days word reached the firm from Syracuse that this particular man was on a spree in that city, but it was five or six days before the firm could get an answer to any of its telegrams ordering him home. At last he wrote: "Drummer from Boston said he could outdrink any hyena connected with our house. Took me four days to lay him out, but I was bound to sustain our sacred honor or bust. Shall I let any one bluff me at poker? Forgot to ask before I left home. I go West from here."

Youngsters.

[The Century.]

Golden hair and eyes of blue,—
What wont they do?—what wont they do?
Eyes of blue and locks of gold—
My boy, you'll learn before you're old.
The faltered foot, the taper waist—
Be not in haste, be not in haste;
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,
My word for't, youngster, they'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night
Undo the boys; and 't serves 'em right.
Eyes of night and raven hair,
They'll drive you, lad, to sheer despair.
The drooping curl, the downward glance,
They're only waiting for the chance;
At nick of time they'll sure appear,
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,
They know their charms, my boy, they know;
Flexile wrists and fleckless hands,
The lass that has them understands.
The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—
A little while, a little while—
Before you know it, they'll be here,
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips and eyes,
'Tis there the tyro's danger lies.
You'll meet them leagued, or one by one—
In either case the mischief's done.
A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,
And then, my boy, good-by—good-by!
God help you, youngster! keep good cheer;
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

The Washoe Zephyr.

[Virginia City Chronicle.]

Last night the premonitory whiz of the Washoe zephyr came around the southern shoulder of Mount Davidson, and by 1 o'clock this morning it was shrieking with a fury that was fully up to the old-time standard. The air was filled with dust and gravel. Stovepipe chimneys were rattled and twisted with a vicious yell at the wire guys holding them in place. Windows were bombarded with showers of gravel, and houses rocked as if the zephyr had made up its mind to lift them from their foundations or die in the attempt. Signs groaned and screamed at the rough usage they received, and the vagrant oil-can trundled swiftly and affrighted before the gale. Toward morning the zephyr, grown weary, turned in for an hour or two, and the Comstock took advantage of the cessation of the hurly-burly to get a few hours' sleep. At 8 o'clock the zephyr got up from its camp on the other side of the mountain, and began giving the town another rattle. Clouds of dust, paper, rags, leaves, chips, sand, small stones and sticks have been whirling through the streets, filling all eyes with tears and most mouths with profanity. As a stronger gust than usual whistles out the signal of its approach, the seasoned Comstocker pulls his hat over his half-blinded eyes, grabs an awning-post, and, with lowered head, elevated shoulders and suspended breath, holds on till the blast sweeps by. It has been a day for the softer and more loosely-draped sex to stay indoors. The Washoe zephyr is not gallant. The moment it sees a lady it seizes her and insists upon a waltz. If resistance is made the angry zephyr misuses the fair one outrageously, often leaving her standing in the sight of all men looking very much like an umbrella that is turned inside out.

A Wee Bit Wifey.

[Wallace Dunbar.]

It's vera weel throughoot the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
Wi'oot a wifey.

But it's anither thing, at night,
To sit alone by can'le-light,
Or gang till rest, when shairp winds bite,
Wi'oot a wifey.

It's vera weel when claes are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as weel as they do noo,
Wi'oot a wifey;

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
Wi'oot a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—
Wi'oot a wifey;

But clouds will come the skies athart,
Lassies will marry, frien's maun part;
Wha then can cheer your saddened heart
Like a dear wifey?

It's vera weel when young and hale;
But when ye're auld, and crazed, and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
Ye'll want a wifey;

But mayhap then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer;
Because ye're cranky gray and sere,
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon;
Rise up and seek aboot the toon,
And get heaven's greatest earthly boon—
A wee bit wifey.

The Rock on Which Affection Split.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"I cannot marry you."

Against the mullioned windows of Brierton Villa the snow and sleet, driven with terrible force by a northeast gale, was beating fiercely, and as the wind caught up the white particles and whirled them around in eddying circles, it seemed to shriek in very glee at the destruction that strewed its path on every side. Well might the mariner, as he lashed himself to a bottle of rum before going on deck, think of the cheerful fireside at home, around which clustered the bright-eyed children whose chubby arms would never again be twined around papa's neck and their little rose-bud mouths be lifted to his for a kiss in case he was run over by a railroad train after getting ashore.

A wild night, indeed! And yet, as George W. Simpson stood there in the parlor of Brierton Villa, he heeded not the storm, for in his heart there was a dull pain and on his face a look of anguish—a sort of my-other-suspender-has-broken expression that was indeed pitiful. Eulalie McGirlygirt, to win whose love he would freely have sacrificed his sister's chances for a matinee ticket, had told him that his hopes were in vain; that he could never become her benny bridegroom. Suddenly he turned to her and spoke again.

"But you might, at least," he said, "tell me why it is that all my rose-tinted dreams of future happiness must vanish and I go forth to peer forever into a gloomy vista of toeless stockings and undershirts forever bereft of buttons. Surely my unswerving faith that you would hold out as long as the candy store did and my tireless devotion in the line of oysters deserves a more kindly recognition than this."

"I know that all you say is true," replied the girl, choking back a sob, "and I love you better than all the world beside; but I cannot, must not marry you."

But now George is by her side. "I demand to know," he says passionately, "why it is you will not marry me if you love me as you say you do."

Looking up to him, her brown eyes dimpled with tears, and her dimpled cheeks aflame with blushes, Eulalie says in low, bitter tones:

"I have [illegible]

'TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH;

—OR,—

A Narrow Escape.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Yet the shadow of an old horror was on her face and in her eyes when I touched her lightly on the arm.

"Oh," I said, "what is the matter? Don't look like that, but tell me what it is."

She at once became her natural self again.

"It is nothing," she replied—"only the memory of an old trouble that comes over me sometimes; and you are so like her; you put me in mind of her twenty times a day. Sometimes, when I hear you laugh—and a sweet laugh it is!—I could fancy we had our own Miss May back with us once more."

"Tell me about her," I said softly. "Is it long since you lost her?"

She broke away from me abruptly.

"I can't stay," she answered; "I haven't time. All the master's and Mr. Wilfred's shirts must be got up today, and that Hannah is so stupid she burns everything her iron touches. Go out in the sunshine, Miss Estelle, and watch Pearce a bit—it is a shame for a bonny young thing like you to be cooped up in the house all day—he is planting geraniums in the new beds at the end of the lawn."

Then she hurried away in the direction of the kitchen, as if to make up for lost time.

I took Mrs. Pearce's advice, fetched my hat from my own room, and walked out in the direction where the cross old servant, her husband, was arranging new beds of geraniums at the foot of the beautifully-kept lawn before the house.

When he saw me he stopped his work, and, leaning on his spade, looked at me with something like admiration on his surly old countenance. Perhaps he too saw a resemblance in me to the lost darling of the household.

"Eh," he said, "you're a bonny young thing to be wandering about here all alone! We've not had anything so bright in the place for a long time past. Me and my old woman is quite pleased."

I could not help laughing; he was so odd and so familiar and patronizing, yet evidently without meaning the slightest disrespect. I had already discovered that the Pearces considered themselves quite a part of the Northcote family; they had lived with Mr. Northcote for many years, and knew all the family troubles and family secrets; but they were a reserved and taciturn couple, and strangers might have hoped in vain to gather any information from them which they did not voluntarily choose to impart.

I stayed by Pearce's side, watching him at his work for a few moments; and then I walked on towards the river, the faint distant murmur of which, as it dashed along over the stones, seemed to lure me towards it like a spell.

As I walked on, the old man called after me.

"Don't you go too far alone, Miss; and don't you keep no company save the best. There's badness about at Hillersdon as well as otherwheres. Oh, I forgot! There's no danger, though, today."

I felt somewhat disgusted with this extraordinary warning, and walked on, wondering whatever he could mean by cautioning me not to keep bad company, until a turn in the path brought me out into such a lovely woodland glade by the bank of the river that I forgot everything else in admiration of its beauty.

As I stood there watching the silver glimmer of the water through the green tracery of the boughs, a gentle rustling among the leaves on the bank above attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw standing, with her beautiful golden hair all blown about and brought out vividly against the dark foliage behind her, the shepherd's handsome daughter, Lizzie Gordon. How well I remember that first sight of her as she stood looking down upon me, half startled by our unexpected meeting, like some fair nymph of the woods! But many days have come and gone now, Lizzie, since you and I first met, and now, when I write your name, my heart is sad within me and I cannot see the paper for my tears.

She was a good deal taller than I, with soft, rich, golden hair and deep blue eyes. I fell in love with Lizzie the moment that I saw her, and I went up to her at once, holding out my hand.

"I know who you are," I said; "I have heard of you already. You are Lizzie Gordon, and I am Estelle Raleigh."

She smiled and blushed, and then laid aside her shyness once and for all, and in ten minutes Lizzie and I were talking away like old friends. She was very simply dressed in some kind of blue stuff, made without any attempt at fashion or display, but I think the very simplicity of it only made her golden hair and soft blue eyes and pink rose complexion all the more striking and attractive.

We were the only two girls on the station, except the rough, ignorant Hannah, who helped Mrs. Pearce in the kitchen. Lizzie was not of her class, and she and I felt drawn together.

She asked me to go up to her father's little cottage with her and have a cup of tea, and I went willingly enough. The two small rooms were beautifully clean and as neat as could possibly be. While she got me the tea and a delicious fresh-baked buttered scone to eat with it, I noticed her books—volumes of Good Words and the Leisure Hour and others she had coaxed her father to buy for her at the nearest town.

"I'm always reading, Miss Estelle," said Lizzie presently. "I want"—here she blushed and hesitated a little over her words—"I want to make myself a little more like a lady."

She was one of nature's ladies already, I thought, and I said—

"I think you are very nice as you are, Lizzie."

"Oh, but I'm not a lady!" she replied. "I know that well. I couldn't walk and speak as you do, Miss Estelle, and I haven't your pretty airs and manners; I am sure you can see that. I want to make myself so that I could sit with other ladies in a drawing-room, and not feel ashamed."

She spoke with scarcely any Scotch accent, probably owing to her having left Scotland when quite a child. But her ambition jarred upon me a little. I could not fancy Lizzie "sitting in a drawing-room with other ladies." With her beautiful untidy hair and her simple, natural grace, she was an artist's study of a woodland nymph or a Scotch lassie of the Effie Deans type, but not a drawing-room belle or a beauty of the London season.

I stayed with Lizzie so long that at last I had to hurry home, fearing Mrs. Northcote might miss me; but fortunately she had not done so, and was just asking for me as I walked in.

CHAPTER III.

I did not see either Mr. Northcote or Wilfred that day; they did not return until late. Mrs. Northcote and I had a comfortable tea-dinner in her room together.

I had to carve the cold fowl for her, and to cut it into dainty morsels on her plate, and to butter a slice of toast for her, as if she had been a child; when I was not there, Mrs. Pearce always attended to her in the same way.

After tea, I sang to her; and she complained of feeling tired, and went to bed very early. Although an invalid, she was able to walk short distances, and I made up my mind that I would coax her to walk a little way with me in the sunshine every day, and thus very probably do her general health much good, for I fancied that until I came she had been allowed to mope too much in-doors.

I carried out my little plan the next day and for many days afterwards, and old Pearce looked relieved to see me with her, and did not caution me again not to keep bad company. I saw enough at all hours in the day of Wilfred's handsome laughing face; he had a hundred little devices for meeting me and a hundred pretty speeches always ready on his tongue. He was so cautious, however, that his uncle did not know of half the attention he was paying to me; what little Mr. Northcote did observe, he evidently strongly disapproved of, and had many devices of his own for keeping Wilfred and myself apart. These Wilfred as constantly managed to evade; but he dared not openly disobey his uncle, of whom he evidently stood in considerable awe.

"This proud Hugo Northcote," I said to myself, "thinks I am not good enough to form one of the family of which he is the head. No matter! My pride is quite strong enough to prevent me from wishing to do anything of the kind."

Sometimes I wondered a little what manner of man Hugo Northcote—"the master," as Mrs. Pearce always called him—really was, the opinions of the different members of his household concerning him were so widely opposed to one another. I did not like him myself, but then I was comparatively a stranger to him; Wilfred hated and feared him, and made no secret of it; but Mrs. Northcote loved and respected Hugo far more than she did her own son Wilfed, whom she always treated with a gentle, forbearing compassion, as a not over well-behaved child; and lastly, the Pearces loved their master with a feeling almost akin to veneration.

The days passed gradually into weeks, and I was very happy in my new home. How much Wilfred had to do with this state of feeling I did not pause to inquire. He was certainly very handsome, very good-tempered and attractive, and always in the way just when I wanted to be amused.

Long as I had now lived at Hillersdon I had never yet seen the mysterious door at the corner of the passage open, though Mrs. Pearce sometimes produced a key, and, letting herself into the room, would remain there for some little time, after which, on coming out, she always carefully closed and fastened the door behind her again. I noticed that whenever I met her after one of these visits she always looked as if she had been crying.

I often puzzled myself as to what strange family secret was connected with this shut-up, unused apartment. That some dreadful story was linked with it I felt convinced; and once I tried with some dexterity to gratify my curiosity by leading Mrs. Northcote to talk on the subject, but my stratagem was not successful. She either could not or would not remember anything about it, but she advised me, if I wished to know anything about the house to apply to Hugo Northcote.

"Hugo can tell you all about it, my dear," she said. "He knows everything that has happened in the family for years past, and whatever he orders is sure to be for the best in the end. We came out to this country, you know, because Hugo wished it; and I am growing better and stronger every day. Then, when Hugo thought I ought to have a companion, you sent us your photograph; and Wilfred and I did not like it: we said, 'She looks too old'; but Hugo said, 'No, an elderly lady will just suit us'; and you see he was quite right as usual, for you are not old at all, but just what we could wish!"

So she chatted away, poor old lady; and I found myself smiling at the mistakes my photograph had caused; but never a word about the room of which the door was always locked and the blinds drawn could I elicit from Mrs. Northcote.

It was a showery day, and I could not go out either with Mrs. Northcote or by myself; the squalls, when they came, were so violent, and the intervals between them so short. Mrs. Northcote was asleep up-stairs, and I had escaped to the kitchen. I was sitting comfortably by the stove with a long spoon in one hand, stirring a great preserving-pan full of greengage plums, while Mrs. Pearce, at the table beneath the window, was engaged in the manufacture of a most delicious dish for dinner that night.

I had grown very fond of Mrs. Pearce, and she in her turn was fond of me; I liked to spend an hour or two with her in the kitchen whenever I could get a chance; and, above all, I liked to coax her to talk, but that was not so easy; she was on some subjects only one degree less reserved and taciturn than her fractious old husband, who, I often thought, must be exactly suited to "Master Hugo," for they both seemed as cold and as hard as stones.

"Would you like to go back to England, Mrs. Pearce?" I asked by and by, as she carried the dish of custard into the larder to leave it there until dinner time.

"No," she replied, "I don't know that I should. My old man would not leave Master Hugo, not on no account, nor would I. We've lived with him a many years, and with his father before him; and I nursed Miss May when she was a baby."

I think that the last words slipped out unawares, and that she was sorry when she uttered them.

"Oh, tell me about Miss May!" I said eagerly, catching at the opportunity. "Was she Mr. Wilfred's sister?"

"Oh, no," she answered—"no, not by no means!" and she looked quite shocked at the very idea. "She was the daughter of a cousin of Master Hugo's, and she was an orphan; her father and mother were both dead, and Master Hugo was left her guardian."

"Tell me some more," I asked again, when she paused. "Was she quite a child when she died?"

"No," said Mrs. Pearce; "she was a grown-up young lady, and a sweet one, too. She was taller than you are, Miss Estelle, and she was just the light of the house."

"Of what did she die?" I asked next, for all the little hints she dropped about the lost Miss May, who was supposed to have resembled me, interested me so much that my curiosity led me to ask more questions than perhaps I ought to have done.

Mrs. Pearce suddenly put out both her hands, as if to warn me off forbidden ground.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she said entreatingly. "Don't tempt me to talk about her any more. I could speak of her from morning till night if I dare. Pearce says my tongue will be the ruin of us all some day!"

There was something so pathetic in her tone, and the beseeching gesture with which she begged me not to tempt her to talk was so genuine and sincere that I said not another word; but I felt in some way strangely shocked and startled.

"I think these plums are done, Mrs. Pearce," I said at last, after a few moments' silence between us, which felt awkward and oppressive.

"Yes," she answered, coming to look at them. "They'll do nicely now, miss. I'll lift of the heavy kettle and fill the jars, and I'll get you to be so good as to write the labels for them."

"Let me fill the jars, Mrs. Pearce," I said.

"No," she answered; "you might stain your pretty blue cambric gown. If you want to help me with such work as this, Miss Estelle, you must get a big holland apron that will cover you all round."

Her words put a new thought into my head. I had indeed hardly anything to wear, except the blue cambric morning gown I had on and the black cashmere I wore in the evening; and I had been at Hillersdon nearly two months. I wondered if I might venture to ask Mr. Northcote for a little of my salary; but I was terribly afraid of him.

However, I resolved to take advantage of this opportunity to consult Mrs. Pearce on the subject.

"Mrs. Pearce," I said, rather hesitatingly, "you don't know how very few clothes I have. My father has been too poor for a long time past to give me any new things. Do you think I might venture to ask Mr. Northcote for a few pounds out of my salary to buy a trifle or two in town?"

She seemed surprised that I should hesitate for a moment.

"Oh, ask him tomorrow!" she replied. "He's that good and kind, I know he'll give you what you wish for at once."

"I am afraid," I said rather faintly. "You know I have not been here a full quarter yet."

She gave me an encouraging smile.

"Don't be afraid of Master Hugo," she said. "You don't know him yet. He's as good as gold. Just go to him for what you want, and you'll see."

One thing puzzled me very much—why was Mr. Hugo so much wealthier than Mr. Wilfred, who was the only son of his elder brother, and yet who never seemed to have any money? I asked Mrs. Pearce to explain it to me.

"The Northcotes were always a poor family," she said, "but a grand county family, too. Mr. Wilfred's father had very little money, and what he had he spent, and he did not get any more when he married Mrs. Northcote. Master Hugo's money all comes to him from his mother; she was a Courtenay and very rich, and all her property came to him."

"Then Mr. Hugo and Mr. Wilfred's father were only half-brothers?" I said.

"Just so," returned Mrs. Pearce. "And Mr. Wilfred was left quite dependent on his uncle, and has always been so."

"Was Mrs. Northcote always as she is now?" I asked again.

"Always, more or less," said Mrs. Pearce. "But she was not so bad when she was a girl; and she was a great beauty then. Mr. Wilfred's father was deep in love with her; it was quite a love-match. Her mind has grown worse of late years, since his death, poor thing!"—and she sighed.

Old Pearce showed his sour face at the kitchen door just then.

"I say, old woman, your tongue's going too fast," he said to his wife; and she broke off hurriedly and would add no more.

"It is only me she is talking to, Mr. Pearce," I said. "Why shouldn't she. I have been here so long now, I am quite one of the family, like yourselves."

I tossed my head quite saucily as I spoke, for, cross as old Peace was, I was not in awe of him in the least any longer.

He chuckled to himself over my answer for some minutes, for I was in my way a favorite of his.

"Eh, she's a ready tongue, has Miss Estella!" I heard him mutter to himself, and then he said aloud: "Don't you never try to enter this family, miss! There's only one way you could do it in safety, and that way mayn't be open to you—though indeed I'm not saying but what it may—seems like enough at times!"

I felt my cheeks burn, though what he meant by these strange remarks I could not imagine.

"This dreadful old man," I said to myself—"he seems determined to give me any number of mysterious warnings; and what they all meant I haven't the slightest idea; but I really think he does it for my good all the same."

Surly as he was, I could not help respecting old Pearce. He was as stanch as steel to his master's interests, and thoroughly honest; he and his wife were certainly invaluable servants.

I acted on Mrs. Pearce's advice; and the next morning I determined to speak to Mr. Northcote. I knew he would most probably be in his study alone for an hour or two during the morning; and watching my opportunity, I followed him there and knocked timidly at the door.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT HOME.

When Hugo Northcote gave the order to come in I entered with a beating heart, and feeling really very much frightened. I had never asked any one except my father or mother for money in my life, and I did not know how to begin now.

Mr. Northcote seemed somewhat surprised to see me, but at once handed me a chair, and asked me more kindly and less coldly than usual what he could do for me.

"I know," I began, clumsily enough, "that I have not been here a quarter yet; but—but—I want a little money dreadfully—you have no idea how much! Would you be very angry if, I were to ask you for twenty-five dollars?"

Mr. Northcote could not help smiling.

"Is that your trouble?" he asked. "Pray don't look so pale about it. Certainly you shall have what you want."

I was still very nervous, and could scarcely lift my eyes from the floor to look at him.

"I thought you might be angry," I said faintly. "I would not have troubled you if I could have helped it."

"Were you so afraid," he returned, "of asking for such a trifle from me? I must have made myself very terrible to you."

Some strange and unexpected softness in the tone in which he spoke made me look up at him suddenly; but he had turned away, and was bending over the papers at his writing-table. Presently he crossed the room to my side, and put a little slip of paper into my hand. I glanced down at it and saw, to my astonishment, that it was a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. Amazement almost took my breath away. I had never possessed such a sum in my life.

"Oh," I said softly, "can you spare me all this?"

He laughed a little; and I looked up at him hastily. He was gazing down at my face with something in his eyes which was very like admiration. I was so startled at the change in him that I lowered my eyes again.

"Spare it you?" he said. "Certainly I can; and you can have more another time. Let me know when you want it."

All my nervousness had gone now. I felt so bold that I even ventured to make another request.

"Would you be angry," I said, "if I were to ask you for a week's holiday that I may go and buy myself some things in town? You have no idea how glad I should be."

He hesitated for a moment; my request, I could see, was for some reason or other distasteful to him; but he said at last, gravely and coldly, that I might go if I chose, only I must not remain away longer than a week.

"I need not tell you," he added, "that poor Mrs. Northcote is very fond of you, and will feel your absence severely."

I gladly agreed to these terms, and promised to return in less than a week if possible; and then I got up to leave. He held the door open for me; and the dreaded interview with Hugo Northcote was over, leaving me joyous and triumphant, feeling as rich as any queen.

"Mrs. Pearce is right; her master is very kind beneath surface," I said to myself as I reached my own room.

The same afternoon I went through the wood to look for Lizzie Gordon. I wanted to ask her if I could get any little thing for her in town—I felt so rich with my thirty pounds. Lizzie saw me coming and ran to meet me, her fair cheeks flushed with pink, and her golden hair gathered into a thick roll at the back of her pretty head.

"How well you look, Miss Estelle!" she said when she saw me. "Your eyes are so bright, and you have more color than usual, and you look so happy."

"No wonder, Lizzie," I answered. "I am going home for a few days to see my mother and to buy all kinds of things. Mr. Northcote has been so kind to me!"

"Mr. Hugo?" she said, doubtfully. "He is kind, but very cold."

"I think he is not really so cold as he seems," I returned, smiling, for I was disposed to think well of every one that day.

"He is not kind to Mr. Wilfred," she said, softly; and then she blushed and asked me to go up to the cottage with her as usual. But I had no time that day.

"Tell me something to get for you in town, Lizzie," I said.

But she would not choose anything, and I determined to bring her something pretty which should be a surprise to her. As we sat side by side among the green leaves and the fern, Lizzie said to me suddenly—

"Miss Estelle, I want you to sing for me. Some one told me you sing beautifully. I want you to sing for me about a 'castle in the air.'"

"My singing pleases Mrs. Northcote," I answered. "That is the chief value of it. I never had any good lessons."

But she persisted in her request, and I sang, and behold, when I came to the end Lizzie was on her knees at my feet sobbing bitterly, with her face in the folds of my dress!

"Oh," she said, "I had a castle in the air, and it has all gone to pieces in the last few weeks!"

"Tell me about it, Lizzie," I said, stroking her hair softly.

"Oh, it is nothing—nothing!" she answered, getting up and drying her eyes. "I am ashamed of myself now. But that song brought it home to me somehow."

She would not tell me any more, and I ceased to urge her. I fancied she would let me know more another time; and I had to hurry back to the house to pack my little carpet bag, for I was to leave Hillersdon by the coach that passed the gate early the next morning.

The week I spent at home was a very happy one. Clare and I went shopping every day. I bought her a pretty new dress and gloves and ribbons, to replace those she had once given me, and I got some little presents for Lizzie and the Pearces, and everything I wanted for myself; and still I was able to give my mother a little help. Never did $150 go farther or give more pleasure than this money of mine.

They asked me many questions about the Northcotes, and were all pleased to hear that I was happy at Hillersdon, but I had grown almost as reserved as the Pearces. I told them very little, and I never even mentioned the room with the locked door or Mrs. Pearce's allusions to her dear Miss May. I felt that while I was a member of Mr. Northcote's household, and especially as he was treating me with so much liberality, I must on no account gossip about the family affairs.

On the last night of my visit home, Clare stole into my room, when all the house was quiet, to exchange a few last words.

"Estelle," she whispered, as she sat at the foot of my bed, "when all is settled let me know."

"When what is settled, you foolish child?" I asked.

"About Wilfred," she said.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "Wilfred is a general admirer, and, besides, to tell the truth, I don't quite understand him."

"How silly you are, Estelle!" said Clare, with a little impatient shrug of her shoulders. "As if I did not know that the house and the family are full of mysteries, and you keep trying to pretend that you know nothing about them. Shall I tell you what I heard the other day about your Northcotes?"

"Yes," I said eagerly and with some little curiosity.

"People say," she answered, "that one of the Mr. Northcotes is a widower, but whether it is the uncle or the nephew no one seems to know."

The thought struck me at first with amazement; but, when I came to consider, I felt it might easily be true. Possibly Hugh Northcote's grave manner might be caused by some heart trouble he had never really got over.

"Who was the lady Mr. Northcote married?" I asked. "And was he married in Ohio?"

"Oh, no!" said Clare carelessly. "Some girl or other at home; and there was something disgraceful about the marriage, and they hushed it up. Perhaps she was not of their class; at any rate, that is what people say," she added, yawning as she spoke, for she was very sleepy.

"Go to bed, Clare," said I. "If you stay here any longer, mother will ask what we are talking about."

Kissing me, and telling me to be sure to write soon, she went away; and I lay awake, pondering this strange and unexpected piece of intelligence, of which I somewhat doubted the truth. And at last, when I fell asleep, I heard in my dreams the river stronger and more stormy than usual.

When, the next day, the coach deposited me once more at the Hillersdon gates, the first object my eyes rested upon, besides old Pearce and his light cart, was—yes, certainly it was—the tall, fine figure of Hugo Northcote.

I could not flatter myself, however, that he had come there with the slightest intention of meeting me; he had his gun over his shoulder and a couple of wild ducks in one hand, and he was evidently merely passing by the gate on his way home from shooting. However, having encountered me, he put his wild ducks into the cart and turned to walk up through the Hillerdson grounds by my side. He asked me with kind courtesy how I had found all my friends; and presently I found myself, as we walked on together, talking to him more easily and comfortably than I had ever done yet.

We came out at last upon the lovely little plateau on the top of the cliff, looking down upon the river—the river that haunted my dreams.

"How beautiful it is!" I said, with a sigh of pleasure, looking down to where the waters below stormed along, dark and deep.

"And how dangerous!" answered Mr. Northcote quietly.

"I suppose," I said, "if any one fell over here they would have no chance for their life?"

"Not the slightest," he answered; "the very strongest swimmer could not live ten minutes in that current. I sometimes think I ought to have a railing put along the edge of the cliff."

"No one would be likely to fall over," I said.

"One might on a dark night," he answered.

Just then a rustling among the trees behind us made us both turn round. There, standing just where I had first encountered him, was handsome, lighthearted Wilfred Northcote. He was not looking his best today, however; he seemed for some reason to be rather out of temper.

"I thought you would have been here hours ago," he said to me, sulkily. "I have been waiting ever so long." And he laid his hand for a moment almost roughly upon my arm, as if to detain me.

Mr. Northcote quietly removed his hand, and walked on by my side. I felt my cheeks burn, for it seemed as if I had made an appointment with Wilfred to meet him there on my return, which I had certainly never dreamt of doing.

"Were you waiting for me?" I said to Wilfred, with extreme coldness. "I had no idea you would do me so much honor;" and I made him a little dignified bow, and walked on again at his uncle's side.

He did not try to follow us; we left him standing sulkily among the trees; and I did not see him again until dinner-time.

CHAPTER V.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Pearce was rejoiced to see me again; I took out the little presents I had bought—a new cap for herself and a muffler for her cross old husband—and she was greatly pleased with them.

"The house has not been like itself while you have been away, Miss Estelle," she said. "Mrs. Northcote has been fretting for you sore; and even the master said he wished you were home again."

It was pleasant to hear that I had been missed, and I liked to hear her speak of Hillersdon as my "home." It had grown to be a happier home to me than any other I had ever known in my life.

At dinner, Wilfred was his usual gay, good-humored self again; he seemed anxious to atone for his ill-temper of the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Northcote was shut up in his study with some visitors who had come to Hillersdon to transact some business; and Wilfred took advantage of the opportunity to follow me into his mother's room.

"Do forgive me for being such a bear, Miss Estelle," he said. "The truth is, I was in an awful temper; the house was not like itself while you were away, and I wanted that old screw of an uncle of mine to give me a little cash to take a trip to town myself; and then I could have looked after you on the journey home; but he wouldn't—actually said he would not give me another penny these three months. Isn't he an awful miserly old brute?"

I could not agree with him. Hugo Northcote had certainly not acted like a miser towards me, nor was the Hillersdon household carried on in any respect in a parsimonious style.

Wilfred and I were sitting by the fire—the evenings now had grown chilly; Mrs. Northcote was quietly knitting by my side; she never attended in the least to anything that we said.

Wilfred was whispering more and more softly, as he bent nearer towards me.

"I wish," he was saying, "that I could persuade you never to leave us again; always to make Hillersdon your real home. Can't I persuade you, Estelle?"

He looked so handsome, with the light of the fire on his dark curls, and his eyes—the least attractive part of his face—in the shadow, that I thought I had never seen him to greater advantage. I found myself listening dreamily to his voice, as if it were a chapter in a story, and not a real scene in real life, in which I was expected to take a prominent part.

"To stay here always?" I repeated after him, almost mechanically.

"Yes—yes!" he said impatiently. "Don't you understand me, Estelle? I want you to promise to be my wife."

A log fell into the hot ashes on the fire with a sudden crash; Mrs. Northcote half started from her chair; some one came to the door—I think it was old Pearce bringing more wood.

"Your answer, Estelle?" Wilfred whispered eagerly; and I said hurriedly—

"Another time; I can't answer you now. Give me time to think it over. I don't feel sure that you are really in earnest."

"I mean every word I said," he answered; but I had turned away, and we had not a chance to exchange another word during the rest of the evening.

All night I lay awake thinking of the crisis which had come in my life, and of the answer I had promised to give to Wilfred Northcote the next day. What should I say to him? Did I love him, and did I really wish to marry him; or should I forbid him to address another word to me on the subject?

At last, wearied out with doubts and perplexities, I fell fast asleep, and when breakfast-time came I was still sleeping, utterly tired out. Mrs. Pearce came to look for me; she fancied that I should be tired with my long journey the day before, and she had kindly brought me some tea and toast. She told me not to disturb myself; breakfast in the dining-room was over, and Mrs. Northcote would be quite satisfied if she were told that I was having an extra hour's rest.

But I got up at once. I knew now that I should probably not see Wilfred until the evening; and I had gained a few hours' respite, at any rate, for I dreaded to have to make my decision at once.

Just as I came down the long passage I saw Mrs. Pearce in front of me, with a key in her hand. She stopped at the door which was always locked, let herself in and then fastened the door behind her. For what purpose she went in I did not know. I passed on; and, going out at the front door, I saw that the blinds of the room were drawn closely as usual.

In the afternoon I slipped away to see Lizzie Gordon for half an hour. I had bought her a book I thought she would like, and some pearl-gray lustre for a dress. She was delighted to see me and very much pleased with my little offering. I thought she was looking much brighter and happier than when we had met last; in fact, she was in the gayest possible spirits.

"Only think, Miss Estelle!" she said. "I am going to have my holiday soon, too. I am going to stay with some cousins of mine in town; but for longer than you did—perhaps for a whole month. Father says that he can spare me quite well."

I sympathized with her delight, and we chatted away gayly and girlishly as usual. At last—what prompted me to say it I do not know—I exclaimed suddenly:

"Lizzie, do you know I heard a strange rumor while I was in town? People say that one of the Mr. Northcotes is a widower."

There was a startled look upon her face as her eyes met mine.

"It can't be true," she said, "or else it must be Mr. Hugo. It never can be Mr. Wilfred; he is too young and too light-hearted."

"Perhaps it is mere town gossip," I answered.

And then I was going to change the subject, but Lizzie pondered on it still.

"It might be Mr. Hugo," she said. "Perhaps he has a wife at home; he often looks so grave."

"If there is any truth in it all, Lizzie," I replied, "I think it must have been Mr. Northcote; for his nephew seems, as you say, too young; but, for my own part, I scarcely believe it."

"Some lady at home, it must have been," Lizzie said, more to herself than to me. "There never was any Mrs. Northcote here except the old lady. Father and I have lived here ever since Mr. Hugo bought the place."

I did not answer, or encourage her to talk about it any more, and the subject was never revived between us.

When I reached home I found that Mr. Northcote and his nephew had not yet returned, and Mrs. Northcote and I had tea together, as usual on these occasions. She was very gay and lively, and talked a great deal about some wedding or other she had once been to in New England. The bride, she said, wore nothing but natural flowers, and the bridesmaids had little caps of real flowers on their heads.

"They all looked so sweet, my dear," she said, "and she was the prettiest of them all; every one admired our May."

I quite started at the words, and almost let the cup into which I was just pouring cream drop from my fingers. It was quite a new idea to me that the "Miss May," whose loss Mrs. Pearce had taken so deeply to heart, had been married before she died.

I had the curiosity to lead Mrs. Northcote to tell me some more about this wedding, and especially who the bridegroom had been, but it was useless; her memory had already failed her as to what she had just been speaking about. The tea-cake I had set before her had changed the current of her thoughts, and now she was telling me how these little cakes were made from some family recipe which Hugo's mother had taught Mrs. Pearce when she was quite a girl.

"Hugo's mother was a Courtenay," she said. "All the Courtenays were very rich and very clever, like the Northcotes. My bad memory comes into the family quite through me, and Wilfred has inherited it too."

I could scarcely help smiling at this, for Wilfred had never shown any signs of a bad memory during my experience of him; but Mrs. Northcote did not notice that I was amused; she was now speaking about the Pearces, and how they lived in the family for such a long time.

"They are quite worth their weight in gold to Hugo and to me."

"Did Mrs. Pearce arrange the breakfast at the wedding you were speaking of?" I asked, making another effort to recall her wandering thoughts, but in vain.

"I don't remember," she answered, vaguely. "My memory is very bad at times." Then, brightening up—"When you are married, my dear, I am sure she will arrange your breakfast for you, and I hope the happy event will come off very soon."

I could not help laughing and feeling my cheeks in a flame at her words. Could she but have known what Wilfred had been saying to me last night upon this very subject?

After tea she seemed to have talked herself out, and relapsed into silence, while she knitted away at her white shawl—never likely to be finished, for it had to be unravelled and got to rights again so often.

The evening was quite warm, almost sultry; and, when I had lighted the lamp for Mrs. Northcote, the moonlight outside looked most tempting; the window was wide open, and at last, yielding to the attraction, I stepped out on to the lawn, which stretched away steeped in that soft silvery light. I paced softly along in the sweet evening air among the flowers and the shrubs by the side of the house till I came to a little door, quite grown over and half hidden by a luxuriant rose, which led, I knew, into the garden.

Through this little gate I passed, and closed it again behind me. I loved the orchard dearly; it was one of the beauties of Hillersdon. It was a fragrant wilderness of bloom and perfume and fruit during the summer and autumn months. Roses grew everywhere; so did jessamine and honeysuckle, and other sweet and delightful blossoms. The fruit was of every kind, and much of it was really excellent. I wended my way through the trees; I knew there were two grand old quince-trees laden with fruit, and Mrs. Pearce had been talking of making quince jelly, for "the master" was fond of it; I wanted to see if she had gathered the quinces yet.

As I stood under the shadow of the trees, some one came softly behind me. I turned with a sudden start and found that it was Wilfred Northcote.

"We are just home," he said, speaking softly, as if anxious that no one should overhear him. "I have been looking for you everywhere. I want your answer, Estelle."

A sudden terror at the thought of deciding my fate at that moment had come upon me.

"Oh," I said, "don't press me for an answer just yet! I have thought about it ever since you spoke to me, and yet I can't decide. If you make me answer you tonight I shall say 'No.'"

"Don't you know if you love me, Estelle?" he asked, with a reproachful tenderness in his tone which was difficult to resist.

"I can't tell what I ought to do," I answer. "Give me a few weeks in which to think it over. At present I cannot decide, or, if I do, I cannot yet say 'Yes.'"

He looked disappointed and annoyed; then suddenly his face cleared again.

"I will give you three weeks, Estelle," he said. "Three whole weeks—think of that; then you must let me know my fate at once without any more delay."

"Yes," I said, "in three weeks you shall have an answer, I promise you that, without fail."

He went on—

"I am going away tomorrow to spend a few weeks with some friends across the river. I will come back for my answer at the appointed time."

Just as he spoke the words, the boughs of the quince tree rustled and moved, and the next instant old Pearce stood before us. He looked perfectly horror-stricken at seeing who was my companion.

"Come in at once, Miss Estelle," he said; "it's getting mighty cold and damp, and a young creature like you has no business out here at this time o' night." Then to Wilfred, "Your dinner, sir, is laid in the dining-room, and the master is waiting for you."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

As I walked away with Pearce I heard him mutter to himself—

"Eh, dear! Only to think of it! And she as innocent as a baby! All alone among them trees, at this time o'night!"

"Well, Mr. Pearce," I said rather pertly, "why shouldn't I be among the trees at this time? It is quite early and not cold at all, though you said it was."

"You wasn't by yourself, miss," he retorted as tartly as possible, "else I shouldn't a said a word. Eh, the risks that young girls will run! And I'd never seen you at all if it hadn't been for your gown shining through the leaves."

I had on a pale blue dress, and I suppose the moonlight made it seem to shine like silver.

"Mr. Wilfred was not eating me," I said, with a touch of Pearce's own crossness; but he only chuckled and told me to run into his old woman, for he had to go on to the stables. I did so, and he departed, chuckling still, and repeating my last remark over and over to himself, as if it had been something very witty; but this was a habit that he had.

I did not see Wilfred again for some time; he left early in the morning to visit his friends across the river, as he had told me. The house seemed very quiet without him; yet I was astonished to find how little difference his absence really made to me, and how slightly I missed him on the whole; but, in spite of this, I had nearly made up my mind to accept him if he again asked me.

During those three weeks Hugo Northcote and I gradually learned to make friends of each other. I lost my fear of him and my shyness, and he in his turn laid aside much of his pride and coldness with me. I found myself talking to him quite freely and naturally, and even looking forward to the breakfast and dinner hours, when we now sat opposite to each other at the oval table in the dining-room.

Just about this time I was much troubled and harrassed by a letter which I received from my mother. She wrote in excellent spirits to tell me that my father had just succeeded in obtaining a tolerably good appointment from the government, and she begged that I would at once resign my situation, and return home as soon as ever I could be allowed to leave Hillersdon.

"Although," she wrote, "we cannot offer you a home as comfortable in all respects as Mr. Northcote's establishment, still there is now no necessity for you to earn your own living, and I miss you sorely, Estelle," she added, "and should be most thankful to have you back again. Poor Clare's health does not improve, and she is of little or no assistance to me in my family cares; she is always lamenting that she is not stronger, in order that she might seek to obtain another such situation as yours."

The real pith and kernel, however, of my mother's letter was at an end, and she at last unfolded her real reason for wishing me to return home. Some kind friend had told her that Mr. Northcote was quite young, was, in fact, a remarkably attractive man of thirty—she had fancied, she said, from my description of him, that he must be much older—and that I dined and spent the evening alone with him every night. What else she had heard from this friend she did not say, but she was, in fact, fretting sorely about me, and her letter closed with another urgent appeal to me to return home at once.

I felt completely puzzled and bewildered, and did not know at first, after reading the letter, what I ought to do. To leave Hillersdon, where I had a comfortable home and a handsome salary, seemed madness to me. I knew well that my father's delicate health might oblige him to resign his appointment at almost any time, and then I should once more be compelled to set forth to earn my own living. Besides, I was so happy at Hillersdon, the thought of leaving it was terrible to me. Mrs. Northcote would fret seriously after me, I knew; she had grown very fond of me, and I had become quite necessary to her.

Then there flashed upon me an easy way out of the difficulty. I had only to accept Wilfred's offer and I might be able to call Hillersdon my home in real earnest; perhaps I was not very deeply in love with him, but what did that matter? I liked him sufficiently well and I admired his gay debonair manner and his handsome face. When once I had become his wife I should have secured my home, and have a right to wait upon his mother as a daughter of her own.

I was standing on the little green plateau, which Hugo Northcote had called a dangerous spot, looking down at the fierce and stormy current dashing and foaming past below; the cliffs just here dipped sheer down into the water; no ledges or broken rocks made their outline irregular—they looked as if they had been cut down with a knife.

The place had a weird fascination of its own for me. I glanced over the edge and remembered how Hugo Northcote had said that the strongest swimmer could not live ten minutes in that current. I knew he was a first-rate swimmer himself, for Mrs. Pearce had related to me some of "the master's" feats in that line during old times in New England, so I felt sure that his judgment of the water here must be correct.

As I stood there I heard the leaves of the trees rustling and the little twigs cracking as some one advanced towards me through the plantation; presently this some one began to whistle clearly and musically, and then I knew that it was Wilfred Northcote.

Instinctively I drew back a little from my dangerous position at the edge of the cliff, and just then he emerged from the trees, and with one or two eager strides was at my side.

"I am so glad I have met you here," he said, his handsome face lighting up. "There are no prying eyes or listening ears to disturb us. I have longed for this moment, Estelle, ever since I went away; after keeping me waiting so long for an answer, you cannot have the heart to refuse me now."

I felt that I had grown very pale; but I was quite calm and not nervous at all.

"Do you still wish me to marry you?" I asked.

"Do I still wish it?" he broke out. "Have I not wished it every day, every hour since I first knew you? Oh, Estelle, say at once, 'Wilfred, I will be your wife!'"

"I will be your wife if your friends will consent to your marrying me," I said; and I felt that it was a strange matter-of-fact way to answer, but I could not help it.

I think he was greatly pleased.

"They must consent—they shall consent," he said. "Oh, Estelle, if you had refused me I don't know what I should have done!"

I turned to walk back to the house, and he walked at my side; he tried to take my hand in his, and to place it within his arm, but I drew it away, gently, but firmly.

"No," I said; "wait until they have consented. Speak to your uncle about it at once."

"I will tell him tomorrow," he answered, his face clouding a little at the prospect.

I knew that Wilfred was entirely dependent upon his uncle, and that he could not marry a penniless girl like myself without Mr. Northcote's consent.

"He ought to make us a handsome allowance," said Wilfred, as we walked towards the house. "He is literally rolling in riches, and I am his only brother's only child. I think it is disgraceful, his never giving me any money; but then you know, Estelle, he is the most awful old screw going."

I had learned by this time that Mr. Northcote was usually liberality itself towards his dependents; I could not understand his treating Wilfred differently, and I said so.

"Did he never give you any money?" I asked.

His countenance changed and fell a little; his eyes drooped before mine.

"Yes," he said slowly, and with some reluctance; "he made me an allowance—once; but he stopped it when we came out here."

I did not ask him the reason of this, for I felt sure he would not have told me the truth; it was a great blot on Wilfred Northcote's character that his word was not always to be depended on, and I was not so deeply in love with him as to be blind to his faults.

"I cannot think why Mr. Northcote ever came out here at all, wealthy as he is," I said musingly, and more to myself than to him.

"You'd better ask him," returned Wilfred, with a sneer. "I think myself, because he knew he had got into disgrace with his neighbors, and he dare not stop in New England."

It was so evident that he hated his uncle and was violently prejudiced against him that I would not condescend to notice this speech or to ask him a single other question, and, drawing near to Hillersdon, we parted for the time.

Nothing further worth relating happened until the dinner time of the next day. I had no sooner seated myself at the table than I felt that Wilfred had spoken to his uncle as he had promised, and that Mr. Northcote had decided upon the line of action he intended to follow; whether favorable to us or not, I could not tell. He was very polite to me, but colder than usual, or at least than he had been lately. A curious atmosphere of suspense seemed to environ us all—a lull, oppressive, not soothing, like that which often precedes a storm.

The three of us scarcely exchanged half a dozen words during the course of our meal. I fancied Wilfred looked sulky—at any rate he was very quiet. Mrs. Pearce's excellent roast fowls and plum tart with cream were sent away untasted; Mr. Northcote dined, I think, on a few spoonfuls of soup; Wilfred took nothing but wine, and I pretended to eat what was on my plate, but could swallow nothing.

When I rose to leave the room, Mr. Northcote detained me.

"If you will spare me a few moments, Miss Raleigh," he said, "I should be glad to speak with you alone. Wilfred, you will oblige me by leaving us for the present."

I bowed and sat down again, moving my chair a little farther from the table and from Mr. Northcote as I did so. I do not know if he noticed the action, for he was watching Wilfred, who looked at me, hesitated, looked at his uncle, and finally got up and walked slowly and sulkily out, leaving Mr. Northcote and myself to go through our interview alone.

CHAPTER VII.

STRANGE BEHAVIOR.

For some moments Hugo Northcote and I sat facing each other without a word being spoken between us.

At last to break the silence, which was becoming oppressive, I said gently, "You wish to speak to me?"

"I did not feel at all afraid of him now, though I was wondering what was to come next.

"Yes," he answered; "I do. My nephew has been telling me that—that—in short that you have promised to become his wife. I am sorry to have to tell you that I cannot give my consent to your engagement."

He paused a moment then resumed.

"I have many powerful reasons for objecting to allow you to marry my nephew Wilfred. Possibly you are not aware that without my consent he cannot contract a marriage with any one; he has no money, and is entirely dependent on me."

"I knew that already," I said, with perhaps a touch of scorn in my tone, for I thought that it looked as if he were exulting over his own wealth as contrasted with his nephew's poverty, and I did not feel at all sure that Wilfred ought not justly to have had some money of his own.

Hugo Northcote did not show any resentment at my remark. He was now seated, resting one arm on the table, and shading his eyes with his hand; thus I could not see the expression of his face. I fancied that I heard him sigh softly; but I was not sure, and presently he removed his hand and looked up with the old, cold, stern expression he used to wear so often when I first knew him.

"Before we discuss the matter any further," he said, "I think I ought to tell you something which perhaps you do not know. Possibly you may be surprised to learn that my nephew, young as he is, is already a widower."

I could not help starting at the words, and he saw that I did so; it was true then, though I had disbelieved the rumor at the time I heard it. In talking to Hugo and to Wilfred Northcote it was impossible to help recognizing a wide difference between the two. Wilfred's words might or might not be false; but whatever Hugo asserted you felt instinctively was the plain and honest truth.

He went on, waiting for no answer this time.

"My nephew's first marriage was not a happy one, for reasons which I need not trouble you with now. His wife was greatly to be pitied; were I to allow you to take her place, you would become in turn an object of compassion to his friends."

"Oh!" I exclaimed softly. "Can you mean what you are saying?"

"I mean every word of it," he returned; and I felt that he had not gone one hair's breadth beyond the truth. "You understand, then, he said, rising as if to terminate the interview, "that the thing is impossible. I cannot hear of it for a moment. I shall not even trouble his mother by mentioning it to her. But I have one request to make which I hope you will grant me; it will be necessary that you should give my nephew his dismissal in your own words; for I take it for granted that, after what I have told you, you will do so, and I must beg that you will allow me to make a third at your interview."

"Must I do it?" I said, somewhat piteously. "Could you not tell him yourself it is all over?"

"No," he returned, "that would not do. Wilfred would not take his answer from me. I want you to understand that I do not wish or intend to listen to one word which passes between you; but I have a reason of some weight for thinking it better that I should be present during your interview."

"I believe I should prefer it myself," I said, after considering the matter for a moment, and we then agreed that the first thing after breakfast the next day I was to give Wilfred his dismissal, or, rather, tell him that all must now be at an end between us.

"The sooner it is done the better," said Mr. Northcote; and I agreed with him.

I was just going to leave the room, when he added in one of his softer tones:

"I hope I have not given you any unnecessary pain. The day will come when you will learn that I am acting for your full interests, harsh as perhaps my decision may seem to you now."

I turned at the door and said:

"It is nothing. I quite expected it"—wondering indeed as I spoke how little it cost me to give up Wilfred after all; but I fancied as I left the room that I heard Hugh Northcote sigh softly to himself once more.

As we rose from the breakfast table the next morning, Wilfred looked defiantly at his uncle and addressed himself to me.

"Will you come out with me for a little, Estelle?" he said. "I scarcely saw you for a moment yesterday."

"Certainly, I will come," I answered. "I was just wishing to speak to you for a moment or two."

I also looked at Hugh Northcote; he nodded assent, and I fetched my garden hat, which was lying on a table in the hall. Wilfred and I then passed out together through the long window of the dining-room, which gave access to the room as easily as a glass door would have done. After waiting a few moments Hugo Northcote followed us. He did not come near us, however, but lighted his cigar and walked backwards and forwards along the gravel walk under the window. That he was watching us I felt certain, but he evidently was not intending to overhear a word which passed between us. I led the way to a garden seat at the farther end of the lawn.

"Let us sit here," I said. "The blue gums at the back make a nice shade, and I have not time to go very far, for Mrs. Northcote will soon want me."

He seated himself at my side, and tried once more to take my hand.

"I must get you a ring, Estelle," he said. "You will wear a ring for my sake, won't you, if I ask you?"

I tried to make some evasive answer, but I broke off before it was completed; it was so difficult to say what I was nerving myself to say, and it grew harder every moment, and yet I knew it must be done.

"Don't speak of it," I said. "Wilfred, don't you know that what you wish can never be? Your uncle will not hear of it for a moment."

He looked across the lawn with an angry scowl on his face and noticed Hugo Northcote for the first time; and Mr. Northcote, catching the look, came a little nearer, but still not close enough to overhear what we said.

"Oh," said Wilfred, "he has been meddling, has he?—the brute that he is! Telling tales of me to you, I dare say, Estelle—miserable old screw that he is! Do you believe any of them, I should like to know?"—with another dark look as he spoke at Mr. Northcote's form as he still paced backwards and forwards at the upper end of the lawn.

"He has not told me any tales about you," I answered, somewhat coldly, for his tone in speaking of Mr. Northcote always jarred upon me. "He simply said that he could not possibly give his consent to our marriage, and, as we cannot marry without his help, it is of course useless to urge it any further. He asked me to tell you that I acquiesced in his decision, and I promised him that I would."

Wilfred was moodily crunching the gravel at his feet with the heel of his boot as I spoke.

"Are you sure he said no more, Estelle?" he asked, with a furtive glance at me. "Are you telling me the whole truth? Did he say nothing about—about old days in New England?"

"He told me," I answered with some spirit, "more than you did yourself; for he let me know that, young as you are, you are already a widower. But it was no news to me, for I had heard it before when I was staying in town."

I was looking across the lawn at Hugo Northcote as I spoke, and he caught my eye and came a little nearer still; so that I did not notice at first the effect which my words had had upon Wilfred. When I turned towards him again I was shocked at the change in him.

He had grown livid with anger; his usually good-tempered face was distorted with passion, and his eyes were as fierce as those of some wild animal; he caught hold of me quite roughly by the arm. I was so startled that I uttered a faint cry, and in one instant Hugo Northcote was by my side.

"I wish you both to understand," he said, "that I have not heard one word which has been spoken, but I think it is now time your interview came to an end."

Then, looking steadily and coolly at his nephew's infuriated countenance, he took something from his pocket and held it up before Wilfred's eyes. What was it? I wondered. Then, as he turned it in his hand, I saw that it was nothing but a common door key, such a key as fastened any of the doors of any of the rooms at Hillersdon, but its effect upon Wilfred was remarkable and instantaneous. His eyes fell before it and before his uncle's steady gaze. He put his hands into his pockets and turned moodily away.

"Now, Miss Estelle," said Hugo Northcote, "I shall be happy to walk back with you to the house."

I looked back for a moment as we entered the dining-room, but Wilfred had already disappeared behind the thick hedge of laurels at the bottom of the lawn.

Not one word passed between Hugo Northcote and myself concerning the interview I had just gone through with his nephew. He asked me no questions and evidently took for granted that all was at an end between us; nor did I on my part allude to the strange scene which had just occurred, or to Wilfred's terrible display of temper.

But in the afternoon, as I stood in my own room arranging my hair for the evening, Mrs. Pearce brought me a message from "the master."

"Master Hugo's compliments, Miss Estelle," she said, "and he would be greatly obliged to you if you would kindly take your meals for the present with Mrs. Northcote in her room, instead of joining the gentlemen in the dining-room, as usual. I am going to carry in such a nice tea for you with the old lady tonight, miss."

"Tell Mr. Northcote," I said, "that I am greatly obliged to him for proposing this plan. It is exactly what I should like always to do for the future."

Mrs. Pearce was standing in the doorway looking at me anxiously.

"Then you don't mind, Miss Estelle," she said. "I am very glad; I shall see that you don't miss anything in the old lady's room."

I was brushing out my hair as I was talking to her. I stopped for a moment to smile and thank her.

"You are always far too kind to me, Mrs. Pearce," I said.

"No one could help being kind to you, Miss Estelle," she answered; "you're that sweet and that bonny, every one must love you. Why, my old man says he'd rather part with everything else in the place than with you; and for me—you do always put me so in mind of poor Miss May!" She wiped her eyes with her apron and then went on. "I had another message for you too from the master," she said. "He says will you be so good as to oblige him by always locking your door at nights for the future. He says, miss, he has a good reason for asking you, though he don't say what it is."

"My compliments to Mr. Northcote, Mrs. Pearce," I answered, "and I shall certainly lock my door every night for the future, as I know he has always some good reason for his orders, whatever they may be."

She seemed pleased with this message, and then stood for a moment admiring my hair, which was very thick and curly.

"It looks as if gold had got mixed up in it somehow," she said; "and them little rings on your forehead is so pretty. I saw Master Hugo looking at them the other day."

I brushed all the hair over my forehead at once to hide the red in my cheeks.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Pearce!" I said. "Mr. Hugo never looks at anybody's hair; he has plenty of other things to think of, I am sure."

"He notices more than you think, Miss Estelle," she returned significantly. And then she heard her "old man," as she called him, grumbling after her somewhere in the kitchen department, and she went away, leaving me to finish my toilet in peace.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Dangers of a Shampoo.

The London Lancet states that "recent and unsatisfactory experience in one or two West End hair cutting saloons" has led it to inquire whether sufficient care has been bestowed on the sanitary management of the shampooing contrivances. Those persons who avail themselves of the very refreshing pleasure of a "shampoo" must have noticed that they are compelled to bend over and bring their faces in close proximity with the hole in the centre of the huge basin used for this purpose. If they watch the soapsuds that form round this hole before any large volume of water is allowed to flow, they may perceive the air coming up the pipe; for it inflates the soap and forms a large bubble that bursts close under them. Whatever may be within, it is too near to avoid breathing its contents. Nor does the absence of any suspicious odor inspire a sense of security; for it is very evident that even a strong whiff of sewer gas would be lost in the scent that perfumes the soap and surrounding atmosphere. If, therefore, the pipes attached to the basins communicate direct with the house drains and the sewer, there is danger that the atmosphere breathed within a couple of inches of the aperture may carry, disguised under the fragrancy of the rose or jasmin, the virus of disease.

A Useful Dog on Board Ship.

At Bath, Me., the other day, a schooner had rounded to at quite a little distance from the wharf. According to the natural order of things, a boat was to be lowered and a hawser deposited in the boat and rowed ashore. Not at all. A dog jumped with a splash into the river, swam ashore and deposited a line on the wharf, and, after it was pulled in and the hawser to which it was attached made fast to the spile, the dog unconcernedly swam back to the vessel's side, seized the bight of a rope that was flung to him, and was pulled aboard as if it were his proper and every-day business.

Hardy Housewives.

[Worcester Spy.]

Ever since last April there have been from two to four Swede women who have weekly visited Salisbury pond for a bath, and one day this week two of them came as usual, broke the ice and plunged in. The have a secluded place near the ice houses, and, following the custom of their native country, take the bath without any clothing.

Lost Knowledge.

[Somerville (N. J.) Journal.]

A street railway has been laid in Athens. But some 2000 years too late to find out whether or not old Socrates, Xenophon or Demosthenes, riding down to Piræus on a horse-car, would have given up their seats to a woman who wasn't pretty.

People will discriminate in favor of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The best and cheapest.

COTTON GOODS.

Some Interesting Facts and Statistics

On Their Specific Manufacture in America,

As Gathered from the Annual Report of Edward Atkinson.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin prepared by Edward Atkinson on the specific cotton manufactures of the United States. December 29, 1880, Mr. Atkinson made a preliminary report upon these manufactures. The term specific is used as indicating the data respecting establishments which work cotton into a fabric known and sold under that name. Some changes have occurred since the first report was submitted, which are included in the latter report. The final figures of the specific manufacture of cotton yarn and woven fabrics, including some cotton hosiery, are as follows: Number of spindles, 10,653,435; number of looms, 225,759; bales of cotton consumed, 1,570,344; number of persons employed, exclusive of administration, such as treasurers, agents, clerks, paymasters, etc., including overseers, operators, watchmen, mechanics, yard hands or laborers, 172,544; sum of wages paid in census year to such persons $42,040,510. The number of bales of cotton used in these specific mills is less than the consumption of cotton in the United States. Mr. Atkinson says: As there is a large amount of baled cotton used in upholstery, probably not less than 10,000 to 20,000 bales, I think the actual consumption of the cotton year was fully 1,760,000 bales, and the returns of the census are verified as fully as could be expected. In the consideration of the following data it will be observed: First, that the capital employed is the sum of the estimates of the several owners or managers of the value of their mills and machinery, or what is known as the plant; these estimates vary greatly in respect to individual cases and to sections. Second, the spindles given are the producing spindles, not including doubling or twisting spindles. Third, the number of operatives is assumed to be the average number employed for a full year, as that was the intention of the questions framed. It will be observed that

The Average of the Whole Country

in specific cotton mills is a fraction over sixteen to each thousand spindles, being less in fine mills, more in coarse mills. Fourth, the number of the yarn (meaning the number of skeins, of 840 yards each, to a pound) was ascertained by reducing the product of every mill to skeins, a process which, manufacturers will observe, renders this computation as nearly accurate as it can be made. The horse-power available for this work, as returned by owners or managers, appears to be:

Water-power	138,313
Steam-power	119,225
Total	257,568

which would be at the rate of more than twenty-four horse-power to the 1000 spindles. This is more than the power actually used, probably by one-third. The measurement of power is a matter of very accurate science. The returns on this point are to be regarded as estimates. The data respecting special fabrics—mixed goods—the use of cotton with wool, and other matters have been treated as adequately as might be, but may not be as accurate as the data respecting specific cotton mills, the main importance of this part of the work, so far as it is connected with the cotton industry, being to account for the cotton consumed. In this special work, of which cotton formed one of the component materials, there were:

Bales of cotton used	40,597
Operatives employed	12,928
Wages paid	$3,583,909

In the consideration of the cotton industry reference should be had to the work done in dyeing, printing and bleaching. In these departments 12,866 operatives are employed and paid in annual wages, $4,517,966.

In 1840 nearly all the operatives in the New England factories were of American birth. Most of the operatives, Mr. Atkinson says, are now of foreign birth, French-Canadians predominating. The hours of work, which were then thirteen and fourteen, are now ten and eleven. The earnings now are more than double per hour what they were then, while the number of persons employed in ratio to the machinery is less than one-half. The mills of today are of far better construction, better lighted and better ventilated, and "while the work of the factory operative may still be subject to many drawbacks and to somewhat monotonous conditions, the effect of every new invention or application of science has been to increase abundance, to decrease cost, and to render the condition of the work less arduous." Mr. Atkinson says further: In the treatment of this branch of industry, and in fact of all the great industries of the country, a grave injustice may be done unless judgment is used in the consideration of the data given, especially in respect to the application of the averages. In this case it would appear that

The Sum of Wages Paid

in the specific cotton manufacture is $42,040,510, divided among 172,544 persons—an average of substantially $244 per year, a fact which assumes an entirely different aspect when it is considered that this force consists mainly of women and children:

Men	59,685
Boys	15,107
Women	84,539
Girls	13,213
Total	172,544

Furthermore, it should be observed that there is a great variation in the amount of wages paid according to the locality, and this matter must be considered with reference to other facts before true deductions can be made. If we consider the mills of New England as compared to those of the Southern States, it appears that the average number of hands to each 1000 spindles is in the former much less than in the latter; but, on the one hand, the Southern mills spin coarse numbers, and, therefore, require more hands; on the other hand, the Northern mills weave more fancy goods, spin more spool-cotton, and, therefore, they need more, relatively, than the plain cotton mill, even on coarse goods. What should be the true proportion cannot be deduced from statistics, but must be purely a matter of judgment. Furthermore, it appears that the operatives of New England earn on an average more than those in the Southern mills; but before any deduction as to the cost of manufacture can be made from these facts, the number of the operatives and their relative efficiency must be determined. In this, again, judgment will decide, while statistics would mislead. It may be that those who earn the highest wages for themselves make cloth at the lowest cost to the consumer. At the Atlanta cotton exposition were to be found five women, from the mountain section of the South, spinning and weaving coarse cotton fabrics by the use of the hand-card, the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom. They represented a large section of country, and a very considerable population, variously estimated at 200,000 to 300,000, who have not been reached until lately by the railroad, or been able to avail themselves of modern arts to any extent. At the measure of their work, two carders, two spinners, and one weaver could produce eight yards of coarse cotton cloth in a day of ten hours. The same number of persons employed in the modern cotton factory can, by the use of machinery, with far less arduous labor, produce 800 yards of the same cloth, one hundred fold as much.

Tradition of an Ancient Mining Town.

[Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.]

Some twenty-three years ago a Texan, who came through to California by way of Mexico, informed the writer that in the Guadaloupe mountains the guide of their train, an old trapper and preacher, took him to a ruined town where there were silver mines. They travelled several miles from the wagon road into the mountains, and came to a place where there was a tunnel, a ridge, with many roofless stone buildings—some of them very large—in a valley below. The country was then full of Indians, and the two men were frightened away, a few minutes after reaching the tunnel, but our Texan carried with him a piece of rock from the dump, which, upon his arrival in Mexico, experts pronounced rich silver ore. When silver was struck in the Comstock our Texan, who was then in Omega, Nevada county, Cal., was about to go to the Guadaloupe mountains. An effort was made to fit out an expedition, but those enlisted deserted and came to the Comstock. We are reminded of all this by the following despatch, dated Austin, Texas, October 11: "The adjutant-general has just come back from a trip along the front. He reports rich deposits of gold, silver and copper in the vicinity of Guadaloupe and the Waco mountains. Extensive and rich deposits of gold and silver were discovered near Carizza." Soon we may expect to hear of the rediscovery of that old town and its mines and furnaces. They must now be close upon it.

A Man Who Would "Peek."

A Bridgeport woman who had her husband arrested for breach of the peace testified in the Police Court that when she came home the night before, her husband was under the bed, and she didn't like that kind of actions. The court thought that a man had a perfect right to get under his bed if he wanted to, and a nolle was at once entered. The case seems to equal the old one of the man under the bed who had a prudent respect for his better half. There had been a family row. The old man had crawled under the bed to escape the fury of his angry spouse. She stood with a long-handled frying-pan watching for the slightest sign of life under the bed. A neighbor came in. A rustling noise was heard under the bed. The woman tightened her grip on the frying-pan. The man under the bed saw the motion and began a retrograde movement, muttering, as he crawled farther back, "So long as I've got the spirit of a man I will peek."

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A BULL AND BEAR FIGHT.

Two Speculators Speculate Upon Speculation.

Vanderbilt and Rufus Hatch Discuss Futures and Corners

Before a Committee of the New York State Legislature.

William H. Vanderbilt and Rufus Hatch gave testimony last Thursday before the Senate committee on corners and futures, at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. Mr. Vanderbilt, who was accompanied by Chauncey M. Depew, was muffled in capacious clothing and spoke in a husky and often indistinct tone. Rufus Hatch was fresh as a young farmer, and with his spotless white waistcoat and white cravat, looked like a good-natured Methodist minister. In reply to questions by Dr. Boyd, Mr. Vanderbilt said: "I have been engaged in railroading nineteen years, and am president of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company."

"What is your opinion of the whole system of making corners and dealing in futures with reference to its effect upon commerce and its influence upon the public welfare?"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "I can only say that you have got me on a subject that I don't know much about. I have never dealt in grain, and I can't tell much about the effect, more than the general effect. I think the general effect is injurious. I know it is injurious upon the railroads, and what affects the railroads probably affects all other things. This buying and selling of grain for future delivery may have an injurious effect upon the railroads and upon the public at large by furnishing freight in very large quantities for transportation when the railroads are unable to carry it, and at other times leaving the roads with scarcely anything to carry. What injures the railroads injures, of course, the patrons of railroads."

Q. Do you understand the system of dealing in futures? A. I do not, sir, any more nor half as much as you gentlemen do, and only from what I have seen in the newspapers.

Q. Will you kindly state to the committee what your opinion is from your knowledge? A. I infer from general knowledge that if a sale of grain is made for delivery next January to

What You Call a Grain Operator,

that is a matter entirely governed by one man. If a man has $25,000 wholly in that kind of business I suppose he manages it to make money by it; but what the course may be I am entirely ignorant of myself.

Q. What have you to say as to legitimate and illegitimate dealings in grain? A. Well, when a man gets into any business, I suppose he brings himself to think that it is a legitimate business. I was only speaking of the effect upon the railroads and upon the country generally. Sometimes we have so much business that we can't get cars enough, and at other times have cars to spare. We thought we had cars enough this year, but everything we have got could not accommodate the sudden demand. Now we have all our elevators full, and have 200 cars full on the track. Sometimes we have 2500 cars on the track waiting to be unloaded. In this way speculation demoralizes trade. A man who wants to move a hundred barrels of apples can't tell why he does not get the cars to move them. That is what demoralizes business. If we could have all the business divided equally among the twelve months of the year there would be no trouble about it; but this rushing for three months and then standing idle for three months is what makes the trouble. Certain times of the year we get a large quantity of apples to move. Just at that time this immense quantity of grain may be brought to us. Men come and engage say 500 cars for grain, and other merchandise is delayed because we cannot furnish the cars. We get more freight for the apples, and would carry them, but our cars may be locked up with grain.

Q. Do these irregular movements tend to enhance the prices of the necessaries of life? A. Well, I can't say that they do.

Railroading is Like Any Other Business.

It may at times, and people may think so. It is to our interest to keep our cars employed. We try to accommodate all on the principle of first come first served.

Q. What legislation on the subject of "corners" would you suggest, if any? A. That is a matter I do not know anything about so as to be able to make any suggestions. There are a great many things done in business now that would not have been thought of ten years ago. As to this cornering, there has got to be 500 or 1000 men engaged in it. They have got to make money, and they want to make it easy. They never see the grain they deal in. It would be different if transactions were confined to actual deliveries. The business was never intended to be carried to such an excess.

Q. Is the system of dealing in grain futures similar to the system of dealing in stocks in Wall street? A. That I cannot tell you, sir. I have had no experience. I do not know anything about it.

Q. You have had experience in dealing in stocks? A. No, sir. People give me credit for being a great speculator in stocks, but it is not so. I am a first-rate buyer, but not much of a seller. I never in my life bought stock to speculate in it. There are thousands of things that you see in the newspapers about me every day in the week without one word of truth in them. These newspaper reporters make up sensations, and they are pretty good at it. I have a thousand times taken up a newspaper and have seen things referring to myself without a word of truth. I took up a paper this morning and saw something of the kind.

Q. But you understand the system of dealing in stocks—the way it is done by others—do you not? A. I have never bought stock in my life that I did not pay for or put up at least 20 per cent. margin on. There are many—probably a thousand—men who can buy stock without putting up margin. It is like the men who pay their tailors for their clothes.

They Pay for Those Who Do Not Pay.

Q. Have you sold stocks for future delivery? A. I never sold stocks short in my life. I never sold what I did not have to sell.

Q. What I want to know is your opinion of dealing in futures in grain from what your experience is in dealing in stocks? A. I am so much prejudiced that I do not know as my opinion is a fair one to give. I am very much prejudiced against the bears. When a man has invested his hard dollars in business he is looking for a return, and I do not believe in the doings of those men who are trying to depreciate property.

Q. Do you think it has a bad effect? A. I do. I think it has a bad effect—a bad tendency—upon our young men. I think it is the grand cause of a great many practices that tend to idleness. It tends to getting money very easily for some speculators who lose it easily. There is not one man in ten who goes to Wall street but comes out a loser some time or other. They can't be successful all the time.

Rufus Hatch was smiling to the verge of jubilation. He asked what that meant when the Chairman desired him to affirm, but finally said he would tell the truth to the best of his knowledge and belief. He said:

"I'm in the cattle business. Been in it about two years. Been buying and selling corn thirty years. I have some idea of the stock business, having been engaged in it about thirty years. I have heard people speak of corners. I have never made a corner. I should understand a corner to mean buying more than there was in existence of some certain commodity, stocks, corn, wheat, oats, or cabbage, for home consumption, or to sell it to somebody else at a profit, or to sell it to the man who had sold it to you but did not have it to deliver to you. They had

Hannibal and St. Jo. Pretty Tight the Other Day.

I was neither short nor long of it. A few weeks ago some party owned a great deal more corn than there was in this city, but that was a misfortune for those who sold it. I think such things are detrimental to commerce. That has been my experience in looking on at what other people are doing. I have never known of but one corner that was a success, and that was the Harlem corner. That was a success because Commodore Vanderbilt had the money to carry it out. My recollection of it is that there was some legislation at Albany which was adverse to the property, and the legislators and governor and senators went down to Wall street and sold the stock. Mr. Vanderbilt bought it two or three times over. Then he made a settlement at 285. I understand the system of dealing in futures to a certain extent. Suppose a man buys ten to fifty boat-loads of corn deliverable next May. He may buy it of a man who has or has not got it to sell. In the latter case it is straight-out gambling whether corn will be higher or lower. I do not know that I could tell the effect upon commerce. Suppose in 1881 we had exported 25,000,000 more bushels of wheat? The price would have gone up to $2 50 a bushel. As it was, we had to ship wheat back to Minneapolis to keep the mills going. If we had exported more wheat we should have had to bring it back for consumption. It was speculation that kept wheat here. It is a pretty hard question to answer, you see. I owned last June a year ago three times as much corn as there was in the city of Chicago. I did not tell anybody when I bought it or when I sold it. I bought what I did not want then, and some men sold me what they did not have. I did not have the money to pay for what I bought.

Q. It has been testified to that this is gambling. How about that, Mr. Hatch? A. Well, I think if a man sells what he has not got, he ought not to sell it or go to prison. But you might as well try to make the Mississippi run to Minneapolis as to prevent men from buying and selling on that basis. That is history from the time of Adam.

Dr. Boyd—We won't go so far back as that.

Mr. Hatch—Well, go back to Joseph then. He cornered the corn in his vicinity.

Q. Are you familiar with corners in stocks? A. Only from hearsay. I have owned a great many more stocks than there were in Northwestern when Henry Keep was president. We owned 24,000 more shares than there were in the market.

Q. Do you think such a system of speculation beneficial to the country? A. No. I do not think it is. It benefits a few individuals. If we get what you call "the lambs" down in Wall street we fleece them. There are failures; lots of them. I cannot tell how many. It would take a double-entry book-keeper to keep track of them—both longs and shorts.

Q. Is the producer ever benefited by this speculation? A. He is benefited by the higher price he gets for a short crop. I should say he gets a lower price for a large crop. The price ought to be regulated by supply and demand, including all the expenses of transportation. I have tried to put up the market when I have been a speculator. I seldom made a failure. I did my best to make people believe the price was going down when it was going up. This would not fix the market, but would lead people to imagine it was fixed. The majority of the human race is on the "bull" side of the market. That is the reason you see these

Photographs, Stocks, Pictures and What-Not

now selling in Wall street for much more than they are worth—say 50 per cent. more. At least some stocks are selling at 50 per cent. too much. Put it that way, for I may want to "bull" the market myself. They are selling everything much too high. I have known 1,900,000 bushels of wheat to be sold in fifteen minutes. It is not uncommon to have 5,000,000 of bushels of wheat change hands in Wall street in one day. I think one man has done that in a day.

Q. How many legitimate dealers do you know who buy and sell by supply and demand? A. I do not think there are any legitimate dealers. I never heard of one. They don't exist. Such merchants are men of the last generation. All are speculators now. There is no exception.

Q. And you are in favor of it? A. Only so far as my interest goes. Financial morals are at a pretty steep discount. I think, as a matter of political economy, that the less speculators there are the more producers there will be, and we should have more for export.

Q. Can you suggest a remedy for the state of things you have described? A. No; I do not think it is is a possible thing. I do not think the legislature can do any good. They might furnish redress for those who are wronged, but they don't do it. They ought to do it if they can find a way. I do not think it is possible.

Possibly I Am Too Far on the Other Side of Morals

to make a suggestion. I have been a speculator for thirty years; I am now, and expect to be one until my tomorrow comes, and I do not know when that will be. We are a nation of speculators. I can't see how the legislature is going to prevent it. When we have panics from speculation, like those of '77, we get over them and go on again. We have great recuperative power.

Q. How does speculation antagonize industrial interests? A. The speculative man is a minority man who controls the legislative acts. He profits by stock watering that the Legislature sanctions. Take as an instance the occasion of Vanderbilt's watering New York Central 85 per cent. He declared an 85 per cent. scrip dividend and the legislature legalized it. Ask Chauncey Depew—he will tell you all about it. Then, to make the road pay a dividend on that watered stock, William H. has to take off the wages of his men, employ boys to do the work of men, telescope trains of cars, and all that sort of thing. That is the reason we have so many funerals.

Q. Then you are opposed to stock watering? A. I am, unless I am in it.

Q. Do you know anything about the corners in coal? A. I know all the coal companies employ one man to fix the price of coal. You had better send for Mr. Fink. He can tell you all about it from A to Z. Fink is Vanderbilt's clerk. I wish you could make him sit down three or four days, and answer the questions I would like to put to him.

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

The Funny Opera Which is Delighting Londoners.

LONDON, December 14.—An amusing opera di camera, by Saville Clarke, music by Walter Slaughter, was produced last night by Miss Lilly Clay's company of ladies. Miss Clay collected the female professional talent of vocalists and instrumentalists, consisting of seventy clever, pretty girls, and her undertaking to amuse audiences at the Opera Comique for some weeks past without the assistance of any male being is a bold undertaking. She wields the conductor's baton in the orchestra, from which, as from the stage, the sterner sex is conspicuous by its absence. Messrs. Clarke & Slaughter's work is entitled "An Adamless Eden." Scene, Eden; time, any time. The idea is the banishment of man from an island.

Now ended in a panic.
The reign of man tyrannic.
With ardor that's volcanic.
Woman reasserts her sway.

By the reigning duchess, who herself subsequently succumbs to human nature, and connives at the surreptitious return of the lord of creation—her own ducal husband having been so stingy that when he went on his honeymoon he left his wife at home.

The smart dialogue abounds in local hits, allusions and caricatures of young men of the period, who are now known in London by the term of "mashers"—the direct successors of the crutch and toothpick brigade. The music is bright and lively; the costumes fanciful and grotesque; the most amusing feature being the ballet of postmen, who dance in with letters for lordless ladies, and who wear on their backs the old-fashioned door rappers, which are rapped with double knocks in rhythm to the music. The performers, the author, the composer and Miss Clay were summoned before the curtain at the close by the audience, among whom, by natural contrast, men predominated and thoroughly entered into the fun of the piece.

A Reptile of Catholic Tastes.

Professor Woodworth has just brought back from Pernambuco a living specimen of the "agama," an enormous species of lizard, which has never before, it is said, been seen in this country. The creature will attain its full growth at the age of three years and will then be about four feet and a half long, but it is now a mere infant of nine months and only two feet in length. Unlike most saurians, it does not despise a vegetable diet, but is partial to the leaves of trees, to bananas and other fruits. But its taste is catholic, and pretty nearly everything is grist which comes to the mill of its huge jaws. Chickens are always welcome, but if it has a specialty that specialty is flies. The natives take advantage of that predilection, and keep full-grown agamas in their house in the capacity of fly-traps. They likewise eat their flesh with avidity, and praise its delicate flavor. Professor Woodworth's specimen knows its master and sleeps peacefully on his shoulder, but it bit three of the students on the very first day he showed it to them.

Constable Cruse's Ruse.

John L. Cruse, the constable at Cumming, Ga., went to a farm house last week to levy on 2000 pounds of seed cotton belonging to Jonathan Potts. Mr. Cruse tried all the doors about the premises, but was unable to get at either Mr. Potts or the cotton. It seemed that the owner, the owner's family and the owner's dogs all were away. The constable knew, however, that the cotton was in a certain building. He reconnoitred for a moment and then climbed to the roof, from which perch he was able to look down the chimney. Undaunted at the sooty sight he entered the chimney and, like Santa Claus, slid down feet foremost. He found the cotton, levied on it, opened the door from the inside, and rolled the cotton out. Then the energetic constable fastened the door, climbed up the chimney, and drove triumphantly into Cumming.

The Worst Mixture of Drinks on Record.

An extraordinary fatality has occurred in British Guiana, where an inexperienced traveller, having, as is the custom in tropical countries, taken a refreshing draught from the stem of one of the many water-holding plants which thrive in the forests, qualified his cold refreshment by a "nip" of rum. Shortly afterward he died in excruciating agony, and a post-mortem examination showed that his internal organs were literally sealed up with India rubber. He had imbibed the sap of the *mimusops balata*, the juice of which coagulates and hardens in alcohol, and the rum had had its usual effect in the poor man's stomach, with necessarily fatal results.

No Faith in Thermometers.

[Newburyport Herald.]

A lady who has more love for plants and flowers than knowledge of how to cultivate them, resides in this vicinity. Some of her plants failed to flourish, and she called in a neighbor for advice. He told her that she did not regulate the temperature, and that probably that was the cause of their languishing. The lady agreed, and the friend advised that she should buy a thermometer so as to keep an even heat. She replied that she had used a thermometer, but she could not see that it had any effect, and she had given it away.

Honest and Liberal.

When the Hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, $1 25 per lb.) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honest and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain or buy or use worthless stuff or cheating bogus imitations because the price is less.

IN these days of quacks, frauds and worthless nostrums that are palmed off on the public as "infallible remedies," and all manner of humbuggery, it is a pleasure for a journal to honestly say a few words commendatory of an honest, tried-and-not-found-wanting remedy. Therefore we take pleasure in assuring our readers that we have been thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of that standard preparation, Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Since the time of its being placed before the public as a positive cure of coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, spitting of blood, bronchitis, and all the dreary list of throat diseases that surely lead into that monster, consumption, this medicine has never failed. We personally know many persons who have been permanently cured by this balsam, and have no hesitancy in heartily recommending it.

COOKS AND GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSE WORK SHOULD CALL OR WRITE TO THE V. E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET. WE CAN GIVE TWENTY GIRLS GOOD PLACES AT ONCE. CALL AFTER 10 A. M.

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..................EDITOR

BOSTON, December 19, 1882.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15 Pemberton square.

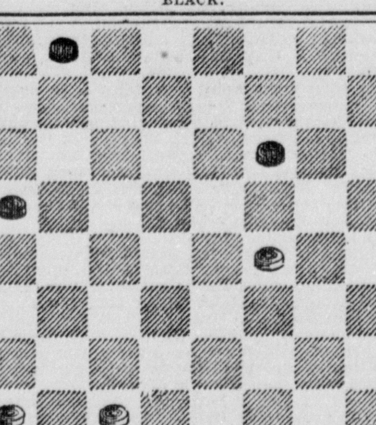
Now Ready,

the "American Checker-Player," comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations of the best analyzed play, together with thirty-five critical positions, twenty-two of which have been contributed to this work by the celebrated composers, Messrs. Wardwell and Lyman, containing in all 179 pages, by Charles F. Barker, author of the "World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, 75 cents (in silver, currency or American postage-stamps), post-paid. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Position No. 989.

BY ISAIAH BARKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 1510—Glasgow.

BY THEO. W. KIMLEY, GREENFORD, O.

11..15	16..20	11..16	16..19	1-27..24
22..17	24..19	26..23	23..16	7..11
8..11	3.. 8	2..11	12..19	2-24..20
23..19	30..26	17..14	22..18	9.. 6
9..14	11..16	32..28	7.. 3	16..19
25..22	25..22	31..26	21..17	3- 6.. 2
11..16	8..11	6.. 9	19..23	19..24
17..13	22..18	14.. 5	17..14	11..15
16..23	20..24	28..24	23..27	20..16
27..11	18.. 9	26..22	14..10	15..18
7..16	5..14	24..15	27..31	16..11
22..17	32..27	13.. 9A	18..14B	18..23
4.. 8	14..18	15..10	11..16	24..28
29..25	23.. 7	9.. 6	14.. 9	23..19
8..11	16..32	10.. 7	31..27	28..32
26..23	28..19	6.. 2	2.. 7	19..24

(Var. 1.)

27..23	20..24	24..28	24..20	32..28
7..11	16..20	16..19	23..19	6.. 2
16..20	23..27	27..24	28..32	Drawn.
11..16	20..16	19..23	9.. 6	

(Var. 2.)

16..19	24..27	23..18	19..16	8.. 3
11..16	18..22	17..13	9..13	13.. 9
19..23	27..23	31..26	16..11	3..10
16..11	9.. 6	13..17	13.. 9	9..18
23..27	32..27	26..23	3.. 8	Drawn.
11..15	6.. 2	17..13	9..13	
27..32	27..31	23..19	18..14	
15..18	22..17	13.. 9	10.. 7	

(Var. 3.)

11..15	6.. 2	6.. 9	6.. 2	7.. 2
3.. 8	8.. 3	23..18	18..14	8.. 3
15..24	2.. 6	9.. 6	2.. 4	B. wins.
20..27	27..23	3.. 8	14.. 9	

Notes by Mr. Kimley.

A—In the recent match between Messrs. Wyllie and Barker, in game No. 2, at this point Mr. Wyllie played 13..9, permitting black to win. 13..9 at this point (so far as I know) was first published in Cincinnati Commercial, as follows:

13.. 9	10.. 7	21..17	22..18	18..14
15..10	6.. 2	16..20	20..24	Drawn.
9.. 6	7.. 3			

—[Wyatt Thurman and Shelket, Greenburg, Ind.

B—If 2..7, then 1..6 and black wins.

Game No. 1511—Single Corner.

The following games were played at Peabody, Mass., November, 1882, between Mr. James Wyllie and Mr. G. H. Powell—Powell's move.

11..15	32..28	9..13	27..23	14..18
22..18	10..14	15..10	11..15	21..14
15..22	25..22	6..15	23..19	1.. 6
25..18	16..20	19..10	15..24	10.. 1
8..11	18..15	8..11	28..19	3..17
24..19	4.. 8	24..19	20..24	1.. 6
11..16	22..17	13..17	19..16	18..22
28..24	13..22	19..16	24..28	6.. 9
9..13	26..10	12..19	16..11	Drawn.
29..25	7..14	23.. 7	28..32	
5.. 9	30..26	2..11	11.. 7	

Game No. 1512—Bristol.

Powell's move.

11..15	5..14	1.. 5	5.. 9	9..14
24..20	27..23	26..22	25..22	7.. 2
15..19	8..12	7..11	11..16	14..18
23..16	23..16	16.. 7	24..20	2.. 9
12..19	12..19	3..10	14..18	19..24
22..18	22..17	22..17	20..11	28..19
8..11	11..15	2.. 7	18..25	15..24
25..22	20..16	30..26	11.. 7	9..14
4.. 8-1	15..18	7..11	25..30	10..15
29..25	17..13	27..23	7.. 2	13.. 9
9..14	10..15	18..27	30..23	15..19
18.. 9	32..27	31..24	2.. 7	9.. 6
				Drawn.

(Var. 1.)

In another game Mr. Powell varied here with—

9..14	5..14	22..17	11..15A	27..83
18.. 9				Wyllie wins.

A—Loses. Mr. Powell thought 4..8 and 29..25 were played.—[ED.

Solution of Position No. 988.

BY G. D. BUGBEE.

26..22	10..17	19..15	12..16	16..32
17..26	2.. 6	10..19	3..12	W. wins.
7.. 2	1..10			

Checker News.

The following interesting checker news is from the Cincinnati Commercial:

Mr. Wylie's score in Peabody, Mass., was: Wylie, 45; drawn, 12. On Saturday last the old veteran went to Epping, N. H. He writes that he has recovered from the indisposition under which he labored during the month with Barker, and if he had the match to play over he would not allow such an imbecile display as a repetition of twenty-nine Glasgows.

The wicked, cruel, unfeeling Barker should be severely punished for making Brother Wylie sick, by administering to him that nauseating medicine called "Glasgow." We are glad to hear that Mr. Wylie has recovered from the baneful effects of this poisonous medicine. The further Mr. Wylie goes from Boston, and the longer he stays away from there, the more complete will be his recovery and restoration to health.

Turf, of the 1st inst., has the following: "We notice the Commercial styles Mr. Wylie the 'ex champion.' He is in error. Mr. Wylie was admitted by Mr. Barker to be the champion of the world, and challenged him to play for that honor. Mr. Barker did not defeat him, although the match was drawn, consequently Mr. Wylie retains the title until defeated."

Our Cleveland correspondent stated Mr. Wylie's case clearly and very ably in our last issue, and our remarks then made are equally applicable as a reply to Turf. The fact remains indisputable that Mr. Wylie went to Boston and was unable to defeat Barker. If it suits Mr. Wylie or his friends to claim the championship on technicalities, they cannot be prevented probably, but will the checker world concede this claim? We think not. Probably "Champion by Default," as Turf styled Mr. Wylie several years ago, would be a more appropriate title.

Our Cleveland correspondent writes on the 4th inst. as follows: "The last issue of the Commercial was pretty spicy. Your comment on my note may be gospel facts. Nevertheless, Wylie was recognized by Barker in his challenge as 'champion checker player of the world,' and so far as Wylie taking unto himself the championship when Yates resigned it, he seemed to me to have the best right to the title. But it matters little, I suppose, how it is. People will arrive at different conclusions on almost any subject. Checkers are no exception. Messrs. Fiedler and Brown have had an exciting contest. The "terror" stuck close to his opponent this time. I hope we may see some of the games in your column soon. Mr. E. W. Hoyt is still sojourning here, and expects to give the boys a chance to show how much they know about checkers. He has played a little with the following result:

Hoyt........ 1 Wilson......... 1 Drawn...... 1
Hoyt........ 1 Kershaw........ 1 Drawn...... 3

Since the above play he has had another sitting of several hours' duration with Mr. Kershaw, with about an even score at the close. Mr. Hoyt is certainly one of the most genial, warm-hearted and courteous gentlemen I have ever met."

The champion of Wisconsin, Mr. W. E. Truax, writes the following interesting letter, under date of November 27: "Pray do not construe my silence into an idea that I am dead or have forgotten 'Sweet Dameh.' The fact is, I have been very much occupied with business for the past two months. I have not given much attention to the board, but I have read the papers and the prosperity of C. F. Barker, our neighbor! Didn't Barker worry the old man, and to think of Wylie calling Barker's play cowardly for the reason that Barker played the Glasgow, ha, ha. Wylie has forgotten that only five years ago he (Wylie) played a match with R. D. Yates of fifty games. Wylie opened twenty-five games and nineteen of them were 'Ayreshire Lassie.' Why did not Mr. Yates come to the front and say Wylie played cowardly, and that it would be useless to play against an opponent who adopted only one defence? Simply this, Robert E. Yates is not only the champion checker player of the world, but as our late and lamented friend Wilder always said, 'Yates is a splendid specimen of a young gentleman.' Wylie made a mistake in going to Boston, and then he made a mistake in challenging everybody. He will no doubt find this out in time. Checkers in Minnesota are quiet. Mr. Underwood, who challenged me for $200 a short time ago, suddenly found business down in Wisconsin and I have not heard from him since, but I was in Minneapolis recently and I met Mr. Albert Johnson, one of the finest players in the West, and learned that Mr. Underwood played several sittings with Johnson, losing every game.—[Philadelphia Press, December 2.

THE GRIST MILL.

EDITED BY "COMUS."

Send all communications for this department to W. H. Todd, 26 Lincoln street, East Somerville, Mass. Contributions and solutions solicited from all.

Solutions to the Grist Mill—No. 47.

No. 1131.
HASTENING.

No. 1132.

P
SUR
DAMAR
POLITIC
SENECAOIL
JUDGMENTDAY
...

No. 1133.

P
MER
BANED
BETIMES
MATUTINAL
PENITENTIAL
REMINDING
DENTILS
SAINS
LAG
L

No. 1134.
MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

No. 1135.

REAPER
ERGATA
AGAVES
PAVERS
ETERNE
RASSES

No. 1136.

P
KAB
BEROB
KEMELIN
PARENESIS
BOLEROS
BISON
NIS
S

No. 1137.
PENMANSHIP.

No. 1138.

V
PER
DARER
DERIDES
PARASITIC
VERISIMILAR
REDIMPLED
RETILLS
SILES
CAD
R

No. 1139.

ARCADE
READER
CABALA
ADAGES
DELETE
ERASED

No. 1140.
FIDDLER.

No. 1141.

TOPHET
FAILED
SNOWED
SPECIE
SLOGAN
SYSTEM

No 1142.

FIDES TEMPT
INURE EVERY
DURRA METAL
ERRAL PRAME
SEALSPLITYLER
PRIME
LIGAN
IMAGO
TWISTENORODGE
WANTY ONION
INCUR DIVOT
STUFA GOOSE
TYRAN ENTER

No. 1179—Numerical.

(To "Skeleton.")

The *whole*, composed of twenty-four letters, is not a present, yet we can all give it.
The 1, 2, 3, is reverential fear;
The 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, has caused much wonder;
The 12, 10, 4, 13, is the worst thing one can have in a stocking at Christmas, or at any other time;
The 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, is smooth ice;
The 21, 23, 24, 18, a sailor is fond of telling;
The 20, 22, 11, is never dry.
Upper Gloucester, Me. CYRIL DEANE.

No. 1180—Square.

1. A pin in the gunwale of a boat to keep the oar in place; 2. A large wading bird; 3. Path of a planet or comet round its centre; 4. A river of France; 5. To embark in.
Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 1181—Square.

1. A game at cards; 2. A compound of oxygen; 3. Negative; 4. That which is brought to light by separation; 5. The witnessing or concluding clause of a writ or other precept.
Dallas, Tex. T. X. S. PLUG.

No. 1182—Anagram.

O! TURN LIFE SAVER'S ROPE.
New York City. MAX SIMS.

No. 1183—Square.

1. A powder used to remove any disagreeable odor of the body; 2. An East India coin; 3. A passenger; 4. To agree; 5. A strong wine of a deep amber color; 6. To torment.
Newark, N. J. WILL I. AM.

No. 1184—Pyramid.

Across—1. A letter; 2. A domestic animal; 3. A natural covering (bot.); 4. The natural abode of a plant or an animal; 5. Small pieces of money; 6. A certain class of plants.

Down—1. A letter; 2. Thus; 3. To swell; 4. Account; 5. Having the form of a cube; 6. A kind of food; 7. Relating to the fabled giants of ancient mythology; 8. A piece of thick paper for various uses; 9. A river of Spain; 10. A note in music; 11. A letter.
Manayunk, Penn. DANDY LYON.

No. 1185—Rebus.

PO
SH

Boston, Mass. SKELETON.

No. 1186—Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. A small plate of metal, with image of Christ, which people, before the reformation, kissed after the service; 3. A rabbit; 4. To paint; 5. The base of an acid, produced by the action and reaction of carburet of sulphur and potash; 6. A dry tumor; 7. One of a body of light infantry armed with rifles; 8. Truly; 9. A letter.
Lawrence, Mass. ARTHUR F. HOLT.

No. 1187—Rhomboid.

(To "Randolph.")

Across—1. Refusal; 2. To put ashore on a desolate isle, as a sailor, under pretence of his having committed some great crime; 3. Certain birds; 4. Pertaining to, or near the loins; 5. A vendor; 6. Sunk lower.

Down—1. In "Randolph"; 2. A measure; 3. To cheat (vulgar); 4. A large river of Russia; 5. A central point; 6. Frothed; 7. A small marine fish; 8. Demand; 9. Formed with a cord-like appearance; 10. A prefix; 11. In "Randolph."
Boston, Mass. MOMUS.

No. 1188—Cross-Word.

In long, not in wide;
In arm, not in side;
In mar, not in blot;
In land, not in lot;
In tie, not in band;
Whole is a great man.
Rutland, Vt. EDDIE A. WHEELER.

No. 1189—Diamond.

(To "Cyril Deane.")

1. In "Cyril Deane;" 2. A coat of morbid matter collected on the tongue in persons affected with fever; 3. Auctions; 4. Hooked or bent like a sickle or scythe; 5. Deadly nightshade; 6. Instruments to enlarge holes; 7. Pure; 8. A plant; 9. In "Cyril Deane."
Boston, Mass. CLIO.

No. 1190—Letter O Puzzle.

Top reversed rhomboid—Across—1. Soft grass; 2. Egyptian sycamores; 3. A plain cloth; 4. One of the higher order of Turkish ecclesiastical judges; 5. Butted; 6. One skilled in the laws.

Down—1. A letter; 2. To exist; 3. The face (slang); 4. A clumsy vessel; 5. Dunces; 6. A village; 7. A mountain nymph; 8. Hating; 9. A small rudely-formed boat; 10. A pronoun; 11. A letter.

Left square—1. One skilled in the laws; 2. A genus of brachyural decapodous crustaceans; 3. Pairs; 4. Wroth; 5. A certain fish; 6. Armor for the thighs.

Lower rhomboid—Across—1. Armor for the thighs; 2. A wild swan; 3. Stones (prov. Eng.); 4. A malkin; 5. A genus of gasteropodous mollusks; 6. A radiate zoophyte.

Down—1. A letter; 2. An exclamation; 3. A town of Spain; 4. Assorts; 5. A moon's age at the end of the year; 6. Stamps; 7. To make a retort; 8. A bristle; 9. A flea; 10. A village of Sardinia; 11. A letter.

Top rhomboid—Across—1. A sort of flying fish; 2. A defect; 3. A steelyard; 4. Sneered; 5. A beetle; 6. Liberal distribution (rare.)

Down—1. A letter; 2. An exclamation; 3. An islet; 4. Ingots; 5. Molecules; 6. Natural coverings; 7. A word found in the Psalms; 8. Dry; 9. A bird; 10. To live; 11. A letter.

Right square—1. Liberal distribution (rare); 2. A measure containing about ten fluid ounces (med.); 3. Moves (obs.); 4. Two-legged dragoons; 5. To weaken (obs.); 6. Carnivorous animals of the genus *viversa*.

Lower reversed rhomboid—Across—1. Certain carnivorous animals; 2. A small coasting vessel of the Mediterranean; 3. An animal of South America; 4. A plagiary; 5. Certain fishes; 6. Annotators.

Down—1. A letter; 2. Ado (rare); 3. A cotquean; 4. Disorder of sheep (prov. Eng.); 5. Pyramidical; 6. Madness, as that of dogs; 7. A battering ram (Ram. antiq.); 8. Brilliant; 9. A species of sapajou; 10. A printer's measure; 11. A letter.
Hudson, Mass. GAYBERD.

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN FOUR WEEKS.

Prizes.

The Weekly Globe six months for first complete list.

The Weekly Globe three months for next best list.

Accepted Grists.

NED HAZEL—Hexagonal numerical, numerical and compound double acrostic. EDDIE A. WHEELER—Numerical, diamond, square, cross-word, rebus and rhomboid. MABEL—Cross-word and numerical.

Prize-Winners.

1. Trebor, Boston, Mass.
2. Maud Lynn, Baltimore, Md.
3. Mrs. Mary W., Buffalo, N. Y.

The following sent correct solutions to the "Grist Mill" of November 21:

Trebor, Maud Lynn, Mrs. Mary W., Ned Hazel, Charlie, Gayberd, Eddie A. Wheeler, Mabel, Twilight, Henry F. S., Myrtle, Gyp, Korn Kake, Joseph C. N., Call and Globe; complete list, Trebor.

Chaff.

TWILIGHT.—Thanks for solutions. Why not send a grist?

T. X. S. PLUG.—Grist received, but a larger one would suit us better.

JOSEPH C. N.—As you sent your grist on a postal we had to decline it.

JESSE OVERLOCK.—How much longer is your bin to remain empty? See if you cannot start the new year with a full bin.

TO ALL.—The compliments of the season.

THE VALUE OF A HORSE'S TAIL.

How a Firm of Stable Keepers Lost Several Hundred Dollars.

The thoughtless person who imagines that a horse's tail is of value simply to the animal himself as a weapon with which to defend himself against flies, or as a convenient peg on which to hang the crupper of the harness, will be surprised to learn that the loss of a horse's tail in this city entailed a loss of some $300 on his owners.

Swallow & Sumner, who keep a stable at 138 Beach street, own a horse which a week ago they valued at $400. The animal was a handsome and stylish dark bay, 5 years old, with no vices or defects except that some would consider it a fault that his tail hung to one side. Indeed that was the only objection offered to him by persons wishing to buy a horse, but that objection was always urged. Wishing to remove the ground of the objection his owners summoned a veterinary surgeon to perform the usual and frequent operation of setting the offending member aright by cutting one of the cords in the tail on the side toward which it turned. The operation was, however, unskilfully performed, and the cutting resulted in destroying the life of the entire tail. The consequence was that the entire caudal member had to be removed, and today the only suggestion of a tail which the animal possesses is an unsightly raw stump barely long enough to hold the crupper in position, with a few short hairs remaining on one side. The horse is still as stylish and spirited as ever, unconscious of his impaired beauty and diminished market value. A false tail can of course be substituted, but it would hang like a flag in a calm, and the owner would be in constant danger of suffering from the embarrassing accident which happened to the Russian count in the poem, where, as he was driving in the park, the horse

Whisked his tail so free and frisky
Into the face of Kaskowhiski.

The owners have offered the horse for sale, since he was curtailed, for $100, with no purchaser appearing.

GENERAL BUTLER'S KINDNESS.

How He Obtained a Pension for a Poor Widow.

The following story is told in a letter to the Louisville Courier-Journal:

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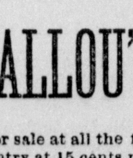

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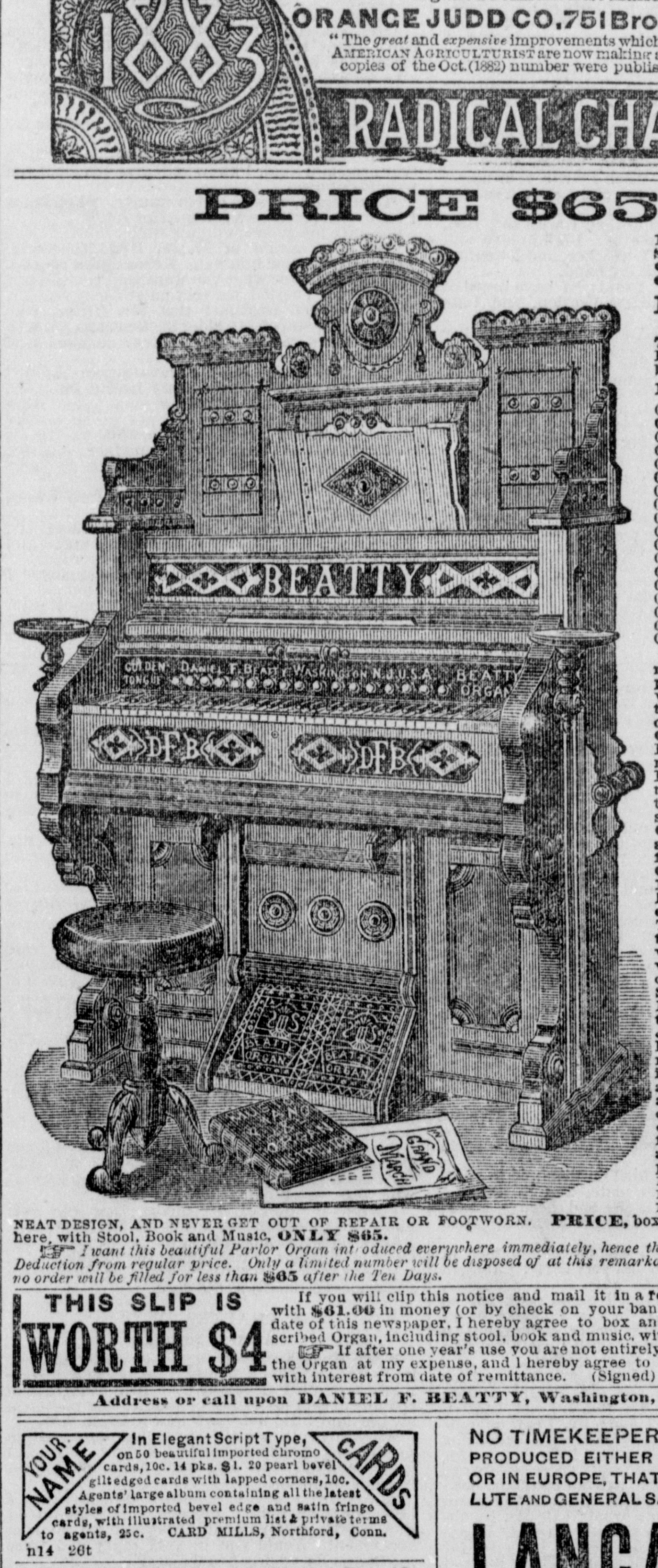

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